A SPECIAL ALBUM

An exciting new look at Toronto in color pictures

COVER: FRANKLIN ARBUCKLE
Lighthouse on Canso Strait, N.S.

My friend Hitler: the man the world never knew

A DOCTOR TELLS HOW TO LIVE WITH A NEUROTIC

MACLEAN'S

OCTOBER 26 1957 CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE 15 CENTS

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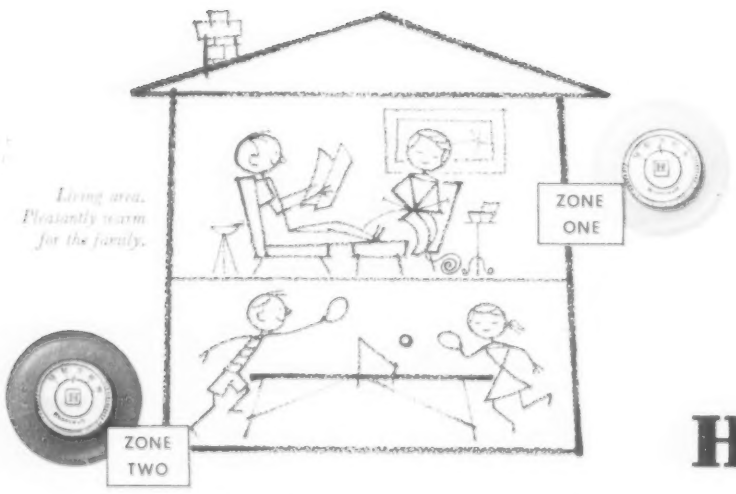

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MACLEAN'S

PREVIEW

A LOOK AT TOMORROW IN TERMS OF TODAY

- Clamp-down on easy-to-get drivers' licenses
- $100-million-a-year saving if cold cure works
- New insurance gimmick to beat high drug costs

EASY-TO-GET DRIVERS' LICENSES for years have disturbed safety officials who point angrily to village shopkeepers dispensing "licenses to kill" for a fee. Now apparently something's going to be done about it. Ontario is replacing 260 of these part-time examiners with full-time government employees who will enforce license requirements to the letter. Some cities (Vancouver, Winnipeg, Toronto) use the system now, but Nova Scotia is the only province with full-time examiners. Others, however, are talking about it.

DO KISSING COUSINS WHO MARRY run the risk of frail or defective children? It's long been a legend and now the federal Department of Health and Welfare intends to find out how true it is. The health experts have asked DBS to look into Canadian family trees for consanguineous (blood-related) marriages. Then it will compare the mental and physical health of these offspring with that of children from couples not even distantly related.

PARTIAL COLD CURE claimed by Johns Hopkins scientist Winston Price could, if it stands up, save Canadians up to $100 million a year. Price says his vaccine is 80% effective against a virus that causes a third of all colds. The average Canadian has two or three colds a year, loses a day's work ($13) each time. It costs our economy $169 million a year, a good share of our estimated $100-million-a-year drug bill is for cold remedies, and each school child misses two days a year with a cold.

YOUSUF KARSH SWITCHES from portraits of the famous to a sure-to-sell picture story in an upcoming collection, This Is The Mass. It's a set of 30 pictures showing a complete performance by TV's Bishop Fulton J. Sheen of the Roman Catholic mass.

RAPID GROWTH OF HEALTH-INSURANCE schemes has made druggists take notice. They're toying with drug insurance. A pilot plan will be tried with 1,000 subscribers in Windsor. Rates per month: 95c each for husband and wife; 65c, 55c and 45c for succeeding children. It will cover only prescriptions and not all of those. One reason behind the plan: "Reaction of doctors and public to the apparent high cost of medication is becoming more and more unfavorable."

GIMMICKS THEY THINK YOU'LL GO FOR: A plastic razor that you throw away after using has been perfected by a Kansas City firm. It has a steel edge, plus brushless shave cream in the handle. **Aluminum trees** for city kids to climb in are being sold in New York. **Fruit-flavored beer** is the latest taproom come-on in the western U. S. It also comes in cola, Tom Collins and gin-and-tonic flavors.

NEW GOODY ON GOURMET COUNTERS this fall will be pheasants, at $10-$13 a brace (gift wrapped with recipe book). Without the trimmings they're $7-$9, but only about 10,000 will reach the market in Canada. Most provinces where it's illegal to sell game won't get any. Ontario, which has 40 licensed game-bird breeders, will probably provide most.

PREVIEWING THE WEATHER – WET IN EAST, COLD IN WEST

Keep your favorite cold remedy handy for the next three weeks (Oct. 20-Nov. 10). Long-range forecast prepared for Maclean's by Weather Engineering Corporation of Canada says that generally it will be wet in the east, cooler than normal in the west. Here are the details:

MARITIMES: Rainy for most of (Oct. 20-Nov. 10) period, warmer than normal except for cold spell around Nov. 8.

ONTARIO AND QUEBEC: Frequent showers with cold until Oct. 28, then turning warmer.

PRAIRIES: Colder than normal, with brief warm spell around Oct. 25; stormy at end of October.

SOUTHERN B. C.: Rainy and cold to end of October, rain continuing in November; warm weather starting Nov. 10.

WATCH FOR

POP SINGER'S COMEBACK / BIG SWIM BUILDUP / DIGBY UNDER MICROSCOPE / SHY BOYS' BOOK

Patti Lewis *Aloma Keen*

WOMEN TO WATCH: A star in British TV, radio, music hall and cabaret, blond **Patti Lewis,** a former Toronto waitress, is back home to joust with Joyce Hahn, Juliette and other native talent for pop-singing prestige. Like many Canadian entertainers, Patti had to leave the country to make a name for herself, and she did. Her latest recording, Speak for Yourself, John, is a best seller overseas . . . With Marilyn Bell married and retired one of the best bets to succeed her is 15-year-old **Aloma Keen** of Montreal who set a new record in the 42-mile Montreal-Sorel swim in the St. Lawrence. But this was only the beginning of a long-term program in which she'll tackle the world's most famous swim routes. She'll do it with all the trimmings of a big-league buildup, including ballyhoo by an advertising agency (Cockfield, Brown) and bankrolling by a sponsor (Dominion Dairies). After signing Aloma to a contract Dominion announced confidently: "After Aloma has conquered such places as Lake Ontario, Lake Michigan, Irish Sea and other great challenges she could then be used on a limited commercial basis suggesting the increased consumption of milk."

MAN TO WATCH: Allister M. Macmillan, native Maritimer who with Cornell colleagues is completing perhaps the most searching study ever made on a Canadian community. In the area around Digby, N.S., the Cornell team has put the whole rural county under a microscope—for three and four generations back — to determine the effect of environment on mental health. A 4-volume report on the 8-year study will be ready sometime next year.

BOOK TO WATCH: Super-salesman Elmer Wheeler, whose Fat Boys' Book topped best-seller lists a few years ago, expects to cash in soon on another male problem. In **The Bashful Boys' Book** he'll tell men in a style slightly more dogmatic than Dale Carnegie's how to be bold, confident, successful — and a hit with girls too.

JOHN AND MARILYN

A new twosome at Tussaud's

LONDON

NEWEST TWOSOME in one of London's most famous meeting places — John Diefenbaker and Marilyn Monroe. They'll be seen publicly in a couple of weeks — at Madame Tussaud's Exhibition, the renowned waxworks.

Canada's prime minister and Hollywood's shapely glamour girl are now being sculpted side by side, Diefenbaker by Jane Jackson, who also did a likeness of Barbara Ann Scott for Tussaud's, and Marilyn by Bernard Tussaud, great-great-grandson of the museum's founder.

The PM's measurements and dozens of photographs were taken by Tussaud himself at the Commonwealth conference in July. Miss Jackson is sculpting him in plaster and wax. Wax is used only for parts not covered by clothes—hands and head in Diefenbaker's case. A good deal more wax is being used for Miss Monroe.

Diefenbaker will replace ex-prime minister Louis St. Laurent and secretly Tussaud's is hoping the Tories will hold power for awhile in Canada. The work of changing prime ministers is costly—about $1,000. The Russian shake-up in which Malenkov was deposed was a minor catastrophe for the museum: they'd just finished sculpting him.

In front of a million people a year the PM will cut a natty figure in a suit made for him by a Savile Row tailor, and Bernard Tussaud thinks his craggy features will make possible a very good likeness. But privately the museum would prefer if he were bald. His grey crinkly hair will have to be shampooed and reset every six months at considerable cost.—ROBERT FULFORD

TRANS-CANADA TV

Microwave will span country

TRANS-CANADA television in its truest sense will at last become a reality by next mid-summer when seven members of the Trans-Canada Telephone System complete a $50-million microwave network linking all parts of Canada from Sydney, N.S., to Victoria. It will also accelerate and improve telephone service.

But the most dramatic results will be seen on your TV set. Viewers in Timmins, Ont., for example, will see a Vancouver football game as clearly as if they were tuned in to a Vancouver station. CBC news will actually become the Voice of Canada, with announcer Larry Henderson, say, being heard at once—and live—in every hamlet within reach of a transmitter.

Some parts of the chain went into action for the Queen's visit, but the whole 3900-mile network won't be completed until next summer. It consists of 139 microwave relay stations or towers from 12 to 42 miles apart (the tallest is 350 feet). From the main network there will be spurs to off-the-track centres such as Sudbury.

Larry Henderson: more will hear him

Thousands of telephone calls and several TV programs can be transmitted at once through the network's 12 channels—at the speed of light. It will also handle color TV.

One other boon for viewers: the microwave network will provide the next thing to trouble-free TV. Emergency channels will be available to take over if others prove faulty. And weather will have no effect on the reception you'll get from the network.

BACKSTAGE AT OTTAWA WITH BLAIR FRASER

THE MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER

AT THE COMMONWEALTH Conference in Mont Tremblant and the trade talks with Britain later the same week, the Diefenbaker government met its first really serious dilemma. Issues tend to be simplified for a party in opposition—it is in favor of what people like and against what people don't like. For a party in office choice is a little more difficult.

Commonwealth trade has been a favorite topic of Conservatives for years. Like all Canadians, they are worried by the great and growing dependence of Canada's economy upon the United States. Like most Canadians they would be glad to trade more with Britain, although—also like most Canadians—they are a little vague on just what items of trade they want to expand. Britain now buys almost twice as much from Canada as Canada buys from Britain, and the British have said repeatedly that they can't buy more until Canada buys more from them, and thus lets them earn some more dollars. The question therefore is, what will Canada buy more of?

The answer isn't easy. In several important fields Canada is already buying too much from Britain to please the Canadian producers.

When, for example, Canadian woolen textile manufacturers ask protection against "unfair" competition from abroad, it is British competition they mean — practically all our imports of woolens come from Britain. Canadian makers of electrical equipment, generators and the like, complain that they have to compete with the "cheap labor" in the United Kingdom. Rubber footwear, on which the tariff board recently made a report, comes mainly from England, though cheap canvas-and-rubber shoes also come in from Hong Kong and India. Canada has already served notice to the other nations of GATT (the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade which forbids tariff increases except in certain circumstances) that she will re-negotiate tariffs on various iron and steel products. Iron and steel products are a leading item in our imports from Britain.

Economists disagree whether these vulnerable industries should be protected. Some think not. They say we'd gain more as consumers and as producers of other things at competitive prices than we'd lose by having weak industries wiped out. One government economist made a calculation a few years ago that free entry of British woolens to Canada would save the consumer enough money to pay lifetime pensions to every man, woman and child in the Canadian industry and leave some balance over. But all this is cold comfort to a Conservative government. No matter what economists may say, any politician knows that removal or refusal of protection would outrage the voters in the heartland of the Conservative party, small-town Ontario. And just to sharpen the Conservative dilemma, these are also the very people whose emotions respond to talk about expanding Commonwealth trade.

Naturally the Canadian government was aware of this contradiction before the Mont Tremblant conference. If they didn't realize it during the election campaign ministers have certainly had it pointed out to them since Prime Minister Diefenbaker got home from London and proclaimed his intention of shifting fifteen percent of Canadian imports from the United States to the United Kingdom.

They must have assumed, though, that the British government wouldn't embarrass them by mentioning it.

But unfortunately the British had a political problem of their own. The Macmillan government has decided it must have free trade with the new European common market, the customs union that will bind six nations and 163 million people into one great trading community. This decision is bitterly opposed by many British Conservatives. Some think it threatens British industry, others think it threatens what they still call "the Empire."

All these critics took new heart from the Diefenbaker proposals for more Commonwealth trade. Perhaps, after all, it wouldn't be necessary to deal with those nasty foreigners across the Channel. Canada, good loyal Canada with her good new loyal government, would provide the new market Britain needed.

The Macmillan government had to find a quick rejoinder to this line of thought. Just a week after the Mont Tremblant conference the British Conservative party held its annual meeting at Brighton. Inevitably the critics, and honest questioners who were not critics, would rise at that meeting to ask what their government had done in response to the Canadian gesture. The Macmillan government knew its European trade policy would be doomed unless it could meet the question with a good, ringing, red-white-and-blue answer. The answer it devised was brilliant: "We are offering Canada free trade. What more could we possibly do?"

Jack Lusher of the Halifax Chronicle-Herald found the right word for this British offer: "massive co-operation."

Talking privately to reporters at Mont Tremblant the British denied any intention to embarrass the Canadian government. They were not bluffing, they insisted; they really meant it. Moreover, this was the only way Britain and Canada could discriminate in each other's favor without violating GATT, a treaty to which both had pledged their word. (GATT permits any two or more countries to remove all trade barriers between or among themselves, but forbids half measures. Any partial reduction must be given to all member nations.

But however sincerely the British may have regretted it the fact is that they did embarrass the Canadian government and they quite obviously knew it. The story of the British offer was broken in London, in a respected British newspaper, the day before Mont Tremblant opened. Peter Thorneycroft, British Chancellor of the Exchequer, confirmed it at a press conference he held with Donald Fleming, Canada's Minister of Finance. There ensued perhaps the roughest hour of questioning that any Canadian minister has ever gone through. Fleming, a teetotaler, had not realized the hazards of calling a press conference right after a cocktail party. With their inhibitions relaxed by official hospitality the reporters were in no mood to take the kind of vague generalities they'd heard at Fleming's last press conference, ten days before.

What were these Canadian proposals he'd been talking about? How exactly did he plan to increase Commonwealth trade? If the British chancellor could tell what Britain would propose, why couldn't Fleming speak for Canada?

In the circumstances Fleming maintained his composure remarkably well. He couldn't reveal the Canadian proposals because they hadn't yet been discussed at the conference. He couldn't comment on the British offer because it had not been officially received as yet and was therefore "hypothetical." The only sign of his annoyance was that he insisted on referring to the British offer as "this press report," pointedly ignoring the fact that Thorneycroft had just confirmed it. None of his stone-walling did much good. Rightly or wrongly, everybody in the room was convinced that the reason he couldn't talk about Canada's proposal was that Canada had no proposals worth talking about.

Like the weavers in the old story of the Emperor's new clothes, Fleming and his advisers had been working all summer on the fabric of this great Canadian idea, a Commonwealth trade conference. And on the day of the big parade it was not the innocent voice of a child but the bland tones of a chancellor of the exchequer that set off the deadly cry: "The Emperor had no clothes on." ★

BACKSTAGE WITH STRIP-TEASERS

They're shaking the shackles from Montreal night life, but for how long?

WHO'D have expected the strip tease—trademark of fast and naughty night life— to put on a sudden gaudy revival bang in the middle of a Montreal election campaign being fought on the issue of reform? But it's happening; not only that, the city overnight has become the capital of the continent for strippers.

Of Montreal's 98 clubs that use live entertainment to lure customers into the bars and off the wagon 22 have girlie shows of various sauciness and size. There are 250 girls kicking, swaying and undressing in all parts of the island, and even that's not enough to go around. Any girl with a trim figure can get a job stripping at a starting salary of $90 a week. If she's good enough to do an act by herself she can get up to $350.

What has brought on the boom? There are two versions: 1. It could be a move by Mayor Jean Drapeau's enemies to embarrass him just before election day. Drapeau's reform administration has tried to take the naughtiness out of Montreal night life. Will the revival of Les Girls persuade supporters that his cleanup's been a bust? 2. It's one form of entertainment you can't get on TV. Says one club operator: "Everybody stays home to watch TV, but they don't get sex on television so they have to go out for it."

Whatever the reason, the strippers have given the city's night spots their biggest shot in the arm since the days of Lili St. Cyr, Margie Hart and other lightly clad ladies. Some clubs put on no entertainment except the strippers. The flossy Chez Paree has 20 in one act.

Most are local girls. So great has been the demand that waitresses, typists and shopgirls are giving up their jobs to strip in the clubs. "You meet all kinds nowadays," says one veteran stripper, and she's right. A celebrity of the moment is Nina Romance, who is billed as "the highest kicker in town." Nina's a grandmother with a daughter dancing in New York's Copacabana. Another, Princess Tania, is the mother of seven children.

Will the boom last? Drapeau has tried a couple of actions to stop it. Strippers on the club billboards encourage delinquency, the city has argued in court, so far without success. The routines are tame compared with burlesque, club operators reply. But, listening to the humming cash registers, they add happily, "It's *almost* like the old days."

How Montreal recruits strippers . . . What did these girls do before?

LILIA CASTILLA *Gaspé shopgirl* — NINA PEREZ *Montreal dancer* — GISELLE BUREAU *Montreal waitress*

Backstage WITH FURTIVE TRAFFIC POLICE / Ghost patrols grow. Is it cricket?

LESS THAN a month ago B. C.'s minister of highways, P. A. Gaglardi, was arrested for speeding. Two RCMP officers in a "ghost car" (unmarked) said he was going from 85 to 100 miles an hour. Mr. Gaglardi paid his fine ($10), then he said in an interview: "I thought they were a couple of punks. They weren't even wearing ties."

Well, *should* they have been wearing ties? *Should* they have been dressed in formal police garb and *should* they have been chasing Mr. Gaglardi in a police car marked as such? If Mr. Gaglardi and others are going faster than the law allows should the police be permitted to conceal their identity, drive unmarked cars, resort to radar, or should they advertise their presence and perhaps spoil their chances of catching lawbreakers?

Today there is a wide difference of opinion on this subject, and no law to govern it. But in every province except Quebec and Newfoundland, or in some towns or cities in those provinces, the police admit—often reluctantly—that they use unmarked cruisers, un-uniformed constables and/or radar to spot and catch speeders. "The use of ghost-car patrols becomes increasingly the practice in provinces where the RCMP is under contract (all except Ontario and Quebec)," says one RCMP spokesman. "In most cases they work with an unmarked cruiser which makes the stop after the ghost has spotted the speeder."

While many drivers protest it isn't cricket, the ghost car and radar have defenders. Here are some opinions:

ON GHOST CARS

Magistrate Gordon Scott, Vancouver: "Those who oppose them are those who look on driving as a game in which the aim is to outwit the police. They feel the police aren't playing the game unless they can be readily seen—and outwitted."

W. Arch Bryce, general manager, Canadian Highway Safety Conference: "Police in plain clothes are widely accepted in hunting down criminals. But the speeder never thinks of himself as a criminal and therefore resents unmarked police cars."

R. Norman Meakes, Toronto attorney: "The police will have to stop those sneaky tactics if they want the public to respect them. There's too much of the agent provocateur about ghost cars."

Gordon Foster, secretary, Maritime Automobile Association: "Ghost cars violate the rights of the motorist . . . but the accident situation suggests anything to solve it should be considered."

ON RADAR

Peter Dygala, traffic safety, Manitoba: "If police get a tip on burglary nobody complains if they lay a trap to catch the thieves. But if we try to do the same thing to a driver who is likely to kill, the public shouts us down."

Inspector A. E. F. Holm, RCMP, Ottawa: "If we are killing 3,000 people a year who wants to talk about fair play?"

Background

- **What makes people happy?**
- **Few takers for free $1,600**

What makes people healthy and happy? Doctors can often tell you why you're sick and miserable, but you don't call a doctor when you're feeling on top of the world. At McGill University, however, the Departments of Psychiatry and Sociology took 1,000 students, weeded out the 20 who were healthiest and happiest. By next summer they expect to know the special secrets, if any, of 20 happy people.

In case you thought the romantic Mounties had left them thar frontiers for prosaic fingerprints and crime labs, just listen to this: they're using their modern techniques to track down those rustlers and hoss thieves who began showing up on the prairie not long ago. With a scarred hosshide from an Alberta rendering plant, the RCMP lab in Regina found evidence a brand had been changed; it resulted in the arrest of suspected rustlers.

Giving away money isn't as easy as you think; just ask the IODE. The daughters of empire had only 17 qualified applicants this year for the war memorial bursaries they give to children of World War II pensioners, enabling them to go to Canadian universities. The awards are worth $1,600 each and the IODE hoped to give away at least 20.

How do Canadians stand with the rest of the world in the quest for a better way of life? Perhaps not as well as we think. New UN statistics show: We have the highest percentage of homes with seven or more rooms but we're only eighth in homes with water and electricity. We have the highest birth rate among industrialized nations but 20 have a lower infant mortality rate. Eleven have a lower death rate and six a greater life expectancy.

"Give me 40 yards of corn, six feet of petunias and 36 inches of radishes!" It's no joke; seeds are actually being sold that way by some U. S. firms. Here's how: seeds are spaced on a strip of poly-vinyl alcohol film, then covered with another strip of the film, laminated and rolled up like tape. You simply unroll and plant the tape, it rains, the film dissolves and, presto, the seeds begin to grow.

Backstage WITH A LOST GOLD MINE / It caused a murder, foils Indian's search — where is the lost Lemon Mine?

IN THE higher foothills of the Rockies southwest of Calgary dozens of prospectors with Geiger counters scramble among the craggy outcroppings in a ceaseless search for uranium. Is there uranium there in quantities worth mining? No one is sure, and at least one prospector doesn't even care.

He is King Bearspaw, a chief of the Stoney who for half a century has been looking for a gold mine that may not even exist — the legendary lost Lemon. Bearspaw is so sure he'll find it that for 35 years he has turned his back on treaty rights (if he became independently rich he'd automatically lose his rights).

What makes him think there's a mine there at all? Still tall and strong though nearing 70, Bearspaw has a dim memory of accompanying his father, Moses Bearspaw, and a famous prospector, Joe LaFrance, on a journey up to the mine when he was only 17. LaFrance had cached $40,000 in nuggets in the area where the lost Lemon was said to be. Young Bearspaw was left to look after the horses while the elders made the last leg of the journey.

Soon after LaFrance perished in a fire. Then Moses Bearspaw died. King Bearspaw says the secret of the mine died with them. Only two other men knew the location of the lost Lemon, according to Bearspaw. They were prospectors from Montana named Lemon and Blackjack. On a trip up the Highwood River in 1870 they reported a rich gold strike.

King Bearspaw: Lost, 1 gold mine.

In an argument over the find Lemon killed Blackjack with an axe. Remorse, the legend goes, drove him crazy and he found his way back to Montana. He regained his sanity a year later and led a party back to the foothills. But he went mad again and the search had to be abandoned.

Has Bearspaw been fooling himself for 50 years with visions of riches that don't exist? Many think he has, but if so he's not alone, and at least the Chief can say he's struck pay dirt of a kind. Occasionally tenderfeet who got lost looking for the lost Lemon have had to hire the Chief to lead them back to civilization.

Editorial

Let's get the "sick drivers" off the roads

On a busy stretch of highway in southern Ontario not long ago, police arrested a motorist who was traveling at 105 miles per hour. By sheer good fortune he didn't kill anybody. In court he said: "Somebody passed me and I wanted to catch up." The magistrate fined him forty dollars. Local newspapers commented that this was "cream-puff justice," that the fine should have been at least double; or perhaps a jail sentence would have been more appropriate.

We think there is not one question about this man, but two, that cry aloud for answers. The first—*Why was he not more severely punished?*—is a valid and distressing one, but it is not proposed to deal with that question here. Perhaps an even more urgent question, and one all too seldom asked in similar cases, is this: *What was wrong with him?*

Unless it is fairly evident that he has been drinking or is fleeing from a crime, the driver of an automobile can commit the most outrageous offenses against the public safety without the *causes* of his conduct awakening the slightest official curiosity. The nature of his conduct—careless driving, dangerous driving, reckless driving—is all the law is obliged to examine; all, in any really effective sense, the law is allowed to examine.

And this is a vital, often a fatal form of negligence in the law itself. For a man who is so stupid or contemptuous of the right to live of others that he will drive recklessly or dangerously on a public highway is not likely to be reformed by a fine or even by a jail term. He will, almost certainly, still be a stupid or unbalanced or contemptuous man when, as he nearly always does, he begins driving on the public highways again. And it is altogether probable that he will resume the habits that flow naturally from his inner condition; his condition not primarily as a car driver but as a human being.

It has long been known that a relatively small proportion of drivers cause a relatively high proportion of accidents. A seven-year study in Manitoba showed that fifteen percent of motorists were responsible for more than half the accidents in that province. An Ontario transportation company found that twenty percent of its drivers caused sixty percent of its mishaps. A long investigation in an American state revealed that less than four percent of the motorists were involved in more than thirty-three percent of all accidents. These are the "sick drivers" who cannot be cured by fines and jail terms and other forms of safety education.

It will never, of course, be possible to identify all these chronically unsafe drivers, but it would not be difficult to identify a large number of them. Those who are identified can and should be barred from the highways.

How? In our view everyone convicted of a traffic offense that involves a serious risk to the public safety should continue to pay the present penalties. Beyond that, and far more important than that, his operator's license should be suspended until he can prove that he is emotionally and psychologically, as well as mechanically, fit to drive a car.

To facilitate this process we suggest the provinces set up continuing boards of review staffed by psychiatrists and psychologists as well as jurists. Any driver could appeal the cancelation of his license but to do so he would have to allow himself to be examined by his local board and satisfy the board that his offense stemmed from no deep-seated personality defect likely to manifest itself again in the same way.

If the board could not be thus satisfied it would be empowered, on request, to advise the unsuccessful appellant where to go for treatment of whatever ailed him. Once he felt that he had overcome his trouble the suspended driver could appeal again.

The expense of this machinery would, of course, be a proper charge against the convicted driver. He would pay the costs of the court as well as the cost of presenting his own case and the cost of his treatment.

To many this will seem like a harsh, wild dream, smacking vaguely of 1984, brainwashing and the last throes of the individual. In fact it is more than a suggestion that we stop trying to arrest the slaughter of the highways with solely punitive justice—and weakly punitive justice at that—and give corrective justice a chance to show what it can do.

Mailbag

- "Give us harmony, not bangs and wails"
- How teen-agers get along at home
- Sure cure for gloom in an upset world

Three cheers for courageous Don LeBlanc who dared to attack the jungle beat that pollutes our air waves (We Don't Have to Put Up with Rock 'n' Roll, Sept. 28). I find a startling similarity between our teen-agers at a rock 'n' roll session and blacks I've seen go wacky to the same beat in Louisiana swamps. However, if that is living, let 'em have it; but for the rest of us for heaven's sake give us some harmony, shorn of clicks, bangs and eerie wails. —F. A. ROSZEL, MONTREAL.

✓ . . . LeBlanc remembers dancing to String of Pearls and Boogie Woogie. Today my teen-age sister flips over Stardust and It's Not for Me to Say. We've all survived Milkman Keep Those Bottles Quiet, Put Your Arms Around

Me Honey and Shoofly Pie. Songs of this calibre have been junked, as will rock 'n' roll.—PAT WEIR, EDMONTON.

✓ . . . I prefer rock 'n' roll to the Big Apple . . . —G. GREENOUGH, MONTREAL.

The Queen and the "cad"

. . . In spite of what Lord Altrincham says and what you say in your editorial (We're Not Helping the Queen by Stifling Her Critics, Sept. 14) I have heard Elizabeth speak, and certainly she speaks better than 99 percent of British, Americans or Canadians. There was no need for such insulting remarks. She is a fine young woman who loves her husband and is doing her best to accomplish what is required of her. Like many other women, she has domestic difficulties, and should not be harassed by such published criticisms which can only cause heartache. Lord Altrincham has acted like a cad.—E. J. NOAD, MIAMI, FLA.

✓ . . . After reading Bax Takes a Belt at the Queen's Belted Critics (Sept. 28) I must complain that his opinion does not give a comprehensive picture of the United Kingdom to readers in Canada. —PHILIP P. B. WARD, TORONTO.

Rebuttal from teen-agers

I do not agree with Robert Thomas Allen's views in How to Live with a Teen-age Daughter (Aug. 31). For one thing, few teen-age girls stay up till midnight unless something special is going on. Mr. Allen hasn't brought out any of the good facts. If he had a choice of keeping his daughter or kicking her out, I am sure he would keep her. A teen-ager who always gets her way, which it sounds like in this story, has not been brought up properly. I know other teen-agers will feel the same after reading this story.—S. CLARKSON, POINTE CLAIRE, QUE.

One way to beat gloom

Poor J. Franklin Reed, your gloomy correspondent who criticized Gabrielle Roy's *joie de vivre* in your Sept. Mailbag and who apparently can't see any good in the world . . . My prescription for Mr. Reed is to get away some place where there are no newspapers and the radio won't work, but where there are lots of birds, sunsets. I hope he gets good weather.—W. F. K. MIDDLETON, OTTAWA.

West oil discovery

Reporting on new oil developments at Innisfail, Alta., you gave the impression in your Preview section (Sept. 14) that Canadian Oil Companies Ltd. had nothing to do with this major discovery. The fact is that the discovery well is owned half by Canadian Oil Companies Ltd. and 25 percent each by Calgary & Edmonton Corporation, and Security Freehold Petroleums Ltd. These companies also hold an interest in a large acreage in the Innisfail area and are proceeding with further development of this new field.—E. C. KENNEDY, SCARBOROUGH, ONT.

Apologies for neglecting to give due credit to Canadian Oil.

A fight against the lake

Congratulations to Tim Palmer on winning his stubborn fight against the relentless force of water (How We Saved Our House from Lake Ontario, Sept. 14). We laughed heartily at his predicament when "in" the hillside. We have some experience in the frustrations involved in trying to save a cottage from the lake, for our own countryside has

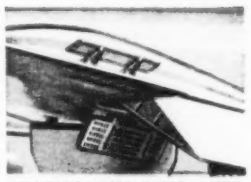
been cleared of boulders, barbed wire, old barn foundations and logs to be dumped over the bank.—SADA N. JOHNSON, PORT STANLEY, ONT.

Will Quebec back Pearson?

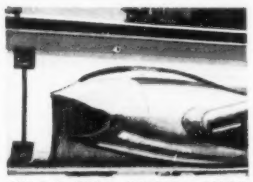
Blair Fraser's reference in his Backstage (The Liberals after St. Laurent, Sept. 28) that the Liberal party should divest itself of the French Catholic label is a new-fashioned recurrence of racial and religious discrimination in Canada. It is shocking to realize this is a result of the last electoral campaign. Quebec will rally to L. B. Pearson as it did to W. L. Mackenzie King. His denomination or language will not be an issue nor will it create a party schism . . . —A. BARBEAU, MONTREAL.

MORE MAILBAG ON PAGE 73

Jet Start for New Pilots

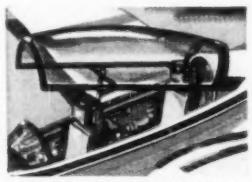


AUTOMATIC SPEED BRAKE—SAFETY FEATURE—Pilot can switch in automatic speed brake which provides rapid deceleration—with minimum pitch up—just before maximum speed limit is reached.



BUILT-IN STALL WARNING—SAFETY FEATURE—Specially-designed overhang on twin air intakes causes buffet on tail surfaces to warn pilot as aircraft approaches stalling speed.

UNIQUE AUTOMATIC FLAP DEVICE—SAFETY FEATURE—For touch-and-go landings, when a pilot needs to go round again, throttle to 98% rpm automatically retracts flaps to optimum take-off setting.



FLYING COMFORT—SAFETY FEATURE—Two-seat tandem arrangement reduces fatigue by giving ample room for both instructor and student pilot, without sacrificing accessibility of controls.

Safety-conscious JET MENTOR Trainer big step forward; simplifies pilot training

"The new Jet Mentor is built to train them right off the street." So says Tom Gillespie, one of North America's top test pilots. Now pilots can start training directly on jets, instead of on propeller-driven aircraft. This eliminates re-training for jet flying at a later stage, saving between $5,000 and $6,000 per pupil. Best of all, the end result is a better jet pilot.

The JET MENTOR Beech Model 73, is a two-seat single-engine trainer. It has the combat-flight characteristics of advanced tactical jets. Exceptionally easy to handle, it has many unique, automatic safety features. These help the student pilot gain confidence in the earliest stages of his jet training.

The sole rights to produce this Jet Plane in Canada have been acquired by Can-Car, builders of the world-famous Harvard Trainer and the T34. This assures Canadians that when the best Primary Jet Trainer is called for, it will be available—built by Canadian labor in the Fort William plant of Can-Car.

Speeding progress through better transport equipment

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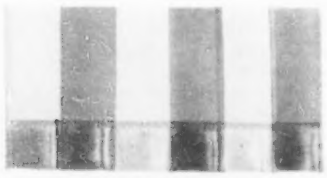
he likes to be cool....

both like the lightweight

GENERAL ELECTRIC

AUTOMATIC BLANKET

Custom Contoured Corners cut bed-making time by a third—the blanket is always neatly in place—and it is designed to give you lots of foot room too.



Six new beautiful colours in new miracle fabric. Choose Dresden Blue, Rose Pink, Garden Green, Citron Gold, Flamingo Red or Turquoise. Blankets are washable, shrink-proof and moth-proof—colours never fade.

Like the General Electric Automatic Blanket? They *love* it! Especially popular is the G-E Dual Control—each half of the blanket adjusts to the exact degree of warmth they want.

To ensure that perfect night's sleep, the exclusive G-E *Sleep-Guard Control* automatically keeps the temperature where they set it. They sleep in complete comfort—safely.

G-E Automatic Blanket replaces three ordinary blankets. It can be your lightweight invitation to new sleeping pleasure—12 months a year.

Also available: Single or double-bed widths with single control

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AUTOMATIC
BLANKET

CANADIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY LIMITED

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The Cover

Black Diamond Lighthouse signals the eastern entrance to Canso Strait, the ribbon of sea that makes an island out of Cape Breton. Tending the beacon in **Franklin Arbuckle's** painting is Lloyd Grant, whose father Charles has been head keeper for 17 years.

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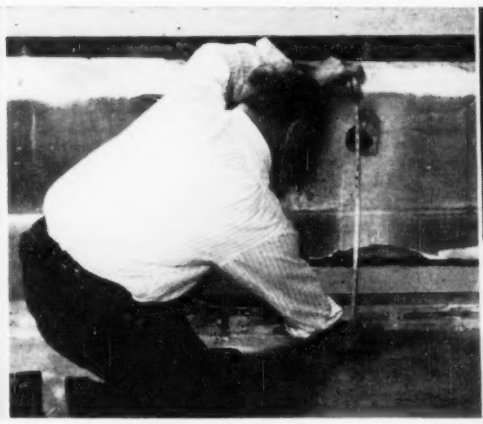
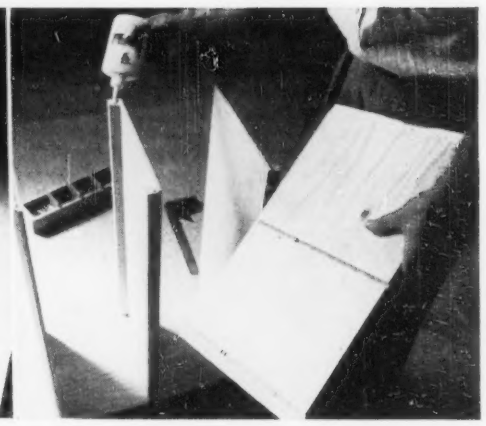
FIR PLYWOOD

This kitchen was built in 1920. When new owners moved in they planned a bold remodelling project. Ideas were exchanged with a contractor, materials discussed. Fir plywood was chosen because it simplifies construction, lends itself to custom design and is inexpensive.



First, the room was stripped to the walls, and measurements taken. For convenience and economy, most of the new units were prefabricated off the site—an advantage which fir plywood affords.

The kitchen countertop was sawn from smooth, split-proof, 4' x 8' panels, using a batten as a straight-edge. These light, strong structural panels require less framing and cut construction time.



Fir plywood has excellent nailing properties, so the cabinets were put together with simple nail and glue joints. The frames were made of ¾" plywood, but for the shelves a thinner 3-ply was used.

rejuvenates an old kitchen

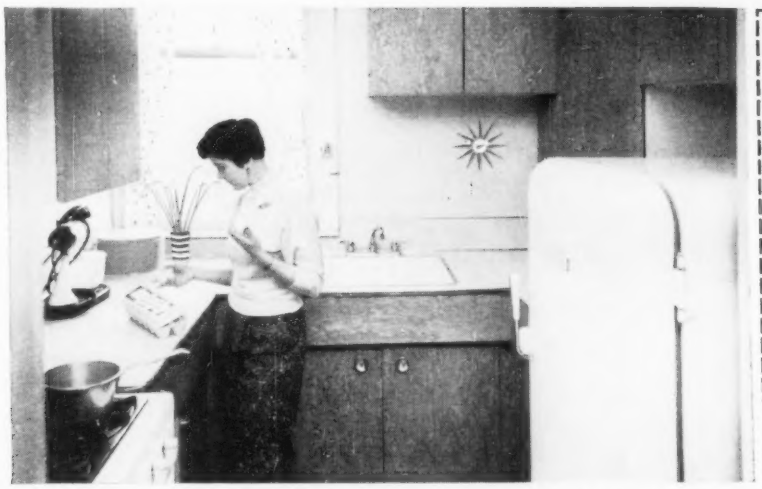
Unevenness in the floor and walls was no problem, because the prefabricated plywood units could be fitted to conform. When the units were assembled in the kitchen, they came out neat and square.

Precise, accurate shapes can be cut from fir plywood. These large discs made the shelves of a lazy Susan, which turned a wasted corner into a valuable cupboard.

The countertop was screwed to the cabinets to form one rigid unit. Warp-resistant, waterproof glue fir plywood makes an ideal base for any type of the popular countertop finishes.

Painting completed the job. Wax, paint, stain, varnish take readily to fir plywood's smooth, pre-sanded surface to give a perfect finish.

...and increases the value of a home



A new stove and fridge helped matters, but the fir plywood units themselves have created a kitchen that is pleasant and efficient. It's a small kitchen, but every inch is utilized. The fir plywood is a genuine decorative element, the grain forming an attractive contrast to the other surfaces.

Many Canadians are finding the money to remodel through low-cost NHA Home Improvement Loans. Last year, 55,000 home-owners borrowed $32,000,000. Average loan was $580, but you can borrow up to $4,000 with ten years to repay. Most money was spent on remodelling, structural alterations and building extra rooms . . . all jobs well-suited to fir plywood. You can use it for roofing, sheathing, flooring, partitions, panels, screens and fences, cabinets, built-ins and many other improvement jobs. So consider fir plywood's advantages when you discuss your plans with an architect or contractor . . . then see your local bank manager about a loan. You'll find modernizing an old home is an exciting undertaking . . . and a wise investment.

PLYWOOD MANUFACTURERS
ASSOCIATION OF BRITISH COLUMBIA
550 Burrard Street, Vancouver, B.C.

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ELEVATOR CO

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with college background to train in pricing section of steel warehouse.

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ASST TO PRESIDENT
of expanding mfg co, growth opportunity. Salary open. Submit details.

ATTORNEY, managing, for busy negligence office, at least 2 years' experience in similar office, ambitious, no 9-5 worker. Good salary, bonus, future, if very satisfactory; must be thoroughly familiar all pleadings, etc. All replies confidential.

AUDITORS
INTERNAL
The rapid growth and increasing importance of the pharmaceutical industry has created new and interesting opportunities in our Company. At the present time, we are seeking two internal auditors who are college graduates with some public or private experience. Reasonable travel to branch locations is required. You'll enjoy work-

Help Wanted

AUTO SERVICE TOWERMAN & DISPATCHER to expedite flow of work through volume shop, 5 days, good salary, excellent oppty to advance.

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Quality control laboratory of expanding pharmaceutical manufacturer desires MS in bacteriology with four to five years' experience in microbiological assay to analyze vitamin and antibiotic products and raw materials. 40-hour week. Educational assistance included in liberal benefit plan. Send complete resume.

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CHEMISTS
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CHEMIST
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Send detailed resume, include education, experience, salary desired. Replies confidential.

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An alert engineer having ex... television & digital computer techniques is required for a responsible position in a radically new field of electronics . . .
EXCELLENT OPPORTUNITY IN A BRAND NEW FIELD WITH INTERNATIONAL SIGNIFICANCE
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Outstanding opportunity in cost dept of AAA-1 mfg firm.

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Thoroughly experienced all-around working shop foreman for metal and wood fabricating plant. Please send detailed resume.

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SENIOR
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For medical dept. First aid, referrals, records. Experienced, competent, resourceful. Knowledge of Italian helpful; own car or able to drive. Write stating background, salary expected.

OFFSET pressman for 2-color 42x53 Harris, must be expd. Steady pos. City. Write.

OPTICIAN
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This is an excellent opportunity if you are interested in getting an invaluable training in this extremely interesting industry.

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...preferably ... semi- write

...DENT
...ce in design. Mid- ...0 Up.

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For internat... ations. 37½ hr wk, rotating eve... wks. Liberal benefits. Apply in person.

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Jabberwocky

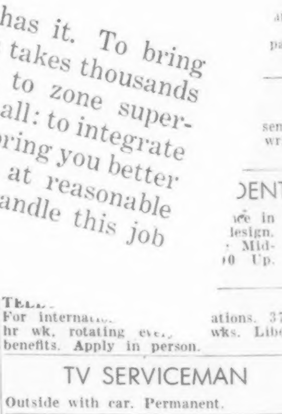
EPICHLOROHYDRIN
METHYL ISOBUTYL KETONE

$$\int \frac{dy}{x^{3/2}} = \frac{2(b+2au)}{4\sqrt{x}}$$

Jaw-breaking names and complicated formulas are the usual language of the oil scientists. Sometimes, you can't figure out what they're saying until years later — when the results of their research turn up in your home, your business, your car. But the results—tough plastics, dunk-and-dry synthetic fabrics, powerful new gasolines: they're *easy* to understand.

Jack board

When they string pipes in the oil fields, they use these boards to jack 'em up while they make the connection. You can't buy a jack board in a hardware store — so oilmen are carpenters as well as drillers, roustabouts, chemists, muleskinners. It takes thousands of skills to bring you oil's 1001 good things.



OF GOOD THINGS ABOUT PETROLEUM

Jib

In a spanking breeze the right cut jib sends a sloop slicing through the water like a porpoise. Both Sunday sailors and ocean cup racers swear by synthetic sails made with the help of oil. They need no break-in, are light and strong, never shrink. P.S. Today's sailors like the new marine paints made with Epon* resin, too. *Registered Trade Mark

Jubilation

Next year will see one of the biggest celebrations on record: 100th anniversary of the world's first commercial producing oil well at Oil Springs, Ontario. Since 1858 oil and oil products have been responsible for a big part of our century's progress in achieving history's highest standard of living, lowest disease rate, and longest span of life.

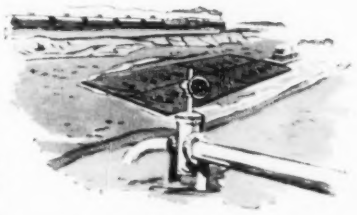
Jobber

He's an independent business man who makes sure you get Shell fuel oil and automotive products when and where you want them. Because your need for oil products will jump more than 50% by 1965, many jobbers are building and expanding now to grow with our economy. A good example of how small business keeps pace with tomorrow.

Jumping Pound

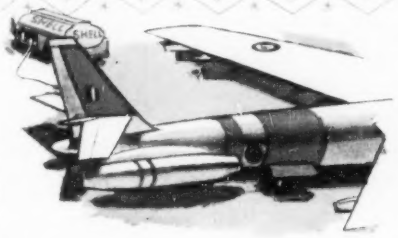
A colourful name for a place with a colourful product. Jumping Pound is one of Canada's most important sulphur-producing areas. Shell extracts this yellow mineral from natural gas, pours it into man - made mountains, then blasts it into chunks to help make newsprint, fabrics and chemicals. Next time you read your newspaper think of Jumping Pound.

Journey



By barge, pipeline, tank car or truck, it's a long way from oil field to you. Yet oil men have managed to keep transportation costs low. Example: They send a gallon of petroleum from Edmonton to Vancouver for *less* than half what it costs to mail a post card the same distance.

JP-4



This supersonic powerhouse is being tested for use in the new delta-wing Avro Arrow. It's the Orenda Iroquois fed on powerful jet fuels including JP-4. Shell is one of Canada's principal suppliers of JP-4. All Shell fuels give you more go as you will know for yourself if you've used New Super Shell with TCP*in your family car. *Registered Trade Mark

JOBS—because they're really people—come in all shapes and sizes. At Shell there are so many jobs requiring special "know-how", that even the ordinary jobs are out of the ordinary. For example, a secretary at Shell may need legal experience, another may have to be an expert in chemical shorthand. Specialist or non-specialist, thousands of people at Shell find working in the oil industry satisfying and rewarding. There are many with us who proudly wear their jewelled 25-year pins; and even more who wear the gold shell emblem that signifies they have been with us 10 years or more. Shell people are proud of their record of service—and always happy to welcome new co-workers who join the Shell company.

Sign of a better future for you

SHELL OIL COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED

SHELL

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For the sake of argument

DR. J. V. LANGMEAD CASSERLEY SAYS

Divorce does more harm than good

For the greater part of its history our Western civilization managed without any system of divorce, and without laws and courts to facilitate revisions in the matrimonial arrangements of the people. This was partly because of the influence of the Christian church, which regarded marriage, at all events when it took the form of holy matrimony, as by nature indissoluble; and partly because most men had a deep reverence for family life and regarded the stability and binding character of our domestic institutions as one of the bedrock elements in our civilization.

How sacred is marriage?

There can be no doubt that under these circumstances there were a considerable number of unhappy marriages which were the cause of a great deal of human misery. It is also obviously true that a society which does not permit divorce tends to be somewhat tolerant of a certain amount of adultery—what we may call *sub rosa* deviations from the strict letter of the law. I do not mean that such societies approved of adultery, but they did tend to accept it as the price we must inevitably pay for a strong and stable matrimonial system in a fallen world. In general our forefathers would not have been prepared to do anything which would weaken the binding character of the marriage tie simply in order to reduce the amount of sexual irregularity in their civilization.

The nineteenth century witnessed a great change in the public mind which may be traced to three factors:

First, with the growth of secularism and religious scepticism people grew doubtful about the sacred character of the marriage tie—really, of course, because they had become doubtful about the sacred character of anything at all—and they questioned more and more the value of institutions which obviously caused so much frustration and unhappiness.

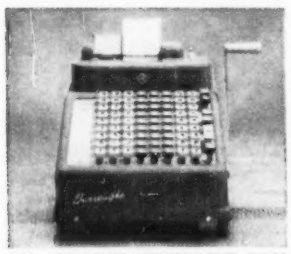
Second, with the growth of individualism people were less prone to assume that the family is the true basis of the social order. They assumed that the individual, not the family, is the true unit of society. The individual became to them a kind of social atom of which society is composed, and social life seemed to be a series of contractual relationships, of which marriage is only one.

Once marriage was seen to be only a contract it was quickly realized that the contract could be legally voided under stated legal conditions. There was, of course, a difficulty here. It is easier to represent the tie between a husband and a wife as a contract than the tie between parents and their children. The judge of a divorce court could plausibly say to a man, "This woman is no longer your wife," and to the woman, "This man is no longer your husband," but he could not conceivably say to either of them, "These are no longer your children." Thus many of our most complex problems arise out of the shared relationship of divorcees to their children. Nobody can say that any satisfactory basis for dealing with these problems has yet been discovered; we may even doubt whether such a basis is in fact discoverable. We may say that the problem of the relation of the divorced parents to their children is one of the unsolved problems of the divorcing society, and indeed the effect of divorce upon the children victimized by it is today a very serious problem indeed.

The third factor in the changing public attitude toward divorce was a religious **continued on page 79**

DR. CASSERLEY IS AN ANGLICAN SOCIOLOGIST, EDUCATOR, AUTHOR AND INTERNATIONAL AUTHORITY ON DOGMATIC THEOLOGY.

TIME-SAVING TWOSOME



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SINCE 1866 MAKER OF WATCHES OF THE HIGHEST CHARACTER

London Letter

BY BEVERLEY BAXTER

Among best-known of the busy Canadian colony in Britain are Bernard Braden, of TV's Early to Braden show, and actress-wife Barbara Kelly.

How Canadians are taking over in Britain

Let us admit at the very beginning of this letter that England—and I do not mean Britain—is a country that has been invaded again and again. The ancient Romans set the fashion. The Picts and Scots—especially the Scots — persistently crossed the border and made war against the feckless Saxons, or, as they eventually became known, the English.

It is true that the Germans failed to get here, but they had a dashed good try. If it had not been for the vacillations of Herr Hitler, they would almost certainly have arrived, although there is no proof they would have enjoyed the experience.

But in modern times there has developed a steady infiltration from Canada, which flows like a river and never recedes. In fact, I can almost visualize Prime Minister Macmillan rising in his place in parliament and saying, "In moving the motion on the order paper I am sure that I shall have the sympathy of the whole House. As one who had the honor to be ADC to the Duke of Devonshire at Rideau Hall, it is specially painful to have to ask the House to accept this measure of restraint on Canadian immigration to England. Mr. Speaker, this is a sad hour in my political career, but owing to the persistence with which Canadians come here and refuse to return to their native country, I have no option but to introduce a restrictive quota."

Mr. Aneurin Bevan (rising to his feet): "I am grateful to the prime minister for giving way. We on this side of the House recognize that some such legislation is long overdue, but may I ask him two questions? Will the prime minister be content merely to introduce a quota for incoming Canadian immigrants, or will he take measures to deport to their native country a number of Canadians who have been here a long time?"

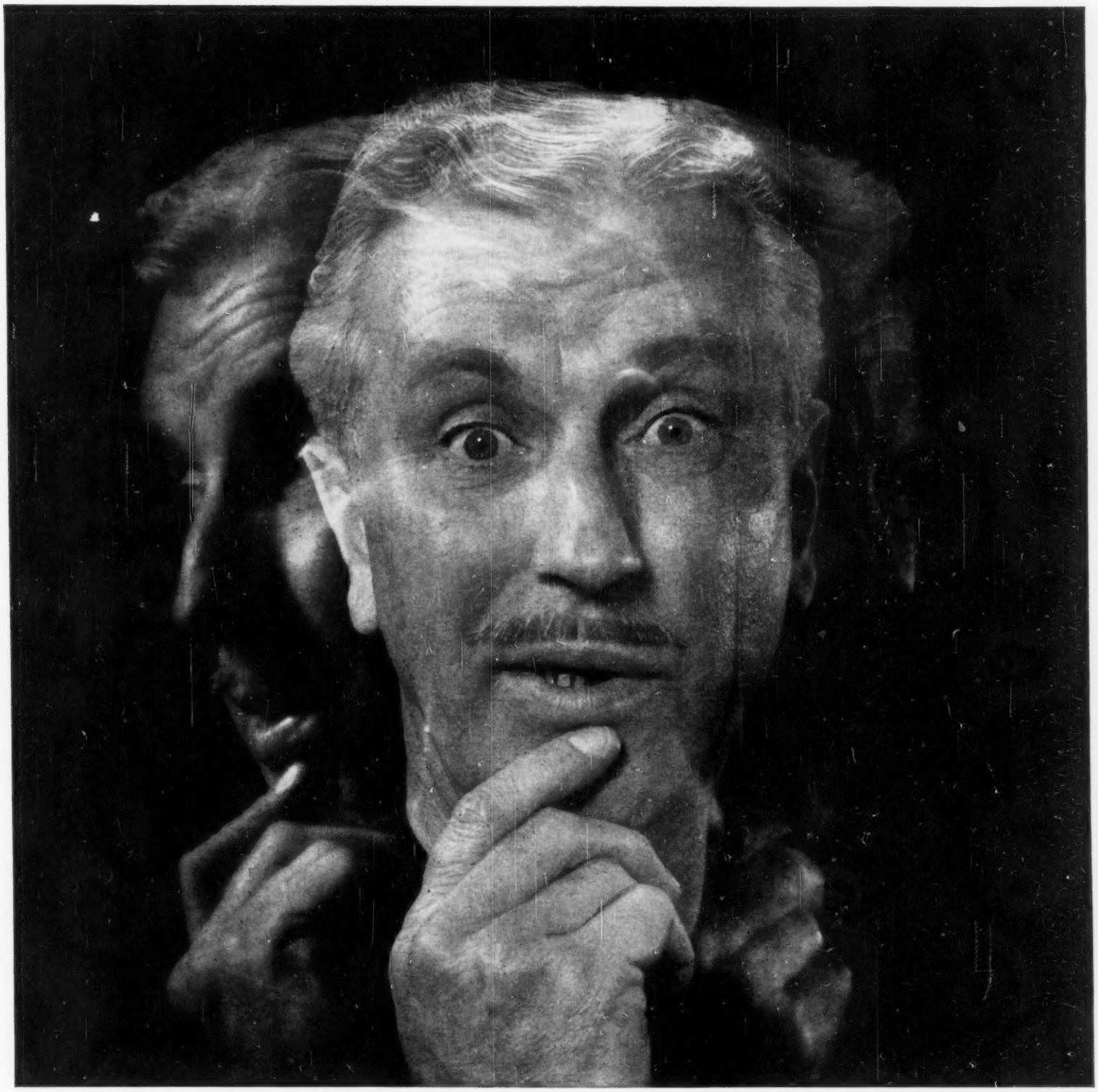
Mr. Gaitskell: "A very long time."

Mr. Speaker: "Order! Order! This is a delicate matter and I urge honorable members not to make interjections."

Mr. Macmillan: "As you say, Mr. Speaker, this is a delicate matter. I must inform the House that I have been in touch with the Canadian prime minister concerning the possibility of sending home some of the Canadians who have been here for a very considerable period, but I regret to say that Mr. Diefenbaker's reply has not been encouraging."

Mr. Ted Leather: "May I as one of the—"

Mr. Speaker: "No, you may not. The House **continued on page 82**



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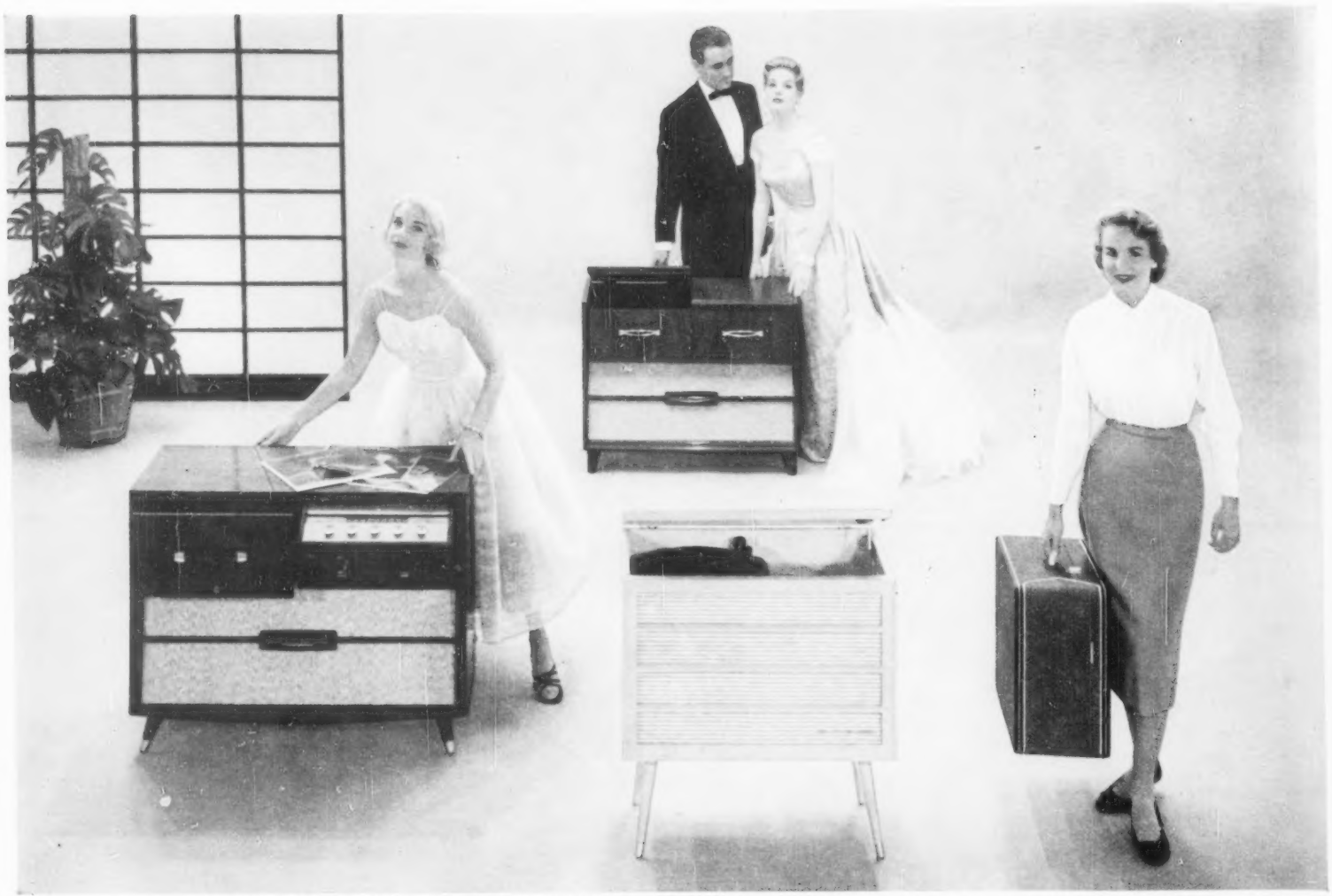

Rear: The Debonaire III (HFC391) $299.95. *Left:* The Fairfield (HFC392) $389.95. *Front:* The Mark IV (HFC191) $199.50. *Right:* The Mark VII (HF381) simulated leather $139.95.*

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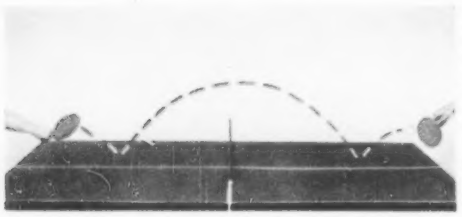

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MACLEAN'S
Canada's National Magazine

A NEW LOOK...

at a controversial city

In the century since Charles Dickens described Toronto as "full of life and motion" it has been hard to hear another good word spoken for a city whose critics have consistently outnumbered and outshouted its admirers. In the clamor most outsiders and many of the city's own have been sold a stodgy stereotype called Hog Town as a true image of Toronto. Now the lively city Dickens saw has caught the admiring—even the loving—eye of another European, a 27-year-old Dutch immigrant named John deVisser. For three of his five years in Canada he has wandered Toronto with a camera: this is his vivid portrait of the city.

On the next eight pages a young immigrant enters a lively protest against the myth of Toronto the Dull. Here, in his first published photographs, is a buoyant city swirling with life and glitter—

THE MANY-FACED TORONTO OF **JOHN deVISSER**

Two years after he landed in Toronto from Holland in 1952 young John deVisser bought his first camera. "It wasn't long," he recalls, "before everything I looked at struck my eye as a picture. I realized I had never really seen Toronto before." The camera was a near-perfect hobby for a department-store shipping clerk with little money to spare. "Once I knew how to see, Toronto turned out to be a mag

nificent stalking-ground for a photographer." To capture part of the city's color he photographed a Sadler's Wells ballet dancer under a scarlet spotlight. He recorded the million brilliant eyes of Toronto at night by climbing the highest building, the Bank of Commerce tower. On different mornings at the same intersection he photographed the blue glow of fog, the wet shine of rain, and the everlasting variableness of women.

continued on next page

The newcomer had a lot of ground to cover when he began to "see" Toronto. On week ends he ranged to the city limits. Once from a bridge on the northern by-pass, he saw a string of saddle horses winding through one of Toronto's webbed ravines in the green haze of early fall. "It looked like a classic landscape, and I tried to make my photograph look like one too." But there were fresh images right on his doorstep. "My neighbor Vicki is out of focus; I had to shoot before she brushed away the curl around her eye." And Toronto even had "a perspective on itself." From a landspit in the bay he photographed the cold blaze of the harbor skyline against the cold counterpoint of the moon.

But the city fascinated him most at night. "Toronto has the cosmopolitan magic that creates glamour." There was glamour in the sleek set of model's head under a pink floodlamp; there was glamour in a department-store window. "One night I saw a mannequin with a green glow of neon suspended above her. She summed up the city at night." The bright lights in the photograph are reflected on the plate glass from the opposite side of Yonge Street. Held up to a mirror, the vertical sign spells Jewellers; the square of light above the mannequin's head is the marquee of a movie house.

continued on next page

A new route through the city usually led to a fresh discovery. "Toronto gives me a feeling of perpetual motion, and one night on the way to the ball park I discovered the core of all the movement." It was the main railway yard on the harbor front. "The riding lights and the blinking signals made a pattern of dazzle and darkness. I wanted to freeze it, and tried a three-minute time exposure with the camera in my hand. It was too shaky. The next night I brought a tripod, and caught the swirl of Toronto on a strip of film."

It was second nature for a European to seek out the theatre for dramatic photographs, and Toronto had a stage for everything — from ballet to Ice Follies to burlesque queens. "But I needed a new technique for photographing the stage. Flashbulbs are prohibited and natural light is better anyway, so I underexposed (usually a 1.5 opening at 1/100 sec.) and overdeveloped my negatives."

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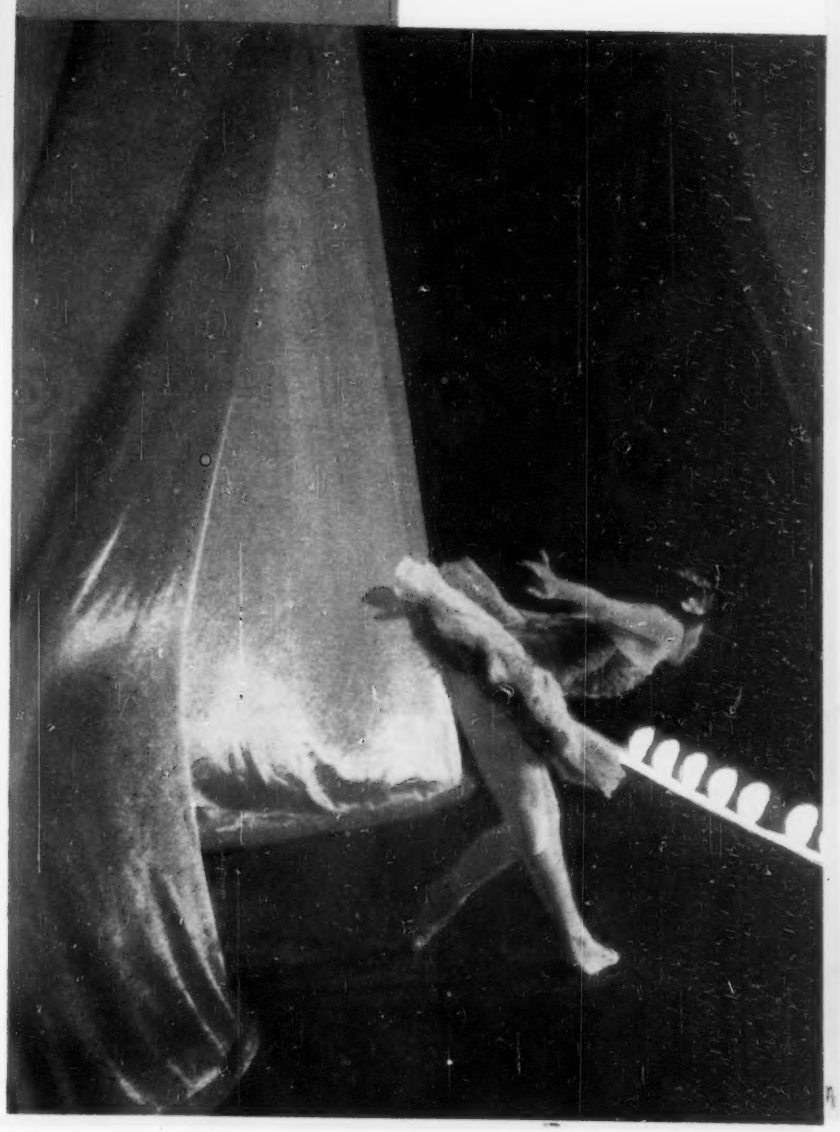
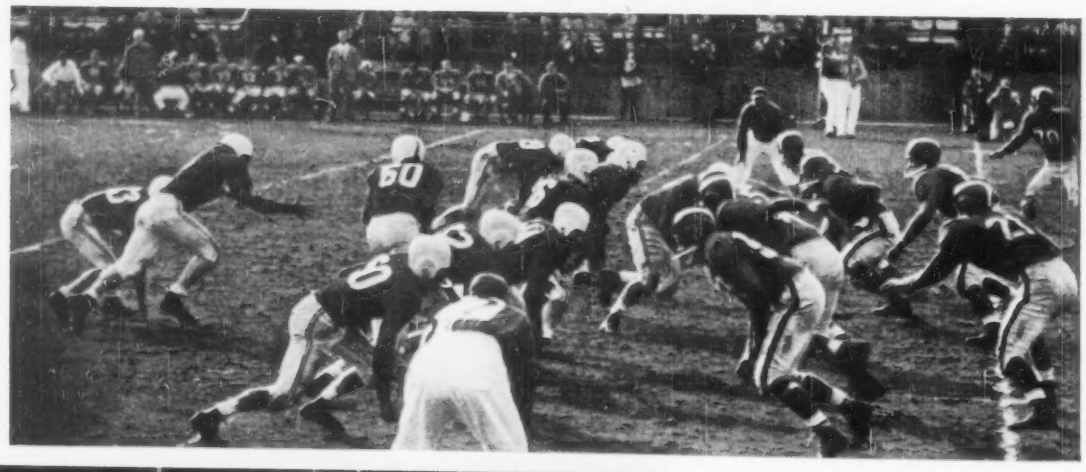
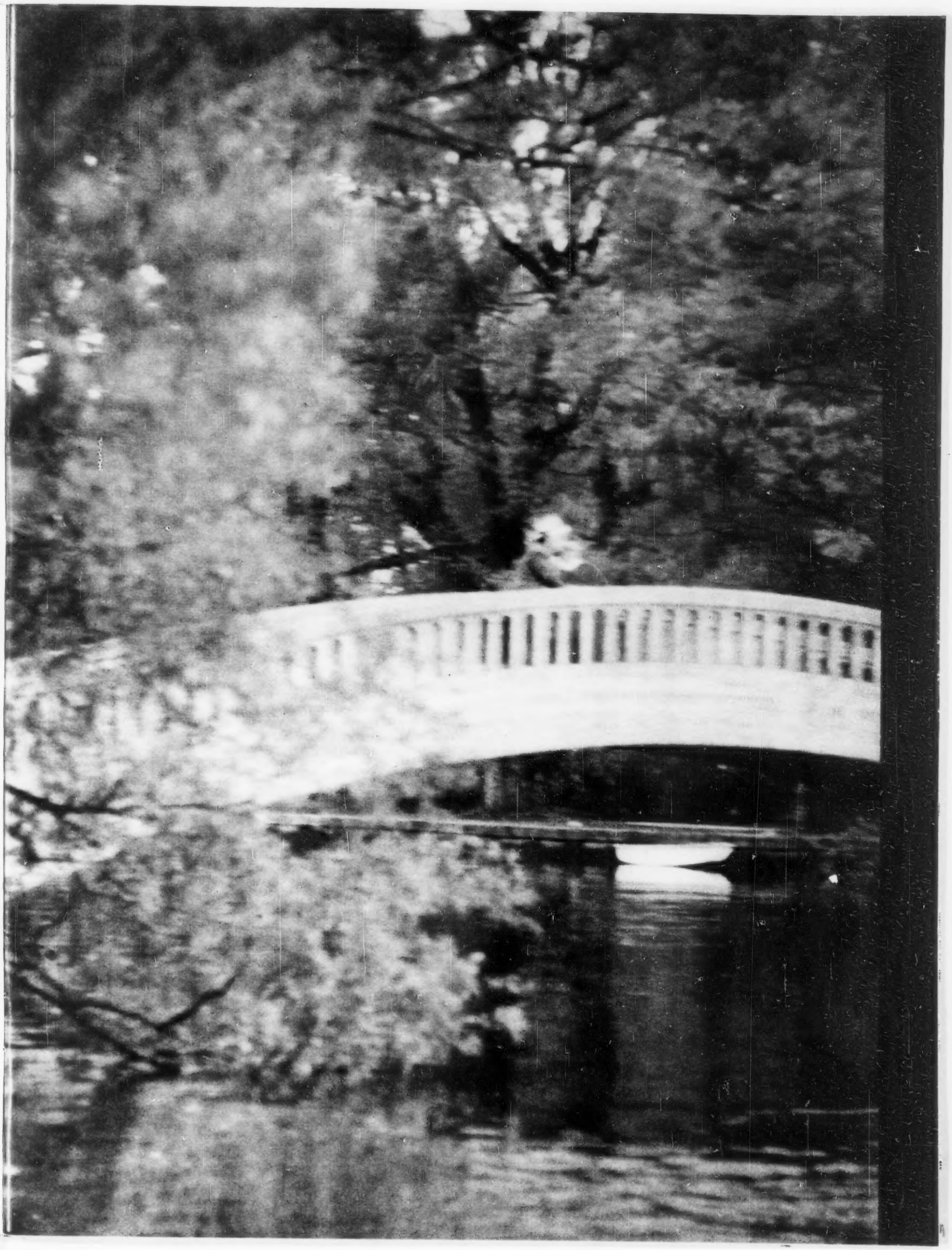


Toronto wears a different face for every season, and the young Netherlander found excitement in all of them. "In the spring I stood for hours in the rain, waiting for an umbrella to reflect the wet shimmer I wanted." Summer is perfectly framed at Kew Beach: "To escape the heat I saw people crowding to the hottest place of all." On the football field, when Toronto played McGill, "I thought I saw the vigor of fall." And a winter night muffled by snow was the expression of "Toronto's serene moment; the moment when the city is asleep."



Strolling the bank of a Centre Island lagoon he turned a bend. "I had the strongest suggestion of people in love I've ever known. The trees blurred in the soft light and the man's straw hat was a bright symbol for the light heart of a young romance. I was careful with my camera, leaving it slightly out of focus to eliminate distractions like the telephone wires that ran overhead. I was trying to give my film the effect of an impressionist painting; the impression of love. There is a secret of Toronto here. It is a city with a light heart."



PUTZI HANFSTAENGL

introduced the queer little Austrian Adolf Hitler to polite society, played the piano when the Führer was troubled, saw him sway millions and battle his private demons, and now writes his own story—

What I remember of Hitler

In a rare public appearance in uniform author Putzi Hanfstaengl flanks Hitler aides Von Papen and Goering.

At 6'4" Putzi dwarfed Heinrich Himmler, who was envious of his piano-playing intimacy with the Führer.

IN THE LITTLE GROUP of plotters who gravitated to Hitler after the First World War, Dr. Ernst F. Sedgwick (Putzi) Hanfstaengl must have stood out like a sore thumb. He had left Germany at the height of her imperial glory to work in the United States and came back to find his country crushed and desolate. His romantic nâture was fired by the incandescent promise of this almost unknown agitator. He became the only literate member of Hitler's inner circle. When he progressed from being Hitler's window on the outside world and artistic mentor to the role of unwelcome conscience he found himself frozen out. The process took a dozen years, but then he had to run for his life.

With his first American wife, Hanfstaengl represented a new factor in Hitler's existence. His father and grandfather had been welcome counselors at the Wittelsbach and Coburg courts. They were respected pioneers in the field of art reproduction and prominent members of the romantic movement represented by Richard Wagner and Ludwig II. Hanfstaengl himself provided the aura of Harvard, class of '09, a genuine acquaintance with past, actual and future presidents of the United States, entrée not only to the best Munich and German society, but attachment to the intangible net of international social intercourse, and an artistic accomplishment which went straight to the heart of Hitler's tortured soul—the ability to play Wagner's music superbly on the piano.

The Hanfstaengl household was the first to try to make Hitler socially acceptable. They introduced him to the world of art and culture and in these early years theirs was almost the only private circle in which he found himself at ease. After the Ludendorff Putsch it was to their villa in the Bavarian Alps that he fled for succor. During his prison term they provided one of the few centres of loyalty and on and after his release they made a final attempt to impregnate him with their standards.

With power in his hands, Hitler could begin to dispense with the respectable front that Hanfstaengl, with his international connections, provided for the party's heterogeneous hierarchy. His open opposition to the methods of the revolution and his unbridled criticisms of those responsible for them soon made him intolerable to the party leaders. One story he does not tell is how at a crowded reception he called Goebbels a swine to his face. Ten further years of exile, internment and frustration were the price he had to pay for his early idealism.

To the incomplete if extensive patchwork of Hitlerian biography and Nazi history he brings for the first time a conclusive picture of Hitler, the man in the making. There is no record like it because no other man is equipped to tell the story.

BRIAN CONNELL

I met Hitler in November 1922, at the end of an hour-long speech he had made in a Munich beer hall. He was standing on the platform recovering from his bravura exhibition. I walked over to introduce myself. Naïve and yet forceful, obliging and yet uncompromising, he stood, face and hair soaked in perspiration, his semi-stiff collar, fastened with a square, imitation gold safety pin, melted to nothing. While talking he dabbed his face with a handkerchief, glancing worriedly at the many open exits through which came the draughts of a cold November night.

"Herr Hitler, my name is Hanfstaengl," I said . . . "I agree with ninety-five percent of what you said and would very much like to talk to you about the rest some time."

"Why yes, of course," Hitler said. "I am sure we shall not have to quarrel about the odd five percent." He made a very pleasant impression, modest and friendly. So we shook hands again and I went home . . .

Not long after, there was another meeting in the Zirkus Krone, and I took my wife and one or two other friends along to hear him from one of the boxes. Afterward I introduced the ladies to Hitler. He was delighted with my wife, who was blond and beautiful and American. He accepted very readily when she said how pleased we would be if he would come to coffee or dinner at the flat. Soon he was visiting us frequently, pleasant and unassuming in his too-small blue serge suit.

Stories are sometimes told that we were the people who taught Hitler table manners. That is not so. He was not so uncouth as that. But he did have some curious tastes. He had the most incredibly sweet tooth of any man I have ever met and could never have enough of his favorite Austrian cakes **continued on page 60**

The Führer's favor was the kiss of death. He ordered the murder of Ernst Roehm (left); Rudolf Hess (right) met a string of disasters. Putzi himself had to flee.

Art expert Putzi tried to sharpen the Nazi leaders' taste in painting but made little progress

EROTIC THEMES OBSESSED HITLER

Correggio's masterpiece, Leda and the Swan, hypnotized Hitler, who later awarded a special medal to any artist who entered a painting based on the same theme in a Nazi exhibition.

SEA SATYRS FASCINATED GOEBBELS

Josef Goebbels' adolescent taste is indicated by his favorite canvas, by Böcklin.

If you think I'm overweight

If you know how I can lose weight

If you know why I should lose weight

Please—keep it to yourself

I like being fat

...and here are my reasons

By Byng Whitteker

as told to Robert Olson

PHOTOGRAPH BY HORST EHRICHT

Every time I go for a medical checkup the doctor tells me that my blood pressure and heartbeat are normal, my general condition is fine and I ought to lose some weight. My friends present me regularly with the latest miraculous reducing diets guaranteed to transform my life.

I don't know why I should want to transform my life. Radio and TV are nice work, even for the forty hours or so I spend at them each week, and the pay is not bad. My spare time right now all goes into founding, with Jimmy Shields, a club on Jarvis Street for Toronto radio and television people. If my schedules were not so tight I'd spend more time at home, as I have a pleasant house in a respectable part of town, and a wife and children who could not be improved upon.

I'm not sure how much I weigh at the moment, as ordinary bathroom scales collapse at 260 pounds. Maybe I'm 290. By my own standards, the extra fifty or sixty are a surplus, the direct result of good living. If the only way to liquidate them is to end the good living, I'm ready to accept the inevitable cheerfully. And I'm not convinced that the surplus, usually considered a burden, like a debt, is not instead an asset, like money in the bank.

A common utilitarian attitude condemns anything in the body that is not actively and obviously serving some function. Doctors in my childhood were quick to cut away inflamed tonsils, as if they were some kind of tumor. Often the surgeon would chop the healthy adenoids as well, while the knife was handy. If removing any part of the body was not fatal, the part was considered unnecessary. Those notions, though popular, are already old-fashioned. Now we are told that tonsils and adenoids have a protective function, and even that the appendix may be more than just an obsolete stomach. I am waiting to hear next that the padding some people work so hard to remove from around their middles is useful or even necessary to them. **continued on page 68**

I'M COOK on Sundays, lavishing the menu with calories. Here I'm preparing chicken Genzmer (I was christened Genzmer), a Whitteker original: boiled fowl, cut into small strips, then crisp-fri

NOBODY'S too big for Ted Lindsay

By Trent Frayne

BLOWING UP, Lindsay seems about to tear off an enemy arm. "A little guy's got to be cocky," he says.

SOUNDING OFF, Lindsay (right) argues a ruling with referee Red Storey. He's been NHLer 13 years.

Hockey's scrappy little all-star leftwinger has battled the largest and roughest men on the ice. Now, as president of the new players' union, he may be taking on his toughest opponents of all—the NHL owners

Straight ahead is the only direction Ted Lindsay has ever traveled in thirteen years in the National Hockey League. As a snarling, mocking, richly talented performer for the Detroit Red Wings from 1944 until he was traded to the Chicago Black Hawks last summer, he recognized no detours in becoming the highest-scoring leftwinger of all time, and one of the stormiest. Lean and scarred and built like a middleweight boxer, he has taken on defensemen who outweigh him by fifty pounds, and while they've cut him up and knocked him down they've never changed his mind. He has publicly charged the president of the NHL, Clarence Campbell, with prejudice. He has fought on the ice with his own teammates and off it with fans, policemen and even his long-time employer, general manager Jack Adams. They stopped speaking to each other two years ago. For thirteen years Ted Lindsay has never backed down from anyone and now, this fall, in addition to moving to a new challenge with the lowly Hawks, he is taking on the largest order of them all—the men who run the league.

He'll do this as president of the National Hockey League Players' Association, a union formed by the ice-bound serfs in awesome secrecy during a three-month period last winter, with Lindsay as one of its principal instigators and organizers. When its existence was announced by Lindsay at a press conference in New York last February, the club owners and league executives expressed an astonishment matched only by that of most hockey fans. The sudden materialization of a players' union was unexpected in itself; still more remarkable was the materialization as the players' spokesman and president, their archenemy during working hours, the little hellion Lindsay.

Lindsay's announcement on the formation of the players' united front was made with studied understatement. "We have organized to promote and protect the best interests of the players," he said. "We don't intend to start a revolution. We aren't displeased **continued on page 38**

COOLING OFF in penalty box, where he's spent 1,175 minutes. He's nicknamed "Little Scarface."

A MACLEAN'S NOVEL AWARD

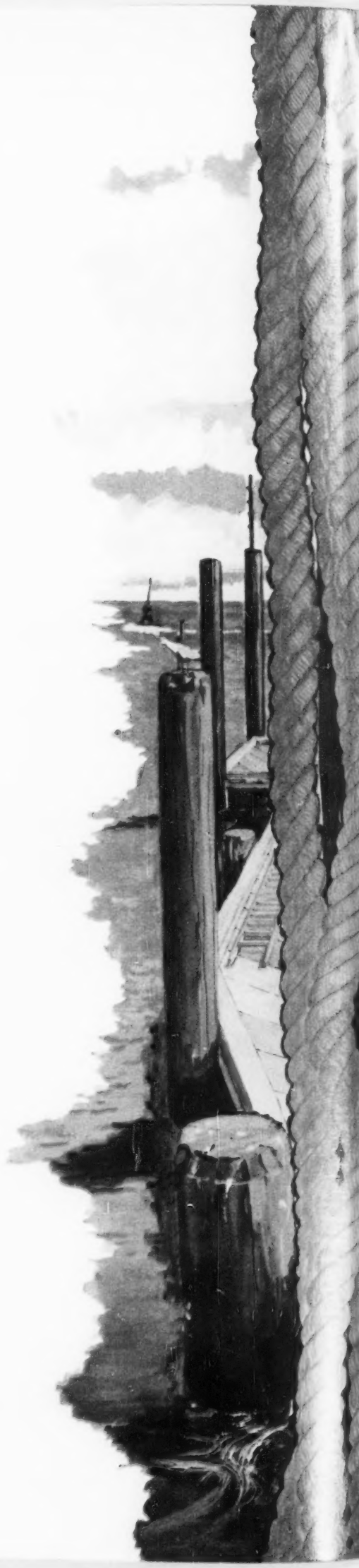
FLORENCIA BAY

PART TWO

By James McNamee

ILLUSTRATED BY KEN DALLISON

As the boat slipped into Alberni where the sinister Robinson waited, Pat Crogan realized that Monica would like pulling the legs off flies



WHAT HAS HAPPENED

Prospector Pat Crogan was looking forward to a solitary summer sifting gold from the black sand of a remote west-coast beach. His idyll was broken by Monica Jack, a lovely if vicious halfbreed, Charlie, her rich and domineering father, and a mountie looking for a still. Then the battered body of a fisherman on the beach stirs Crogan's suspicions and he visits Ucluelet.

The mountie jerked his head toward the office at the back of the cluttered Ucluelet store. "Come and see what it's like to do business with Charlie. He makes them keep four ledgers, one for the family account, one for the boat account, one for the cousin account, and the deadbeat account for those who aren't cousins. Arms may get twisted but the cousin account is collectable. The deadbeat account not quite."

The owner, rustling invoices, looked up at them.

"Will," said Rise and Shine, "I've been telling Crogan of the Charlie Jack system. Could we have a look at the deadbeat ledger?"

With his free hand, the owner reached into a drawer and held out an oilskin-covered exercise book. "The record of sweet charity," he said. "I'll be with you in a minute."

Each page was headed by the month, and columned to show the day, the recipient, type of merchandise, the amount, the signature, and space was reserved for expressions of gratitude or praise, happy comments and attestations of undying loyalty. The number of entries in any month varied from perhaps a dozen to twenty. The merchandise listed was mostly tobacco, meat, flour, or simply groceries, boots, pieces of clothing, gallons of gas, quarts of oil. No individual amount was greater than ten dollars. The names were nearly all Siwash — Eddie Jacobs, Tommy Jacobs, Tommy Isaac, Agnes Jimmy, Keena Joe, Charlie Eagle, Runty Eagle, Pachena Eagle, Joe Abraham, Toquart Agnes. Half the signatures had perhaps been written by the owner and were marked with a penciled cross, and half the comments in the remark column were in his writing; God bless you, Charlie, Hello, Charlie, I pray for you, Charlie, Big Tillicum, Ten Hail Marys, Charlie, Thanks, Pal, Sorry, Charlie, Last Time, Charlie, Charlie, my boat's no good, My kids say thank you, Charlie, You're all right, Charlie, My sweet friend.

"Toquart Agnes, Tzartus Mary and the simple ones like Runty Eagle he leaves alone," the owner said. "The seven old-age pensioners we have living here, all white, are good for a can of tobacco, a pair of socks, a pound of butter, once a month or so. I'm supposed to give it to them and to see that they get underwear at Christmas. But the Jacobs and the Eagles, he lets them ride to forty or fifty dollars and then he hammers them. They pay off with fish or floating logs."

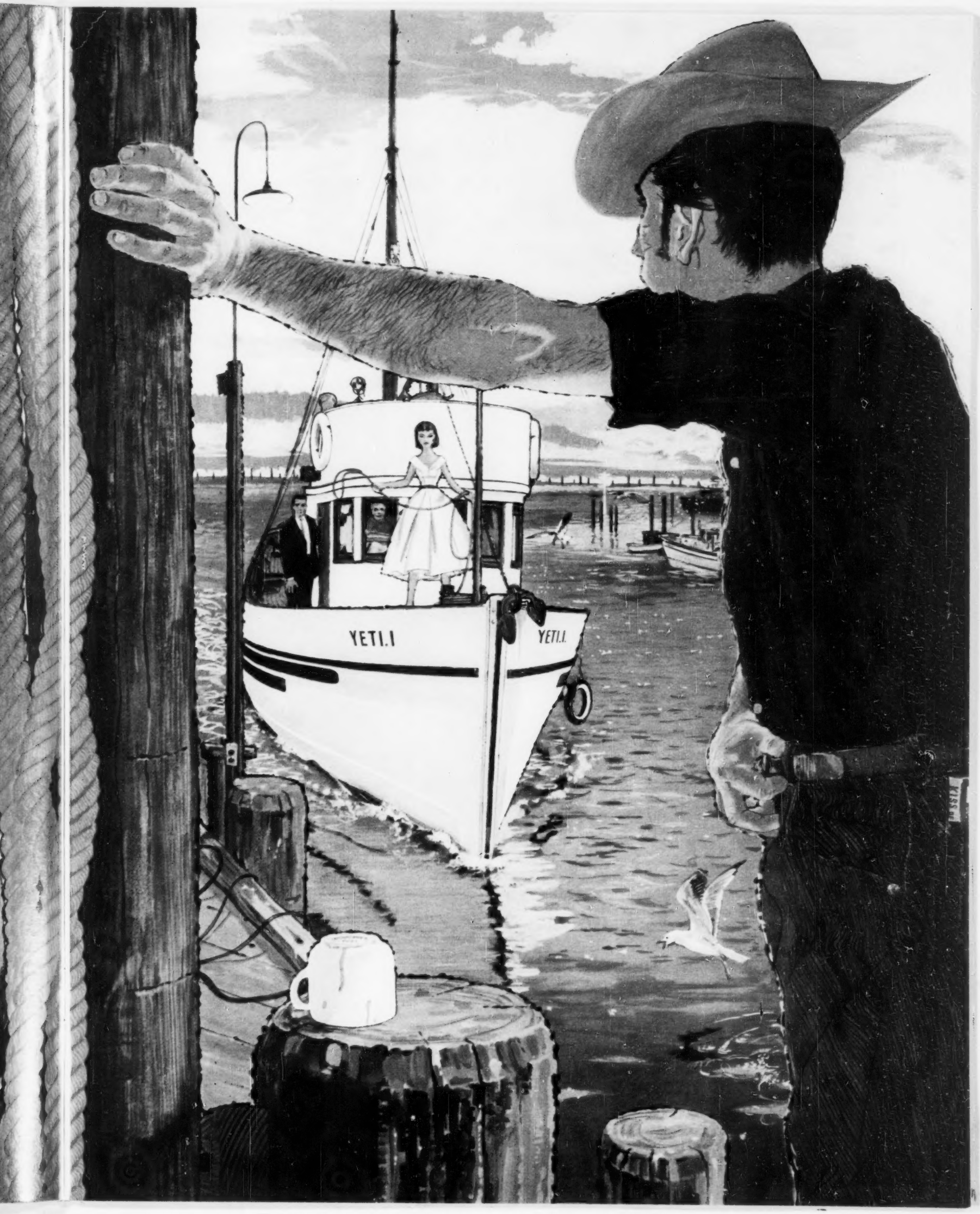
Crogan, as he gave the deadbeat accounts back to the owner, said "With all this philanthropy, Charlie must be loaded."

"I'd take his cheque on any bank in the Albernis or Nanaimo," the owner said.

"How does he make it?" asked Crogan.

"With fish," said Rise and Shine.

"That's right," said the owner. "He's Mr. Fish around here, what **continued on page 46**


YETI.I
YETI.I

If you are married there's at least one chance in five that your husband or wife is emotionally disturbed. Here a recognized authority offers advice on

How to live with a neurotic

By Dr. Albert Eliis

PHOTOGRAPH BY PETER CROYDON

One of the most frequent questions asked by my patients and acquaintances is, "About what percentage of people would you say are neurotic?" I generally reply, "Roughly, about a hundred."

I'm not entirely serious about this. From an ideal standpoint, anyone is neurotic who is potentially intelligent and capable but who actually falls below the level of his capabilities and behaves in a needlessly over-emotionalized way. In this sense, virtually all of us are more or less disturbed.

From a more practical standpoint, however, psychologists usually label as "neurotic" only those individuals who sooner or later get into rather serious difficulties of their own making. In this sense, I would say (and this, frankly, is a rough guess) that between twenty and thirty percent of our citizens are neurotic.

This means, if I am correct, that millions of people on this continent are more or less troubled and many are so disturbed that even the untrained layman can sense this from their everyday behavior. The question is: What, if anything, can be done? Assuming that you are not too neurotic yourself, and that one of your close relatives or associates is, what can you do to live comfortably with this troubled individual and to try to help him over his difficulties?

To illustrate what often happens when a relatively well-adjusted person is closely associated with a seriously disturbed individual, consider the cases of two troubled people who happened to consult me on the same afternoon.

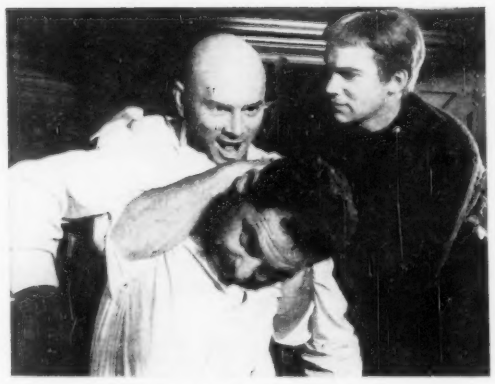
The first was a woman of thirty who had been married for six years **continued on page 74**

Bill Shatner's adventures in Hollywood

started when M-G-M signed him for $2,000 a week and then left him penniless for a month. He's been fitted for a wig and befriended by Yul Brynner but "the Hollywood process" still has him guessing

BY BARBARA MOON

They "went Hollywood" with a sports car. But for the Montreal TV idol and his Toronto actress wife Gloria, home is this small flat instead of the glass mansion they almost bought.



As Alexey, the saintly Brother Karamazov, Shatner is "featured" in his first film. Yul Brynner is the star.

Last April William Shatner, a twenty-six-year-old actor from Montreal, flew into Hollywood from New York to do a half-hour TV show. He had come a few days early because he wanted to make a routine exploratory round of "the majors"—the five top film studios. The majors, who regularly scout network TV for possible finds, already had Shatner's name and face on file; but back in New York his agent had advised, "If they see you in person, it makes a difference." The next morning his agent's Hollywood representative began by showing Shatner to M-G-M out in Culver City.

They went straight to the office of Mel Balarino, M-G-M's casting director. Balarino looked Shatner over. What he saw was a splendid young bobcat of a male, with a close cap of cinnamon hair, tufted eyebrows and white teeth bared in a grin of undisciplined charm. Back on Canadian television the grin, the charm and the look of rude young vigor had made Shatner one of CBC's few matinee idols, with his own fan clubs. As an actor in radio, in Montreal and Ottawa repertory and at Stratford the same attributes had consigned him to a succession of romantic roles. He has played the light-tenor range from Prince Charming in broadcast fairy tales to Lucentio, the pawky young lover in The Taming of the Shrew. When he went to Hollywood he had already signed to do Laertes, Ophelia's brother, in this season's Hamlet at the Stratford Festival.

Balarino, the casting director, said, "Come along with me." They walked out and up a flight of stairs to the office of Pandro Berman, an independent producer who has made a string of box-office successes for M-G-M.

When Berman had surveyed Shatner in turn he said, "I would like him to be in our movie." "What is it?" Shatner asked politely, but Berman went right on: "Take him to meet Richard," he said.

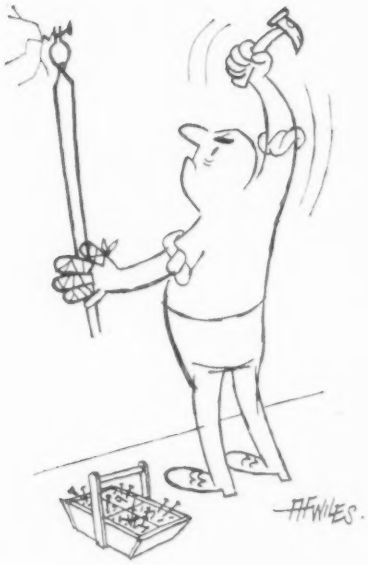
So they went out and back down the stairs to the office of Richard Brooks, an independent writer-director who also works frequently for M-G-M. Brooks pointed his finger at Shatner as soon as they walked in the door. "That's the one," he said. "I want him."

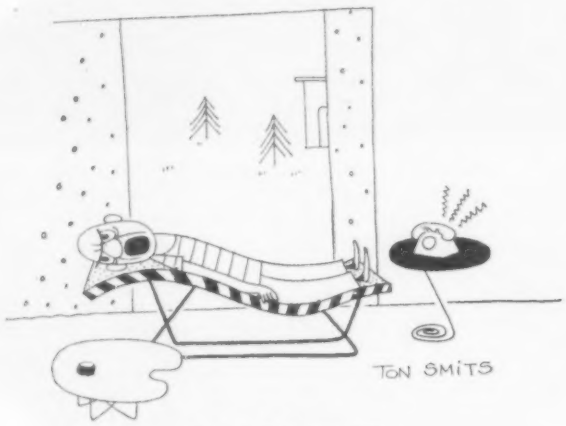
Thus, as it sometimes does happen in real life, Bill Shatner got discovered by Hollywood and won a lead in a big motion picture.

He's playing the part of Alexey, the wholesome one of the three brothers in a magniloquent Pandro Berman - M-G-M production of The Brothers Karamazov. Brooks, who is directing the picture, freehanded the scenario himself from Fyodor Dostoyevsky's psychological novel. Shatner is what is known as a "featured player," which means he gets secondary billing, his own dressing room and a junior star's salary. He is keeping the gross a secret but admits that during shooting he earns about five thousand dollars every **continued on page 84**

Sweet & sour

"On your right, folks—one of our fair city's outstanding examples of Victorian architecture, the home of Sam Morris, your bus driver, who'll be right out, soon as I pick up my lunch."





"Mary! Telephone!!!!"

People who underline books

If there's one thing that burns me up it's people who underline books. These people seem to have offbeat minds that put the emphasis on the wrong words, and it leaves me feeling as if I'm trying to pat my head and rub my stomach at the same time. Also, the things that are underlined are just the things that the guy who reads with a pencil thinks are important, and I don't like people I don't know editing my reading, any more than I like them pushing me around by doing things like this!!!! in the margin, or grabbing my sleeve and making me stop, turn the book sideways and read enigmatic little comments like "Me too!" or "Ode himself" or "Did the Greeks!" It's like paying a dollar and a quarter for a good movie and finding myself sitting there waiting for the next crack of popcorn instead of listening to what's going on on the screen, and anyway these people usually end up not able to make up their own minds about what I should read and just underline everything

- then go back
- to the table
- of contents
- and put check
- marks beside
- every chapter heading

I think these people are just as bad as the ones I've had arguments with who, next day, just hand me a book three inches thick and say, "Read that. It says exactly what I was trying to say." What I mean is I like to read books but I don't like being clobbered with them.—**ROBERT THOMAS ALLEN.**

CANADIAN HISTORY REVISITED

By Peter Whalley

RADISSON AND THE INDIANS

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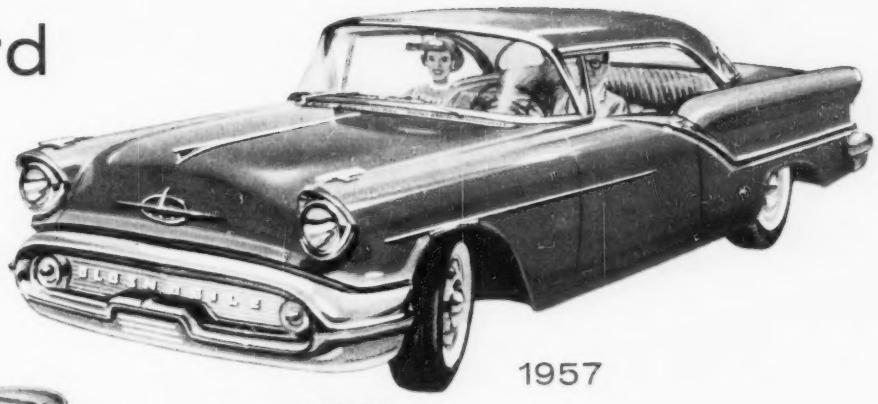

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Maclean's Movies

RATED BY CLYDE GILMOUR

VALERIE: ▲ Neither this picture nor any other I've seen during the past fortnight is good enough for a Best Bet recommendation. **Valerie,** with Anita Ekberg in the title role, is a grim melodrama about an immigrant girl who marries a Civil War hero (Sterling Hayden) and almost instantly discovers that he is a psychopathic monster. Anthony Steel is a bachelor parson who becomes involved in the Wagnerian nightmare. Rating: fair.

TIME LOCK: Not merely because it's Canadian by origin, but because it's good, this British suspense drama is worth another reminder. (It rated Best Bet here two weeks ago.) Arthur Hailey of Toronto wrote the television thriller on which the film is closely based, and it tells of a small boy accidentally trapped in an airtight bank vault.

OMAR KHAYYAM: A spectacular but slow and ponderous sword-opera which dramatizes the life story of the eleventh-century Persian poet-mathematician. Cornel Wilde plays Omar in his accustomed stodgy fashion, and the other participants include Raymond Massey, Michael Rennie, Debra Paget.

JOHNNY TROUBLE: Ethel Barrymore makes one of her rare screen appearances as an old widow in a wheelchair who, through circumstances too complex for summarizing, finds herself living in a boys' dormitory entirely surrounded by college huskies. She thinks one of them (Stuart Whitman), a sullen ex-Marine, may be her own grandson. A sentimental comedy-drama. Rating: fair.

INTERLUDE: More than ordinarily soap-operatic in its relentless collection of romantic clichés, this is a drama about a wholesome little American (June Allyson) who drifts into an affair with a famous conductor in Munich and Salzburg. Rossano Brazzi is the married maestro. The scenery is handsome.

GILMOUR'S GUIDE TO THE CURRENT CROP

Across the Bridge: Drama. Good.
The Admirable Crichton: Desert-island comedy-drama. Good.
An Affair to Remember: Romance. Fair.
Band of Angels: Drama. Fair — i.e., for unintentional humor.
Beau James: Biog comedy-drama. Fair.
Brothers in Law: Comedy. Good.
Decision Against Time: Drama. Good.
Dino: Delinquency drama. Good.
Doctor at Large: Comedy. Good.
A Face in the Crowd: Satire-on-TV drama. Good.
Fire Down Below: Drama. Poor.
Funny Face: Musical. Excellent.
The Golden Virgin: Drama. Fair.
The Good Companions: British semi-musical. Fair.
The Great Man: Drama. Excellent.
The Happy Road: Comedy. Good.
A Hatful of Rain: Drama. Good.
Hell Drivers. Action drama. Fair.
High Tide at Noon: Drama. Fair.
How to Murder a Rich Uncle: British comedy. Fair.
Jeanne Eagels: Biog drama. Fair.
The Killing: Crime drama. Excellent.
Let's Be Happy: Musical. Fair.
The Lonely Man: Western. Fair.
Love in the Afternoon: Comedy. Good.
Man of a Thousand Faces: Lon Chaney biographical drama. Good.
The March Hare: Turf comedy. Fair.
The Midnight Story: Whodunit. Good.
Miracle in Soho: Comedy. Fair.
The Monte Carlo Story: Romantic comedy-drama. Fair.
The Pajama Game: Musical. Excellent.
The Pride and the Passion: War and sex in Spain. Fair.
The Prince and the Showgirl: British romantic comedy. Good.
The Rising of the Moon: Group of three Irish stories. Fair.
Run of the Arrow: Western. Fair for adults — but gruesome.
The Shiralee: Adventure and drama in Australia. Excellent.
Silk Stockings: Musical. Good.
The Smallest Show on Earth: British comedy. Good.
The Strange One: Drama. Good.
Sweet Smell of Success: Drama. Good.
Tip on a Dead Jockey: Drama. Fair.
This Could Be the Night: Romantic comedy-drama. Good.
3:10 to Yuma: Western. Good.
The Unholy Wife: Melodrama. Poor.
Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?: Comedy. Good.

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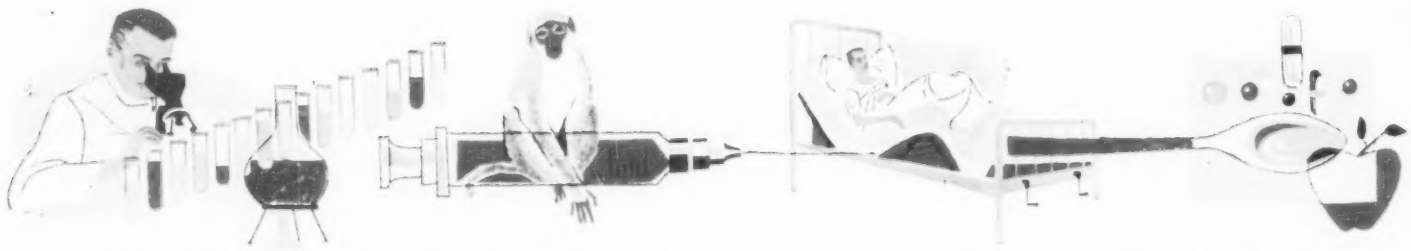
TYPICAL STEPS IN THE DEVELOPMENT OF A NEW PARKE-DAVIS PRODUCT



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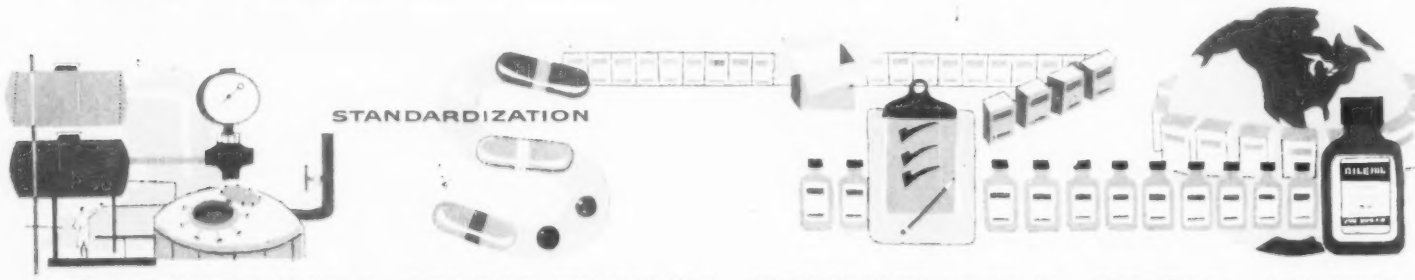

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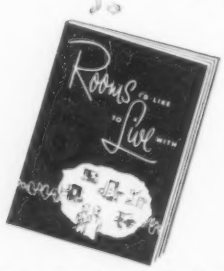

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Nobody's too big for Ted Lindsay

Continued from page 27

"I'm not sore at Adams — I pity a man like that"

or discontented about a single thing."

But no owner was reassured by these seemingly innocuous words. Conn Smythe, of Toronto, was so moved by the idea of a union that he called his own team's representative, Jimmy Thomson, "a traitor and a Quisling," according to Thomson. Thomson, who joined the Leafs in 1945 and was with them for twelve seasons, then had his contract dispatched by Smythe to the farm club in Rochester. Six months later, Thomson was sold to Chicago.

Smythe speaks cautiously in public about the union, as do all the owners who, after their initial gasps of surprise, have adopted a wait-and-see attitude. Adams, for example, said nothing publicly about Lindsay's leading role in formation of the union, but Detroit sports writers were predicting as far back as March that it was the final incident in his disenchantment with Lindsay and that he would be traded to Chicago. The trade finally was announced last July 23.

There was a day when Adams loved Terrible Ted as a son. "Lindsay?" he beamed in 1952. "He's my kind of hockey player." Later, explaining why he had appointed him captain of the Red Wings, he said, "Lindsay is captain because Lindsay is a fighter and a leader. He's a player who never quits himself and can stir his team up in the dressing room and on the ice."

But two years ago, possibly because the maturing Lindsay was beginning to show a lively individuality in discussions with Adams, the passions faded. Independence of thought is not, Lindsay had concluded, a characteristic that is encouraged by NHL executives. "They don't think we have minds of our own," Lindsay says of the moguls. "They treat us like we were little babies."

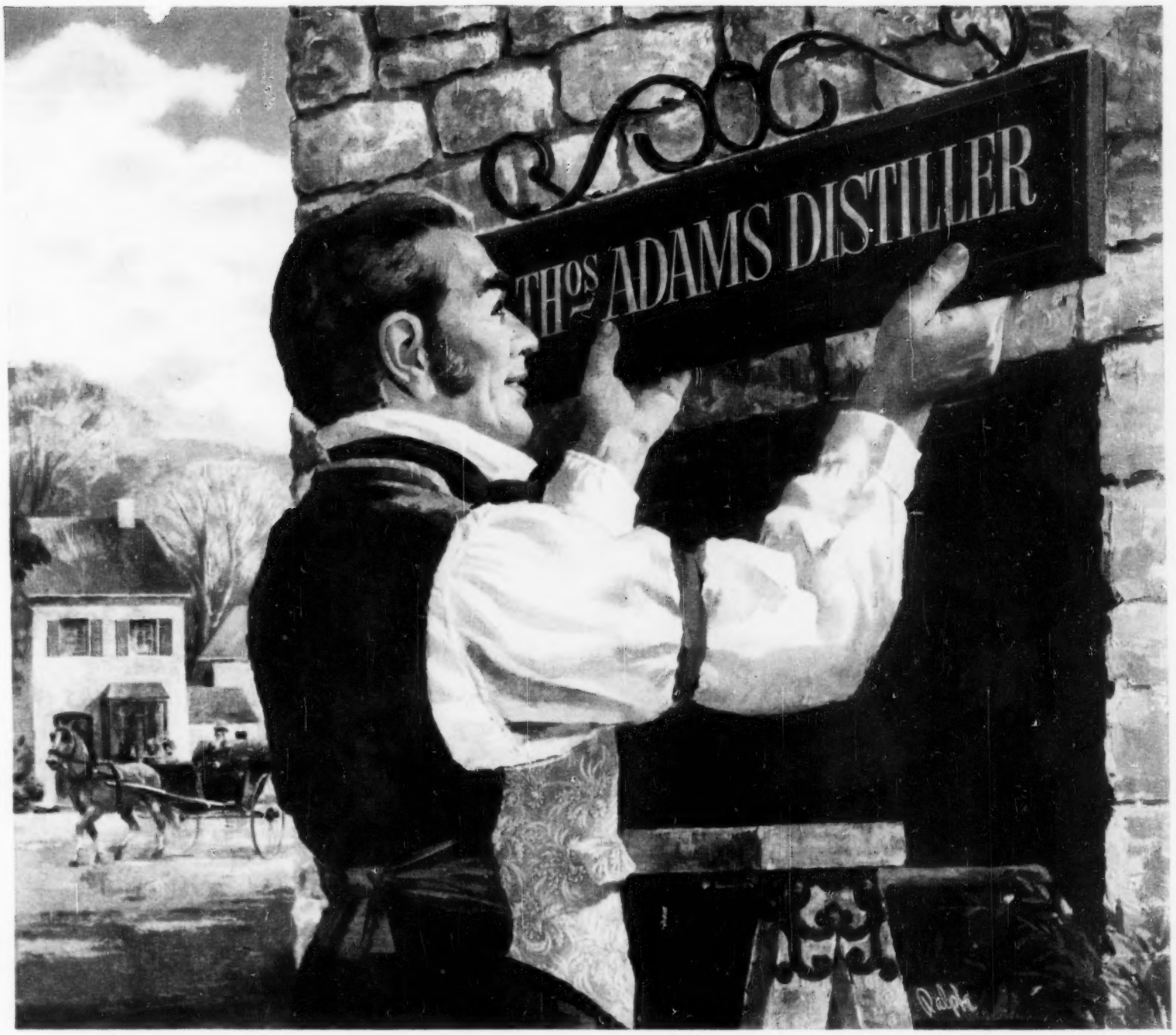
Whatever the reason, Adams removed the captain's mantle from Lindsay's shoulders, and then the two stopped speaking to each other. Through last season, while the player was enjoying his greatest year of thirteen in a Red Wings suit, Adams charged him in the newspapers with "complacency." Once, undismayed by the number of penalties incurred annually by his tiger, Adams observed balefully of Lindsay last mid-season that "a man can't score from the penalty box." By the time the season ended, one in which Lindsay compiled his own all-time high of eighty-five scoring points and was named for an unprecedented eighth time as the NHL's all-star leftwinger, the breach was complete: Adams announced that his one-time "untouchable"—his own word for a player who will not be sold or traded — was available for trade. Lindsay told newspapermen that if he was traded he'd quit hockey.

He changed his mind in a series of discussions with James D. Norris, the Chicago owner. At first he was adamant in his decision to retire. Then two things changed his mind. "The Chicago club gave me an opportunity that I can't afford to pass up," he says. This followed what Lindsay calls "derogatory statements" by Adams about him and his family. He doesn't want to expand on the subject. "I'm not going to get into a name-calling exchange with Adams," he says. "I want the whole thing to blow over. I think Chicago has an up-and-coming club. I'm not sore at Adams. I pity a man like that."

Adams, unwittingly or otherwise, revealed the crux of his final disenchantment while Lindsay was weighing his decision to retire. He was asked if he thought Lindsay would. "Where else can

JASPER By Simpkins

"Here come the hunters!"



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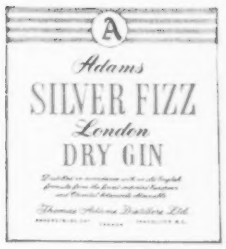

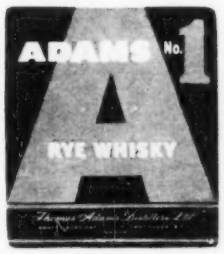

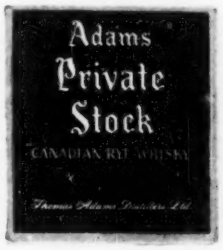

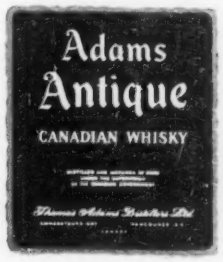

he get twenty-two thousand dollars a year—presiding over the Players' Association?" scoffed the Red Wing ruler.

Opposition from the game's executives is not likely to faze Lindsay in the committee rooms because he's been overcoming opposition, some of it unbelievably violent, ever since he broke into the league. Early in his career he got involved with Butch Bouchard, a Montreal defenseman who is six to eight inches taller and fifty pounds heavier. Bouchard swung his stick as Lindsay started to skate away and he ducked his head before he realized that Bouchard's stick was swung low. Instead of hitting him on the thigh or the hip it caught him across the temple. He went to hospital with a concussion and was under observation for four days. He says now it was an accident. "I shouldn't have ducked."

At other times in his tempestuous career Lindsay suffered a fractured cheek bone, two shoulder separations, so many broken noses that he has lost count, two broken hands, and assorted other lumps, sprains and bruises. He estimates that he carries the imprint of two hundred and seventy stitches, so many of them in his face that his nickname around the league is Little Scarface.

He's dished out his share of hemstitching, too. Bill Ezinicki, a solid rock of a rightwinger for Boston in 1951, was cooling people out with impassive violence after two straight seasons with Toronto as the league's penalty leader. Lindsay and Ezinicki exchanged a few brisk taps with their sticks during a lull in the play and then their tempers burst and they began wood-chopping each other. Then they threw down their sticks and gloves and the carnage was incredible. Ezinicki needed eleven stitches to close a stick cut from eyebrow to hairline. He raised four stitches on the side of his head. He needed four more on the inside of his mouth, and he had one tooth broken off. Lindsay required only one stitch but, not altogether unexpectedly, needed treatment for a scarred and bruised right hand.

Just last February Lindsay became involved in a tangle with Gerry Toppazzini, of Boston, in which Toppazzini's face was so battered that he refused to let photographers take his picture in the hospital. "I don't want my family to see me looking like this," he mumbled through swollen lips. Sixteen stitches were required to close cuts about his right eye, across his nose, which was broken, and around his mouth.

Lindsay insists the injuries were accidentally inflicted. "It was the kind of play that happens dozens of times a season," he says. "We didn't see each other until the last possible second. Then I threw up my hands to protect myself. Somehow my stick hit his face."

Toppazzini, visited by Lindsay in hospital, bears out this version. "It was entirely an accident," he says. "I told Ted that. It could have been him."

Lindsay, who confesses that he hates anybody on the other team once a game starts, has even fought a teammate. This was a rookie named Red Eye Hay who was playing against Ted in an intra-squad exhibition game in Sault Ste. Marie in 1953. Lindsay says he took exception to the manner in which Hay was "throwing his weight around against one of our kids," so the two of them went at it. Afterward, in the penalty box, a fan began badgering Lindsay and another fight ensued. Lindsay fell down a flight of stairs and when a policeman grabbed him Lindsay started swinging at the arm of the law, too.

He says no man can last in the NHL who backs away from a fight. "The first thing they find out in this business is if you can take it," he says. "A little guy has to have plenty of self-confidence, maybe even seem cocky. I had the idea that I should beat up every player I tangled with, and I'm still not convinced it wasn't a good idea. What are you going to do when some guy starts giving it to you—skate away? You wouldn't last five games."

Lindsay has lasted thirteen years to this point, and no other performer in hockey history has so successfully melded so much skulduggery with so much skill. Even Maurice Richard, the game's greatest scorer, who has grown familiar with all the splinters on all the penalty benches in a tempestuous career, has not spent as much time in the league's coolers in fifteen seasons as Lindsay has in thirteen. Their comparative total sentences are 1,250 minutes to 1,175. Nor has the great Richard outdistanced Lindsay in winning a berth on the league's all-star teams: they've been named eight times each, leading all players. Lindsay, who has scored 321 goals, is now fourth in the all-time scoring list behind Richard, Gordie Howe, of Detroit, and Nels Stewart, a former great who scored 323 goals in fifteen seasons. They are the only players in hockey history to score more than 300 goals; indeed, no one else has scored more than 270.

His skill and his combativeness, his scars, his visit to Toppazzini after their crash, his refusal to blame big Bouchard for giving him a concussion, and his refusal to back away from a fight — all these things are keys to the character of the volcanic Lindsay, an unexpectedly calm, personable and even gentle person

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away from the battle pits. Being a comparatively small man of five-feet-eight and weighing between 163 and 168 pounds, he has the small man's compulsion to prove he belongs. He claims he hasn't started more than half the brawls he's been embroiled in, an appraisal which, in the words of veteran defenseman Jim Thomson, "is maybe a little high, just a little too high."

"He's sneaky," says Thomson. "You've got to keep your eyes open all the time or he'll cut your heart out. He can be a fine friendly fellow off the ice, but once they drop that puck, look out. He loves to win."

Put differently, it could be said that Lindsay just can't stand losing. His wife Pat, a beautiful black-haired blue-eyed Detroit girl, says he can't even stand to lose a game of cards. They play gin rummy and cribbage occasionally, and Pat says it just isn't worth it to win. "He gets pouty," she smiles.

Fifteen years ago, when Lindsay, Thomson, Gus Mortson of the Chicago Black Hawks, and a centre player named Bobby Schnurr were playing for the Toronto St. Mike's juniors, they used to while away occasional afternoons playing hearts, a card game in which the object is to win as few heart tricks as possible and to avoid taking the queen of spades. Lindsay was tossed the queen six times during one game and although they were playing for only a fiftieth of a cent a point he leaped to his feet the sixth time he got the queen, grabbed the deck and threw the cards out the window.

"Something wells up inside me"

He has carried that insatiable will to win through his hockey career. He was so determined to prove his worth when manager Jack Adams made him captain of the Red Wings that he set an all-time NHL record for penalties in a single game — thirty minutes. That was against Toronto on Oct. 12, 1952, when he roamed all over the ice to stand up for his teammates. He even rushed to the aid of Gordie Howe, who is four inches taller and thirty pounds heavier and a man who has never needed help in a fight. Howe was enjoying a routine little scrap with Ted Kennedy, of the Toronto Maple Leafs, when Lindsay charged across the ice to take over Howe's role and earn himself a major penalty. Then he got another major for fighting with a scrappy little Leaf player, Gordie Hannigan. The two majors brought an automatic misconduct penalty and a twenty-five-dollar fine. When this was announced over the public-address system, Lindsay leaped from the penalty box to scorch referee Bill Chadwick, who promptly slapped on a match misconduct penalty while his ears were still burning.

"Something wells up inside me," Lindsay says in trying to explain these heavy involvements. "I can't stand somebody trying to show me up."

Fans in out-of-town rinks often become inflamed by Lindsay's provocative attitude, his fights with the hometown players and, of course, his ability to put the puck in the home net. Consequently, he is one of the most often booed players in the game, a fact that causes him no concern whatever.

"As long as the fans don't boo you at home you don't have to worry," he says. "If they boo you on the road you must be doing something to help your own club. As for other players, I'd like them all to be my friends—off the ice."

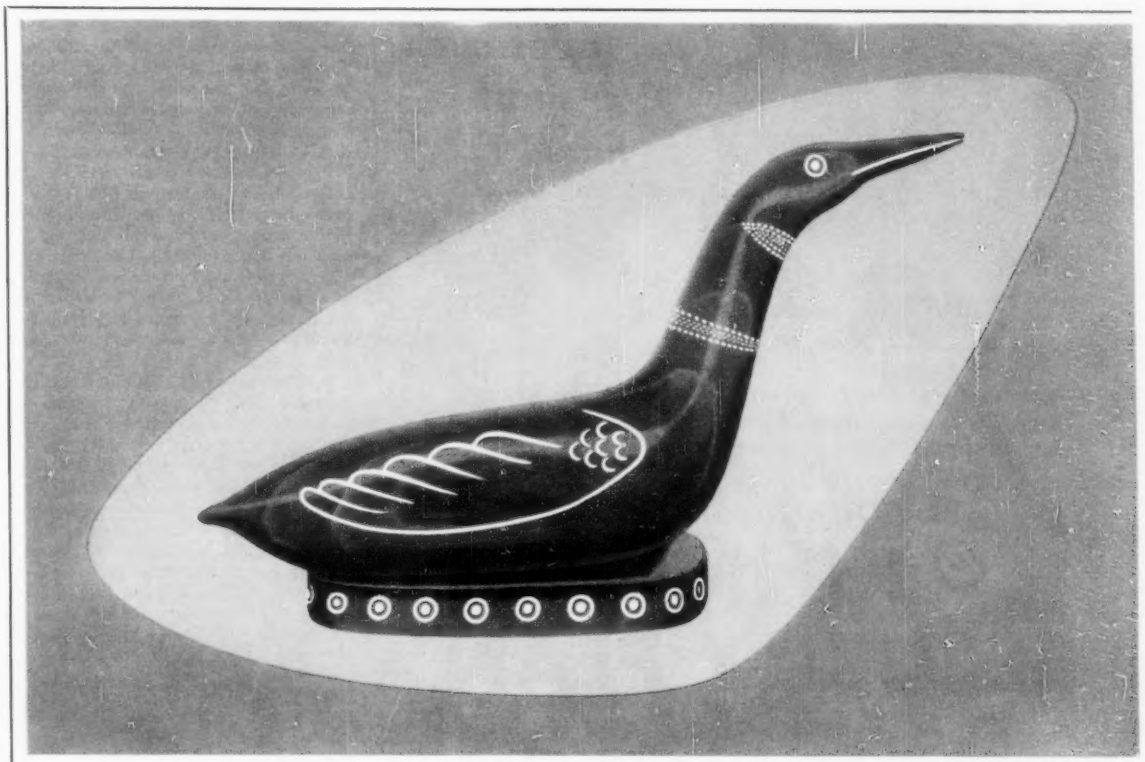
Thus, Lindsay, a player who has engaged in violence with Rocket Richard and blistered that volatile player's ears with taunts, has tremendous off-the-ice respect for the Rocket's talents. "He's a master at pacing himself," says Lindsay. "One minute he seems to be skating around aimlessly, and then he gets an opening and he strikes and you're dead. Beautiful!"

Thus, too, this terrible-tempered Mr. Bang of the ice lanes is a softie around the house. His wife Pat recalls that he always got up in the middle of the night when their youngsters Blake, now three, and the little girl Lynn, now two, were months-old babies crying in the night. "He'd change them and soothe them," Pat says, "and even now he still brings me my orange juice in bed. And I used to hate him!"

That was prior to 1952 when Pat occasionally went to games in the Detroit Olympia. She was a Red Wings fan all right, but she recalls that "he irritated me on the ice." They met through a mutual friend. "I found, as so many people have, that he's a real Jekyll-Hyde kind of person," she relates. "I found him delightful."

The Lindsays live in Birmingham, a residential suburb of Detroit. Their L-shaped grey-brick house overlooks the Oakland Hills Country Club's golf course and has nine rooms and three bathrooms, with a green slate floor and Tennessee ledge-rock fireplace in the recreation room. They drive two cars, a Ford station wagon and an Oldsmobile hardtop convertible.

Such baubles of splendor were not part of the Lindsay menage in Renfrew, Ont., back on July 29, 1925, when the ninth and, as it turned out, last child was born to Mr. and Mrs. Bert Lindsay. Bert Lindsay, who had played hockey in



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Victoria and Renfrew with men like Lester Patrick, Cyclone Taylor and Newsy Lalonde, worked for a trucking firm. When it failed in 1933 he went to Kirkland Lake in the gold-mining area of northern Ontario and got a job as manager of the rink. He moved his six boys and three girls north, including the baby who had been christened Robert Blake Lindsay. The Blake was in honor of a favorite uncle, Blake Johnston, nicknamed Ted, and thus little Robert Blake Lindsay became Ted, too. Later the boy grew weary of explaining that Ted was a nickname and added Theodore to his list of Christian names.

Lindsay got his first pair of skates when he was nine, given to him by a neighbor named Mrs. Brady. He recalls he wore out the sides of the boots on unsteady ankles long before the skates had outlived their usefulness. Even before he learned to skate he acquired the first in his long list of injuries. He was out one day on an open-air rink in thirty-degree-below-zero weather with his hands stuffed in his pockets, trying to bring the reluctant skates into line. The severe cold caused a long crack in the ice, which the unsteady boy was unable to avoid. He fell face down, his hands still pinned in his pockets, and broke off two front teeth.

Fearing his mother would forbid his skating excursions he didn't mention the broken teeth and perfected a method of smiling, when necessary, without moving his upper lip from his teeth. But after three weeks, the teeth became infected and he had to have three removed, and a permanent plate installed.

He was small as a boy and so learned early to use guile and pugnacity to keep even with the bigger kids. He played hockey for the Holy Name school, won a couple of all-Ontario championships, and then turned down offers from the Galt and St. Catharines junior teams because they couldn't guarantee he'd be able to keep up his schooling. He entered St. Michael's school in Toronto.

Except for an injury he'd probably have become a member of the Toronto Maple Leafs. A fan recommended "a kid playing the wing for St. Mike's" to Leaf coach Hap Day, who asked the team's assistant manager, Frank Selke, now managing director of the Canadiens, to take a look. But Lindsay had been speared in the calf by a skate point and was hospitalized for two weeks. When Selke watched St. Mike's he saw a wingman named Joe Sadler make several good moves and assumed that this was the player in whom Day was interested.

When Lindsay returned to St. Mike's line-up he was spotted by the late Carson Cooper, Detroit's chief scout, who followed him for a couple of games. When he saw Lindsay win two fights and score a goal he put his name on the Detroit list.

In the spring, with the Oshawa Generals in the Memorial Cup finals, coach Charlie Conacher selected Lindsay as a replacement for an injured player and Lindsay helped the Generals win the national junior championship in 1944. Conacher, former star of the Maple Leafs and later coach of the Chicago Black Hawks, has never changed his high opinion of Lindsay. Not long ago he named him the greatest leftwinger he'd ever seen. "He's like Ted Williams," says Conacher. "He can do everything, does it with a flourish, and has a mind of his own."

Certainly Lindsay has never been a conformist, from the instant he jumped straight to the Red Wings from St. Mike's as a nineteen-year-old until the February day in 1957 when he an-

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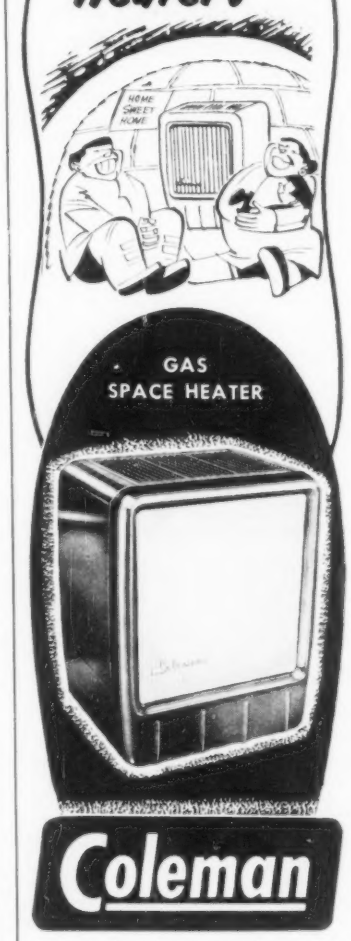

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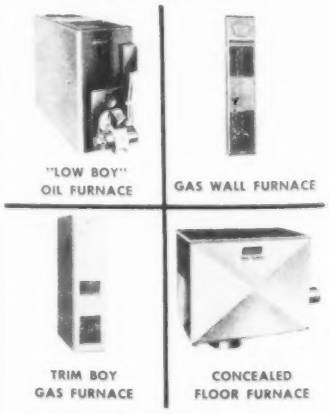

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nounced that the players had formed an association, with himself as president. He feels that one incident illustrating the need for a union is the case of Jim Thomson, who was shipped off to the minors by his outspoken employer, Conn Smythe, and was on the minor-league roster all summer until his sale in August to Chicago. "It doesn't seem fair that after twelve years in the big league a player can be shipped off like that," he says. "There ought to be greater recognition of a man who has proven himself. He ought to become a free agent and allowed to make a deal for himself."

What happens now in a case like Thomson's is that the player's name is placed on a waiver list. Each of the other five NHL clubs has an opportunity to buy him for fifteen thousand dollars. If nobody claims him, the team holding his contract can ship him anywhere. Lindsay insists that the price tag deters an NHL club from claiming a veteran player because, in addition to the purchase price, there is still the matter of salary that might range between ten and fifteen thousand dollars.

"That means a club must gamble between twenty-five and thirty thousand dollars on a player who might only last another year," he says. "If he could make a deal for himself, the club's gamble would be cut in half, and he'd get another season, at least, in the NHL."

Last August, Chicago decided to take that gamble on Thomson. If the Hawks hadn't, Thomson would have had to stay on the Rochester roster. As far as Lindsay is concerned, the principle is still valid.

The players also feel the owners could contribute more to the players' pension fund than the administrative costs they now bear. As of now, fund money comes from the players, each of whom contributes nine hundred dollars a season, from a twenty-five-cent surtax imposed on tickets for playoff games, and from two thirds of the annual all-star game's gate receipts.

No money from television networks goes to the fund. Last season the Columbia Broadcasting System paid the clubs a hundred thousand dollars for permission to carry ten games across the United States. This year the American network will carry twenty-one games, reportedly at an increased fee that might mean three hundred thousand dollars or more. Lindsay feels a portion of this money might well be allocated to the pension fund.

It isn't the snarling stick-flicking Lindsay who talks of these things, a scarred thirty-two-year-old veteran of a hundred hockey wars. It's the other Lindsay, a calm young business executive, neatly dressed, and controlled. This is the Lindsay who is a partner in two firms in Detroit supplying automotive accessories to the vast automobile industry. An executive who does business with him predicts "he's going places—he's hundred-thousand-dollar-a-year material if I ever saw it." This Lindsay declines to talk publicly about his fallout with general manager Jack Adams, beyond terming it "a conflict in personalities."

Such earthy diplomacy couched in such lofty terms helps explain why his fellow players elected Lindsay their first president even while fingering the scars he'd inflicted. As one of them observed cheerfully, "It's nice to have the little rat on *our* side for a change."

It would appear, then, that this Lindsay—the one with the velvet glove—will prove quite as formidable as the other — the one who climbed to the top carrying a big stick and never backed down from anyone. ★

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- **Silver Tinsel Garland.** 9-foot length to decorate your tree. Reg. 25¢... **2 for 26¢**
- **Foil Icicles.** 30 inches long. Large package, regular 49¢..... **2 for 50¢**
- **Christmas Gift Ribbon.** 15' skeins. Red, white, green, blue. Reg. 25¢.... **2 for 26¢**
- **Porcelain Angel Figurines.** For your table or mantel. Reg. $1.00..... **2 for $1.01**
- **Cascade Wrapping Paper.** Assorted designs. Package contains two 20" x 30" sheets. Reg. 20¢..... **2 pkgs. for 21¢**
- **"Economy" Box Christmas Cards.** 14 cards with envelopes. Reg. 69¢. **2 for 70¢**
- **"Treasure" Box Christmas Cards.** 12 assorted gold embossed cards with envelopes. Reg. $1.00..... **2 for $1.01**
- **"Parkside" Box Christmas Cards.** 20 assorted large cards and envelopes. Attractive designs. Reg. $1.50..... **2 for $1.51**
- **Christmas Tags and Seals.** 108 assorted tags and seals. Reg. 25¢... **2 pkgs. for 26¢**
- **Hollywood Originals Christmas Cards.** 18 extra large Slim cards, French fold style. Reg. $1.50..... **2 for $1.51**
- **Bean Bag Ash Tray.** Reg. 79¢... **2 for 80¢**
- **Tea Cups and Saucers.** English Bone China, assorted attractive designs. Individually boxed. Reg. $2.00..... **2 for $2.01**
- **Men's and Ladies' Billfolds.** Genuine leather, assorted colours and styles. Make welcome gifts. Reg. $3.50..... **2 for $3.51**
- **Deluxe Men's and Ladies' Billfolds.** Genuine assorted leathers, assorted colours and styles. Reg. $5.00..... **2 for $5.01**

REXALL DRUG PRODUCTS ARE SOLD ON A MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE OF SATISFACTION

1¢ for only one cent more SALE

USE THIS ADVERTISEMENT AS YOUR SHOPPING LIST. Check the squares in front of the items you need, and ask your Rexall Druggist to make up your order now, to be picked up at any time during the 1¢ Sale.

OCTOBER

MON.	TUES.	WED.
21	22	23
THURS.	FRI.	SAT.
24	25	26

The items listed are regular guaranteed Rexall products, freshly stocked by Rexall Druggists for the 1¢ Sale. Only through the increased volume resulting from the 1¢ Sale can they offer you such quality at such tremendous savings. This is only a partial list of items on this 1¢ Sale. Satisfaction guaranteed on all Rexall products or your money back. Right reserved to limit quantities.

STOCK UP NOW AND SAVE!

- ☐ **DEFENDER HOUSEHOLD RUBBER GLOVES** Medium or large. Reg. 79¢ — 2 pr. for 80¢
- ☐ **HELEN CORNELL BOBBY PINS** Rubber tipped. Brown or black. 20 on card. Regular 10¢ — 2 for 11¢
- ☐ **KLENZO LADIES' HAIR BRUSH** 8 rows of Nylon bristles. Plastic glitter handle. Regular $1.25 — 2 for $1.26
- ☐ **REXALL LEAD PENCILS** Stock up during Rexall's 1¢ Sale and save at this money-saving price. Regular 7¢ — 2 for 8¢
- ☐ **CLASSIC NOTES WRITING PAD** Linen laid paper. Contains 50 note-size sheets. Regular 15¢ — 2 for 16¢
- ☐ **CHRISTMAS GIFT RIBBON** Fused edge acetate satin. 9-foot skeins in red, white, green or blue. Reg. 10¢ — 2 for 11¢
- ☐ **REXALL POCKET COMB** 5 inch. With coarse and fine teeth. Nylon, in white or black. Regular 25¢ — 2 for 26¢
- ☐ **REXALL MILK OF MAGNESIA** (Plain) Pure, mild, creamy-smooth. 20-oz., reg. 65¢ — 2 for 66¢
- ☐ **VACUSEAL POWDER PUFF** 3¼ inch diameter. Soft velour. Stock up now and save. Regular 25¢ — 2 for 26¢
- ☐ **REXALL FIRSTAID GAUZE BANDAGE** 2 inches x 10 yards. Reg. 49¢ — 2 for 50¢
- ☐ **TERRY FACE CLOTH** Save on this large 12 inch x 12 inch size. Assorted colours, heavy weight. Regular 35¢, now — 2 for 36¢
- ☐ **WEBSTER'S VEST POCKET DICTIONARY** Reg. $1.00 — 2 for $1.01

VITAMIN VALUES

- ☐ **Rexall Multiple Vitamin Tablets.** A good daily diet supplement providing a combination of 8 vitamins. Stock up and save during Rexall's 1¢ Sale. 50, reg. $2.59 . . . 2 for $2.60; 100, reg. $4.75 . . . 2 for $4.76
- ☐ **Rexall Multi-Vitamin Formula 10 Tonic.** 16 oz., reg. $2.95 . . . 2 for $2.96
- ☐ **Rexall Vitamin B Compound Tablets.** 100, reg. $2.75 . . . 2 for $2.76
- ☐ **Rexall Vitamin C Tablets.** (Ascorbic acid). New formula — 100 mgm per tablet. 100, reg. $2.50 . . . 2 for $2.51
- ☐ **Rexall Vitamins and Minerals Tablets.** 50, reg. $2.75 . . . 2 for $2.76; 100, reg. $4.95 . . . 2 for $4.96
- ☐ **Rexall Wheat Germ Oil Capsules.** 50, reg. $1.25 . . . 2 for $1.26; 100, reg. $2.00 . . . 2 for $2.01
- ☐ **Rexall Yeast and Iron Tablets.** 100, reg. $1.25 . . . 2 for $1.26
- ☐ **Rexall Cod Liver Oil.** Plain. Contains Vitamin A and D. 8 oz., reg. $1.15 . . . 2 for $1.16; 16 oz., reg. $1.85 . . . 2 for $1.86
- ☐ **Rexall Cod Liver Oil 10 A & D.** (Concentrated) 4 oz., reg. $1.00 . . . 2 for $1.01

HOUSEHOLD NEEDS

- ☐ **Elkay's Aerosol Moth Proofer.** Protects your garments from moth damage. 11 oz., reg. $1.39 . . . 2 for $1.40
- ☐ **Elkay's Aerosol Air Refresher.** Masks household odours effectively. 11 oz., reg. $1.49 . . . 2 for $1.50
- ☐ **Toxol Antiseptic.** 8 oz., reg. 79¢ . . . 2 for 80¢
- ☐ **Elkay's Moth Fume Crystals.** 3-ounce package, reg. 29¢ . . . 2 for 30¢
- ☐ **Opeko Artificial Vanilla Flavouring.** 3½ ounce, reg. 39¢ . . . 2 for 40¢
- ☐ **Rexall Sea Foam Sponge.** An outstanding value. Reg. 35¢ . . . 2 for 36¢
- ☐ **Safety Pins.** Assorted sizes. Regular 10¢ per bundle, now . . . 2 for 11¢

BUYS FOR BABIES

- ☐ **Rexall Polymulsion** Orange-flavoured multi-vitamin emulsion for children. Contains Vitamins A, B1, B2, C & D. 8 oz., reg. $3.25 . . . 2 for $3.26; 16 oz., reg. $4.50 . . . 2 for $4.51
- ☐ **Rexall Tiny Tot A-Sa-Rex Tablets.** Children's headache relief. Bottle of 50 1-grain tablets, reg. 50¢ . . . 2 for 51¢
- ☐ **Rexall Tiny Tot Nose Drops.** Quick relief from "runny" or stuffy nose due to colds. ½ oz., reg. 60¢ . . . 2 for 61¢
- ☐ **Rexall Tiny Tot Teething Aid.** May be rubbed freely on baby's gums to give relief. 2 oz., Regular 50¢ . . . 2 for 51¢
- ☐ **Rexall Baby Pants.** Vinylite. Pink or blue. Med. or large, reg. 65¢ . . . 2 for 66¢
- ☐ **Adrienne Baby Brush Set.** Brush and comb in gift package. Reg. $1.00 . . . 2 for $1.01

ADRIENNE COSMETICS

- ☐ **Adrienne All-Purpose Cream.** For cleansing, conditioning, as a night cream. 3½ oz., reg. $1.10 . . . 2 for $1.11
- ☐ **Adrienne Bath Powder.** For bath-time luxury. Reg. $2.00 . . . 2 for $2.01
- ☐ **Adrienne Cleansing Cream.** Deep cleanses, softens, lubricates and conditions the skin. Reg. $1.00 . . . 2 for $1.01
- ☐ **Adrienne Eau de Cologne.** Dainty and delightful. 4 oz., reg. $1.00 . . . 2 for $1.01
- ☐ **Adrienne Face Powder.** In three flattering shades — Naturelle, Rachelle Ivory or Rachelle Medium. Reg. $1.10 . . . 2 for $1.11
- ☐ **Adrienne Hand Lotion.** For smooth, attractive hands. 4 oz., reg. 85¢ . . . 2 for 86¢; 8 oz., reg. $1.25 . . . 2 for $1.26

- ☐ **Adrienne Cream Deodorant.** Safe, effective, long-lasting. Non-drying, will not harm delicate fabrics. 1 oz. jar, reg. 59¢ . . . 2 for 60¢; 3 oz., reg. 89¢ . . . 2 for 90¢
- ☐ **Adrienne Lipstick.** In your choice of 5 flattering shades to match your ensemble. Reg. $1.25 . . . 2 for $1.26
- ☐ **Adrienne Perfume.** Delightful lasting fragrance. 1 dr. reg. 75¢ . . . 2 for 76¢
- ☐ **Adrienne Guest Soap.** 4 cakes in a box. Reg. 89¢ . . . 2 for 90¢

MEN'S GROOMING AIDS

- ☐ **Klenzo Lather Shaving Brush.** In carton. Reg. $2.00 . . . 2 for $2.01
- ☐ **Langlois Lavender After Shave Lotion.** Refreshing. 3 oz., reg. 95¢ . . . 2 for 96¢
- ☐ **Glos-Kreme.** For flawlessly groomed hair — at all times. Tube, reg. 55¢ . . . 2 for 56¢

- ☐ **Langlois Lavender Push-Button Lather Shave Cream.** Mentholated for cool, smooth, refreshing and lasting shaves. 10 oz., reg. $1.39 . . . 2 for $1.40
- ☐ **Rexall Shampoo.** 5 oz., reg. 89¢ . . . 2 for 90¢
- ☐ **Rexall Hair Tonic.** Keeps hair smoothly in place. 5 oz., reg. 69¢ . . . 2 for 70¢
- ☐ **Rexall Shaving Lotion.** Reg. 60¢ . . . 2 for 61¢
- ☐ **Klenzo Razor Blades.** Stock up now and save. 5, reg. 25¢ . . . 2 for 26¢
- ☐ **Permedge Razor Blades.** Smooth shaves. 20 in dispenser. Reg. 69¢ . . . 2 for 70¢

DENTAL NEEDS

- ☐ **Klenzo Tooth Brush.** 3-row, Long Head. Tufted end or Convex. Reg. 35¢ . . . 2 for 36¢
- ☐ **Klenzo Child's Tooth Brush.** 3-row, Convex shape. Reg. 25¢ . . . 2 for 26¢
- ☐ **Klenzo Dental Plate Brush.** 4-row, tufted end or Nylon bristle. Cellophane-wrapped. Reg. 60¢ . . . 2 for 61¢
- ☐ **Rexall Rexadent Tooth Paste.** For white, sparkling teeth. Reg. 65¢ . . . 2 for 66¢
- ☐ **Rexall Rexadent Tooth Powder.** Leaves your mouth refreshed. Reg. 59¢ . . . 2 for 60¢
- ☐ **Rexall Dental Fix.** 1 oz. Reg. 39¢ . . . 2 for 40¢

BUYS IN BEAUTY AIDS

- ☐ **Lorie Emulsified Coconut Oil Shampoo.** For shining hair. 4 oz., reg. 50¢ . . . 2 for 51¢
- ☐ **Silque Shampoo with Olive Oil.** Cleans and conditions. 6 oz., reg. 89¢ . . . 2 for 90¢
- ☐ **Silque Nail Polish Remover.** Oily type, perfumed. Reg. 55¢ . . . 2 for 56¢
- ☐ **Gardenia Face Powder.** Reg. 95¢ . . . 2 for 96¢
- ☐ **Lily of the Valley Soap with Lanolin.** Package of 3 cakes, reg. $1.25 . . . 2 for $1.26

- ☐ **Lily of the Valley Aerosol Mist Cologne.** Spray on this cooling, delightful fragrance that guards your freshness. 2 oz., reg. $2.98 . . . 2 for $2.99
- ☐ **Helen Cornell Bobby Pins.** Brown or black. 50 on card. Reg. 25¢ . . . 2 for 26¢
- ☐ **Langlois Lavender Talcum.** White or gents' shade. Reg. 65¢ . . . 2 for 66¢
- ☐ **Blue Hyacinthe Dusting Powder.** With puff. Reg. $1.85 . . . 2 for $1.86
- ☐ **Lorie Bath Bulbs.** Reg. $1.10 . . . 2 for $1.11
- ☐ **Solid Cologne.** Purse size. Blue Hyacinthe or Gardenia. Reg. $1.25 . . . 2 for $1.26
- ☐ **Garden Spice Cologne.** Fragrance that lasts for hours. 4 oz., reg. $1.35 . . . 2 for $1.36
- ☐ **"365" Old English Lavender Bath Cologne.** 7 oz., reg. 85¢ . . . 2 for 86¢
- ☐ **Almond Bloom Cream with Honey.** Soothing hand lotion. 6 oz., reg. 75¢ . . . 2 for 76¢
- ☐ **Gardenia Cold or Vanishing Cream.** For skin beauty. Each, reg. 95¢ . . . 2 for 96¢
- ☐ **Langlois Cream of Almonds.** Guards hand beauty. 4 oz., reg. 65¢ . . . 2 for 66¢
- ☐ **Dainty Deodorant Cologne.** Squeeze bottle. 3 oz., reg. $1.00 . . . 2 for $1.01

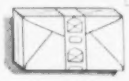
MEDICINE CHEST BUYS

- ☐ **Rexall First Aid Burn Ointment.** Antiseptic dressing. 1¼ oz., reg. 75¢ . . . 2 for 76¢
- ☐ **Rexall Eyelo.** Cooling and soothing relief for tired eyes. 8 oz., reg. 85¢ . . . 2 for 86¢
- ☐ **Sani-Ped Foot Powder.** Relieves burning and itching. 4 oz., reg. 69¢ . . . 2 for 70¢
- ☐ **Puretest Tincture of Iodine 2½%.** (No rod). 2 oz., reg. 35¢ . . . 2 for 36¢
- ☐ **Rexall Firstaid Absorbent Cotton.** 4 oz. package, reg. 85¢ . . . 2 for 86¢
- ☐ **Rexall Pro-Cap Adhesive.** Waterproof, 1½" x 5 yds. Triple cut in ¾", ½" and ¾" widths, reg. 95¢ . . . 2 for 96¢
- ☐ **Rexall Pro-Cap Adhesive.** Waterproof, ½" x 10 yds. Reg. 59¢ . . . 2 for 60¢
- ☐ **Rexall Corn and Callous Pads.** For soothing foot relief. Reg. 35¢ . . . 2 for 36¢

- ☐ **Monogram Clinical Thermometer.** One minute type in bakelite case. Made in England. Every home should have two. Boxed. Reg. $1.50 . . . 2 for $1.51

STATIONERY SAVINGS

- ☐ **Parliament Vellum Finish Envelopes.** Package of 19, reg. 15¢ . . . 2 for 16¢
- ☐ **Rexall Envelopes.** 20, reg. 15¢ . . . 2 for 16¢
- ☐ **Lord Baltimore Envelopes.** Linen finish, package of 20, reg. 20¢ . . . 2 for 21¢
- ☐ **Rexall Air Mail Envelopes.** Vellum finish, two colours. 21, reg. 25¢ . . . 2 for 26¢
- ☐ **Rexall Air Mail Writing Pad.** Light weight, note size. Reg. 25¢ . . . 2 for 26¢
- ☐ **Classic Letters Writing Pad.** Foldover style, 50 sheets. Reg. 35¢ . . . 2 for 36¢
- ☐ **Classic Letters Writing Pad.** Letter size, linen finish, 50 sheets. Reg. 40¢ . . . 2 for 41¢
- ☐ **Lord Baltimore Writing Pad.** Letter size, linen finish, 50 sheets. Reg. 45¢ . . . 2 for 46¢



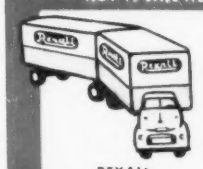
- ☐ **Rexall Blue Lined Envelopes.** Package of 22. Handy for home or office use. Stock up and save at Rexall 1¢ Sale prices. Reg. 15¢ . . . 2 for 16¢
- ☐ **Floral Notes.** 3½" x 4½". Reg. 25¢ . . . 2 for 26¢
- ☐ **Belmont Typewriter Tablet.** 8½" x 11", 50 sheets. Reg. 39¢ . . . 2 for 40¢
- ☐ **Parliament Foldover Pad.** Vellum finish. 42 sheets. Reg. 25¢ . . . 2 for 26¢
- ☐ **Exquisite Notes.** 24 notes and envelopes. Assorted colours. Reg. 75¢ . . . 2 for 76¢
- ☐ **Memo Book.** 3" x 5", spiral bound. 60 ruled sheets. Reg. 29¢ . . . 2 for 30¢
- ☐ **Handi Memo Pads.** Reg. 25¢ . . . 2 for 26¢
- ☐ **Carlton Club Gentleman's Stationery.** Reg. $1.50 . . . 2 for $1.51

EVERYDAY NEEDS

- ☐ **Rexall Effervescent Saccharin Tablets.** 100 ½-grain tablets. Reg. 40¢ . . . 2 for 41¢; 100 ¼-grain tablets. Reg. 35¢ . . . 2 for 36¢; 500 ¼-gr. tablets. Reg. $1.10 . . . 2 for $1.11; 1000 ¼-gr. tablets. Reg. $1.39 . . . 2 for $1.40; 1000 ½-gr. tablets. Reg. $1.75 . . . 2 for $1.76
- ☐ **Triple Cut Nail File.** Reg. 29¢ . . . 2 for 30¢
- ☐ **Tweezers.** Forged steel. Pointed, square or slanted end. Reg. 29¢ . . . 2 for 30¢
- ☐ **Manicure Scissors.** Curved, straight or cuticle styles. Reg. 98¢ . . . 2 for 99¢
- ☐ **Rexall Water Bottle.** Red rubber. One quart size. Reg. $2.59 . . . 2 for $2.60
- ☐ **Nail Brush.** 4-row, Nylon bristles. Long handle. Reg. 25¢ . . . 2 for 26¢
- ☐ **Rexall Hand and Nail Brushes.** Nylon filled, grip handle, reg. 40¢ . . . 2 for 41¢
- ☐ **Rex Ball Point Pen.** Reg. 50¢ . . . 2 for 51¢
- ☐ **Belmont Ball Point Pen.** Silvered point. Assorted colours. Reg. $1.00 . . . 2 for $1.01
- ☐ **Eclipse Fountain Pen.** Assorted colours, push end fill. Reg. $1.00 . . . 2 for $1.01
- ☐ **Stylon Watch Straps.** Nylon, one piece. Assorted colours. Reg. $1.29 . . . 2 for $1.30

8 SPECIAL BONUS BUYS

NOT 1¢ SALE ITEMS BUT OUTSTANDING VALUES DURING THIS SALE ONLY



REXALL METAL TRUCK
With friction cab and 2 trailers, 25" overall. Boxed. $5.49 value, now only . . . $3.49

NOELITES CHRISTMAS LIGHTS
Indoor Lights, 7-light multiple set, reg. $2.00 now only . . . $1.49
Outdoor Lights, 7-light multiple set, reg. $3.25, now only . . . $2.59

BRIDE DOLL
Beautiful 22" Bride in lovely taffeta and lace net gown. Veil, shoes, socks, panties. Saranhair. Reg. $9.98, boxed for only $5.98

REX-RAY HEATING PAD
2 thermostats, 3 heat settings, Braille-type switch, floral cover. 1 yr. Guarantee. Reg. $5.95, now only $3.99

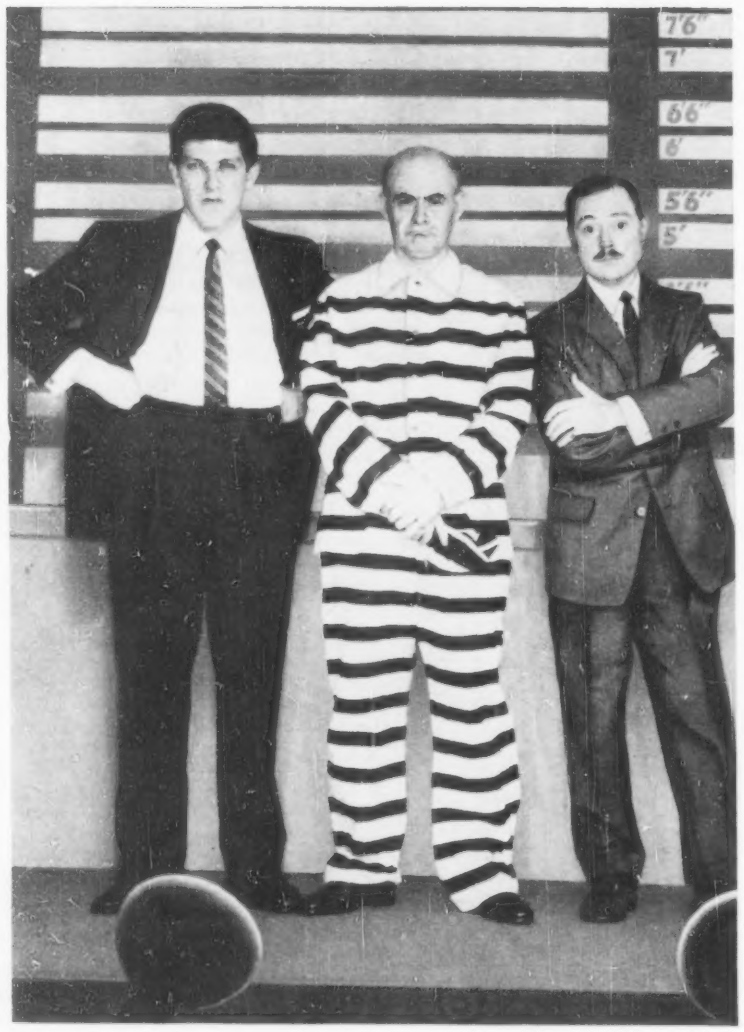
REXALL PLASTIC QUIK-BANDS
47 plain, flesh-coloured bandages; 29 — ¾" bands, 8 — 1" bands, 12 small snips. Reg. 75¢, now only . . . 53¢

ADRIENNE AEROSOL MIST DEODORANT
Delightfully fragrant mist-fine droplets to give lasting protection. Reg. $1.50, now . . . 89¢

REXALL STORK NURSER
8-oz. baby feeding bottle, cap and nipple. Regular 39¢, now 3 for 69¢

FOUR-SQUARE FLOOR WAX
1 pound. 63¢ Value. Now only . . . 43¢

YOU CAN DEPEND ON ANY DRUG PRODUCT THAT BEARS THE NAME Rexall



Who's **not** wearing a Forsyth Shirt?

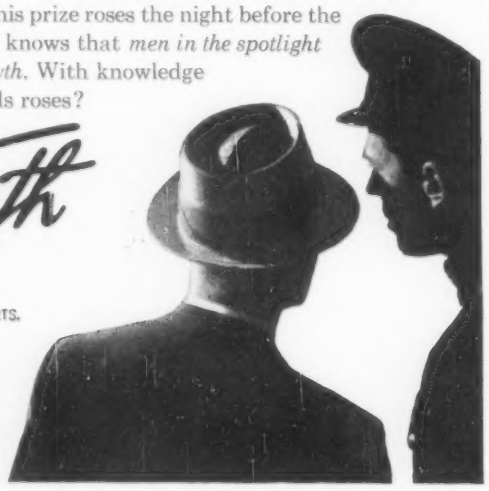
Lawyer Gubbins (scowling on the left) was enraged at being put in a police line-up, but calmed down when told that his *Forsyth Clover Club** shirt never looked better. And druggist Parfitt (breathing innocence at the right) jumped at the chance to show off his *Country Club** by Forsyth.

Ah-ha, you deduce: the man in the gray flannel stripes? Wrong again, for beneath his fancy dress costume, the town banker wears Forsyth's finest . . . the impeccable *Bond Street**.

No, it's the fellow who called the police in the first place who's not wearing a Forsyth. He *still* doesn't know who made off with his prize roses the night before the Show—but he now knows that *men in the spotlight always choose Forsyth*. With knowledge like that, who needs roses?

Forsyth

MAKER OF CANADA'S FINEST SHIRTS.



*At your Forsyth Dealer's now
Bond Street — $7.50
Clover Club — $5.95
Country Club — $5.00

FLORENCIA BAY continued from page 28

Monica Jack, looking like a destroying angel, straddled the screaming Mamie, twisting her arm.

with his own boats and an interest in perhaps thirty others. If you're a good Indian and you need a boat, Charlie will have it built for you. Of course, you'll be working for him. He makes it a dozen ways. A raft breaks up. Nobody can find the logs. The company or the broker phones up and asks me to get in touch with Charlie. Then they get the logs. Let's just say it's magic. You buy cascara bark? Charlie has it by the ton. An Indian wants a stove, a radio, so he wants a bloody piano, Charlie can get it wholesale. Income tax? Phooey. Charlie's treaty Siwash and registered on a reserve. No income tax. Fish buyers' records? Charlie's fish is sold under twenty different names. It's a good thing for the world Charlie's honest up to a point."

Rise and Shine said, "We'd better see if the Uchuck's in."

"Hang around," said the owner. "Annie will tell us. You know, it's funny, at least I think it's funny. Here's a big shot like Charlie and he can't buy a drink."

"How is he with it?" Crogan asked.

"Charlie? Sensible. He gets it but he's sensible."

"He may be sensible," Rise and Shine said, "but if I catch him with it, he's had it. And if I catch anybody giving it to him, the guy's had it. Hard."

"Constable Freddy Trotziuk," the owner said, "you chill me."

"I warn you."

"Freddy, from now on I'll keep the blinds down."

"I'm in a bad way," Crogan said. "No blinds."

There was a slight tension, a slight edge to the horseman's and the owner's voices. Rise and Shine looked at his watch. Without glancing at Crogan, he left. They listened to the thump of his heels, the tinkle of his spurs, receding between the trestles loaded with overalls, boots, cotton dresses, rubbers, out the door, over the porch, to the ramp.

The owner said, "Have a drink. You don't look Indian to me. And now we're alone, I'll tell you something. If Charlie was sitting right here, he'd have one, too."

"Good for you."

The owner poured rye into two-ounce glasses. "Here's to the Massacre at Frog Lake. Dead mounties all over the place."

Crogan asked, "How did Charlie get his capital together to buy fishboats?"

"You should know."

"I don't."

"Then that takes another drink. Give me the glass. There are all kinds of stories, and the stories are all about the time they had prohibition in the States. He started out with a put-put boat on the east coast of the island, running from some place in Saanich to the San Juans. Then he ran a couple of good boats between Sooke Basin and Port Angeles. Just a poor three-thousand-dollar-a-week Indian. He supplied the whole Olympic Peninsula. Even now you can notice things. For instance, the braves around here smoke a lot of American cigarettes. I don't stock them. And they tell me the best nylons are seen on the reserves. I could say to the redcoat: Freddy, last time the springs were running, the boats came back full, but not the Jack boats, Freddy. They came back half empty. Do you think the buyers can be paying more for fish in American water, Freddy? But hell! I'm a free trader myself. Yes, sir! Reciprocity. Have a drink."

"No thanks."

"Did you ever see Monica Jack?"

"Yes."

"Did you ever see a kid like her? Crogan, she's something. How does a girl like Monica Jack happen?"

"I understand a Siwash has to marry a Welsh woman and then wait eight years."

"She shakes me, Crogan. A doll! And that little wiggle! You see her walking on Georgia in Vancouver and she's a dish. If anybody wanted to know where she came from and you said Ucluelet, they'd say of course, that must be around Paris or one of those places. A little lady. Gloves, Crogan."

"She walks with her toes in."

"Just in. It's as cute as hell, Crogan."

The enthusiasm was moist, and fervent for a man who had a wife upstairs and a sister-in-law behind the counter. "You know, Charlie's got a problem on his hands with Monica. She's twenty-one and she's not married."

"Is that a problem?"

"It is when you belong to a tribe. She should have been married when she was eighteen. But he kept her in a convent, and in summer living on a gas boat, beating up and down the coast. John will be wanting to get married. She's the oldest. Charlie has to get her married first. And how is he going to marry her? Marry her red or marry her white?"

"Couldn't he leave that to the girl?"

"No. Charlie will be looking round. He'll pick out a man and say, how about him? If she won't buy, he'll pick out another and say, how about him? Maybe he'll marry her white. He's got too much money invested in that little Monica for her to spend the rest of her time digging clams. I hear there are some Indian kids going to the university. Charlie might get one of them. But, I don't know. I think he'll marry her white. But who? I don't see anybody around here. Leave it to Charlie. He'll grab some poor guy by the throat and say, you, you're elected to marry my daughter."

"And if the guy says no?"

PHOTO BY KARSH

"Roll out the Brading's!"

Like a friendly singsong, Brading's brightens any party! A truly *light* ale, Brading's really satisfies with its refreshing flavour. As mellow as a melody . . . that's Brading's Ale!

SLOW-BREWED FOR MELLOW FLAVOUR

57M-7

"Nobody says no to Charlie," said the storekeeper at Ucluelet. "What Charlie wants, Charlie gets"

"An insult. Nobody says no to Charlie. What Charlie wants, Charlie gets. It wouldn't matter what the guy said. Me, I wouldn't say no. Of course, my circumstances are different. Have a drink with me, Crogan."

"No thanks."

"Crogan?"

"Yes?"

"Are you related to Charlie?"

"What do you think? Do I look it?"

"You don't, but Charlie said if you wanted credit you were to have it."

"I buy for cash. He must think I'm a deadbeat."

"He didn't say you were to go with the deadbeats. He said I was to put you on the cousin account. That's what made me think you must be related."

The storekeeper's sister-in-law, Annie, came into the office. She stiffened and pursed her lips when she saw the bottle. "The Uchuck's tying up."

Crogan excused himself.

II

Crogan walked his beach close to the cliff. He remembered the report: at the base of a wave-washed cliff we found so much in platinum, so much in gold. They did? Why had they not written, at the base of a clay cliff, a grassy cliff, a forested cliff, a rock cliff? The base of a wave-washed cliff. That was the whole beach. Even here at its widest, logs and drowned trees lay against the cliff. Not one part of the beach was left undisturbed by the winter storms. The south end and, as he had seen from the army road, the north end were awash at every tide. If the government geologist who had written the report had visited the beach in summer, then the so much platinum and the so much gold had been at one or the other of the crescent's horns, and if he had come in the months of rain and howling wind then he could have found the values anywhere. Or perhaps he had, as Crogan was doing now, walked the beach under the hot sun and noticed logs against the same cliff and called it wave-washed.

He stopped when he came to his boxes, his tarp, his tent and Swedish saw. The boxes could stay where they were until he had used nitric acid on some of the black and grey particles that persisted in remaining with the colors in his pan.

Crogan knew that the vague geologist of the wave-washed cliff had also sampled behind the beach and that his assays had shown point nothing nothing one of gold. A bucket of gumbo at Seven Persons, Alberta, or dirt from Central Park, dust from Michigan Boulevard, chipped stones from a churchyard would have tested the same.

Out on the water the sky was overcast. As Crogan came to the blunt point where the curve began, the sun, through a hole, glared at the rose-covered roof of Inkster's shack and at the green slope behind it. The grass undulated in a thousand lights and shadows, flowers were fluttered, tendrils swayed, and from his childhood Crogan saw a ball of pink popcorn on a Christmas tree. A burning bush, a recurrent spring and summer fire, and all from a brown root, an inch of raw stem, planted by the dead Inkster, given him by a dead Welsh woman, given her in Ucluelet by a man twitching with senility and hoping to die.

But there was blood and bone sitting on the doorstep. It had a sweater, blue jeans, a crewcut, bright eyes and a moist twelve-year-old smile. Crogan, as he climbed the steps, said, "Ah, one of the younger Jacks, I presume."

The eyes beamed, the smile filled with bubbles, the hand held out a stiff white envelope.

"Thank you," Crogan said. He saw his name written in the silver-wire calligraphy peculiar to convents, Patrick Crogan, Esq., and underneath, By hand of Matthew Jack.

Mr. Charlie Jack and his daughter, Miss Monica Jack, beg to inform Mr. Crogan that they will be leaving for Port Alberni on Mr. Jack's Yeti No. 1 at eight in the morning, returning the same day to their temporary residence on Ucluelet Inlet. Should Mr. Crogan wish to avail himself of this opportunity to

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conduct business in Alberni, they would be delighted to take him. R.S.V.P.

"Matthew, did your sister, La Marquise, get this out of a book?"

The eyes beamed.

Ugly John and the brothers had lost no time taking home the news that Crogan was in need of nitric acid, and that his need, with finesse, could be the means of their parent obtaining a selection of bottled goods far removed from bootlegger rye and cab-driver gin.

"Matthew," Crogan said, "you may shake it or nod it, but let me know, do you speak English?"

The feet squirmed, the shoulders jerked, the mouth had to be wiped, the head nodded.

"You do? I bet you're a good boy like Augustine. Now, Matthew, since this letter demands a genteel reply, would you be so kind as to get out of my doorway?"

Mr. Patrick Aloysius Crogan accepts with pleasure the thoughtful invitation extended to him by Mr. Charlie Jack and his charming daughter, Miss Monica Jack, to accompany them to Port Alberni on the Yeti No. 1. He will be at Mr. Jack's residence shortly before eight, Thursday morning. Excuse the pencil. Delivered by hand of Matthew The Silent.

"Matthew, before you go, could I tempt you to partake of a slight collation? Kid, do you want a cheese sandwich? A nod will suffice. Nod the head, Matthew."

The nod was a big one.

"Matthew, are you the Jack boy who's come back from Kuper Island without his tonsils? They did a good job. Tongue and everything. You're not? What's his name, Matthew?"

The mouth had to be wiped, the body was an agonized pretzel, the toes got stamped on, the beaming eyes looked everywhere for assistance.

"He has no name? That's not right, Matthew. I'll talk to your father. Here's your sandwich."

The body unwound itself, the feet moved with precision, the hand stretched as if drawn by a magnet, the eyes thanked him, the smile said good-by.

III

When Crogan awoke, he looked at his watch. He had forgotten to wind it. He judged the time to be, give or take half an hour, about six. Crows were cawing. He shaved, as he had done the day before, and again put on his good suit. For breakfast he had bacon and eggs. There was dust on the table. It probably fell from the rafters every time he shut the door. He wiped the table with his work pants. Inkster's shack was all an honest prospector would ever want, a stove still working, shingles on the roof, only one window gone, a table, a bedspring. There were even pictures. The wallboards had started to straighten, now that they were warmed by fire three times a day, and, although the clothes were forever torn, the Young Christ talking to the elders had lost the crease in His face, the mouth did not angle, the thumb was not misshapen on the hand that later was to touch Peter. Peter had touched others, and others others, until the feel of those fingers had been brought to Crogan's shoulder.

He ate out of the frying pan and left his cup beside it. No one would walk down to the beach and wash just one cup at a flume. Making sure the fire was out, he placed the bread next to his ship biscuits and pancake flour on the shelf where, as yet, he had seen no sign of mice. He closed the door behind him.

The grass was still dewy, his shoes and pant cuffs were sopping before he reached the trail. The homesteader's decrepit house, the wrinkled apple trees had survived another night. Dead trunks, dead branches, dead window sills, square dead timbers, dead two-by-fours, nothing but dead vegetation left from someone's dream. All life gone. The homesteader should have anticipated Inkster had planted ramblers.

Charlie's Welsh wife perhaps had walked the trail. Or had she given Inkster the rose slip on a Sunday night after service at the United Church? Had she said, last year I saw this bush and it was lovely, it grew against a wall, and I thought of you, won't you take it, plant it, friend, and think of me? Charlie had had a cold bed. His wife had boarded at Ucluelet. Female rubbish from a London street had thought herself too good for Charlie.

When Crogan came to the Tofino road he looked for the footpath leading to the inlet. Some one, probably the silent Matthew, had marked it for him by leaving an empty tomato can over a truncated shoot of hazel. The ground was sandier on this side of the road and there were outcroppings of rock. The cedars thinned, the wood was mostly Sitka spruce and fir. The distance to the water was less than he had supposed. As it reached the shore, the trail skirted a natural clearing of about two acres on whose farther end was a frame, steep-roofed, unpainted house, two brown canvas tents, and three tarpaper cabins. Directly in front of Crogan lay a small cove, as narrow as a city lot, in which three fishing boats were tied to a wharf made of logs and planks. Two dugouts had been hauled onto the pebbly beach.

Charlie Jack was taking trolling poles from a square-stemmed, white and racy packer. Crogan cut quickly across the wharf.

"Good morning, Charlie."

"Hello. Some letter you got, eh, Pat?"

"Very high-class, Charlie."

"Yeah. Some letter. The girl wrote it."

"I thought so."

"She wrote it. I never wrote it. That girl can spell anything."

"And very fine handwriting, Charlie."

"Sure. Smart kid. Nice, too. Soft word for everybody. I get a feeling here, Pat."

"It does you credit. Tell me, how's the boy who's had his tonsils out?"

"Jacob? He's fishing with Augustine. All the boys are fishing."

"Matthew, too?"

"He's out with Tom. They, went out last night."

"Whose boats are these, Charlie?"

"Those other two? My cousins'. They just came in. They're working for me. I should be working but I got business in Alberni."

"Important business, Charlie?"

"Oh, sure. Look." He pulled from his hip pocket a wad of orange and yellow bills. "Fish money. You want to make some, Pat? You want a boat?"

"What's money, Charlie?"

"Good stuff. How do you like my girl, Pat?"

"She's a fine girl."

"A fine girl. Pat. Quiet. Reads books. Got a soft word for everybody. Pretty, too, huh?"

"As a picture."

"Guy would be lucky to get her, huh?"

"Who could deserve her, Charlie? Is this the Yeti No. 1?"

"Sure. A Jap boat. Used to be Herbie Hogashima's. You got a brother a judge, Pat?"

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"He's in Alberta. What's Yeti? A Jap name, Charlie?"

"No. Siwash. You got a brother a judge! Good family, eh, Pat?"

"Immigrant Irish. What does the name mean?"

"What name, Pat?"

"Yeti."

"Oh, Yeti. Same as Sasquatch, Pat. Boy, not everybody's got a brother a judge. You got somebody in the family can hang anybody."

"When you say Sasquatch, Charlie, you mean the big men in the mountains?"

"Yeah. Hair all over. Eight feet tall. How do you talk to your brother, Pat?"

"I don't talk to him."

"Do you say, hello, Your Honor?"

"Your Honor, hell! He's a sour little runt. Fourteen years older than I am. I'm the man in the family."

"Pat, he's a judge. What are you? He should give you money."

"I'm doing all right. I have money."

"Ah, you're always laughing, Pat. You got a brother a judge. You should be respectable. Get a fishboat, Pat. Get married."

"Charlie, when I find my gold mine, I'll be respectable. Then my brother will be saying Your Honor to me."

"Yah! Gold! Crazy stuff. You don't find it. You work all day with a bucket for a dollar. I know. I watched Inkster."

"What's the time, Charlie?"

"Oh, eight o'clock. You want to get on now or go to the house and get something to eat? You tell Monica to get you breakfast. Good cook, Pat."

"I'll get on, Charlie." He saw the packer could be used for another purpose besides carrying fish; it could catch them; there were stanchions to take a net drum, sockets for trolling poles. The wheelhouse was the width of the beam and had sliding plate-glass windows and a sliding door. The engine, hidden in a compartment of its own, was remotely controlled. The cabin had ceiling lights, a charcoal galley, a head in the prow, a wall table, and wide benches to sleep four. "Is she fast, Charlie?"

"Not bad. Maybe three hours to Alberni. I got a faster boat. Two engines."

"Use it for fishing?"

"Oh, no. Looks like fishing boat but it's not for fishing."

"What do you use it for?"

"Sometimes I take a trip to the States. I got cousins at Neah Bay. I know lots of American Siwash. Do business."

"What kind of business, Charlie?"

"Oh, business. Make a dollar."

"I bet it's monkey business."

Oh, no. No business for monkeys. You got to be smart. You want something American, Pat? Maybe suit of clothes?"

"Your cousins must keep a store."

"No. They work for me. I'll tell you a secret, Pat. You're like one of the family. Sometimes prices are better in the States, so my cousins take my fish. Sometimes they do business for me in Port Angeles, Port Townsend or Seattle. I bought them a boat like mine. Two engines. Looks like mine. Coast Guard says, there's Eddy Jack, there's Tommy Jack. No, Pat. It's Charlie Jack. Bloody Canadian government sends out a patrol boat. They say, there's Charlie Jack. No, Pat. It's Eddie Jack. They got two boards with numbers. I got two boards with numbers."

"Aren't you afraid of trouble with the mountie?"

"Him? No father! He went over my boat once to see if I had a bottle. My boat! I've never been drunk since I got married. Overseas, that was. Bloody government says, you Indian, you can't have a bottle. They make me cheat, eh? Okay. I cheat them. He cost me money. I got four pistons from my cousins for a diesel. I saw him coming and I had to throw them over. A sneaker, Pat."

"Charlie, a businessman like you, you should have an office."

"All up here in the head, Pat. Lots of room. But maybe I get an office. Use my other house on the reserve. No income tax. Maybe not. Too many Mounted Police. Maybe I'll get the girl to help me. She got taught business by the sisters. She has a typewriter, you know. A good one, from Seattle. Smart kid, Pat. Nice to work with. Soft words for everybody."

A woman screamed. The sound flashed like a bright light through the morning air. The voice was more fluted than shrill but its agony vibrated in the boat's cabin.

"My God! Charlie, what was that?"

"I didn't hear nothing."

The voice screamed, "Charlie!"

"Did you hear that?"

"Oh, that! That's my wife."

"She's in trouble."

"She just talks that way, Pat."

The screams now carried with them the frantic yelling of a child. Crogan threw himself out of the cabin and stood on the cedar planking of the fish well.

On the veranda of the unpainted house, a woman, her hand on the doorpost, was struggling to keep from being pulled inside. Her face, as circular as the full moon, was a copper-colored jelly of apprehension. A three- or four-year-old boy danced and bleated in front of her, and tugged at her blue skirt. Two Indians, impassive and middle-aged, looked at her from where they stood by one of the brown canvas tents.

"Those are my cousins from Clayoquot who are helping me," Charlie said.

"What the hell's going on, Charlie?"

Charlie did not have to answer. The woman tugged at the doorpost and fell full-length across the veranda. Straddling the body, her swinging hair as black as the ace of spades, in a white silk or satin

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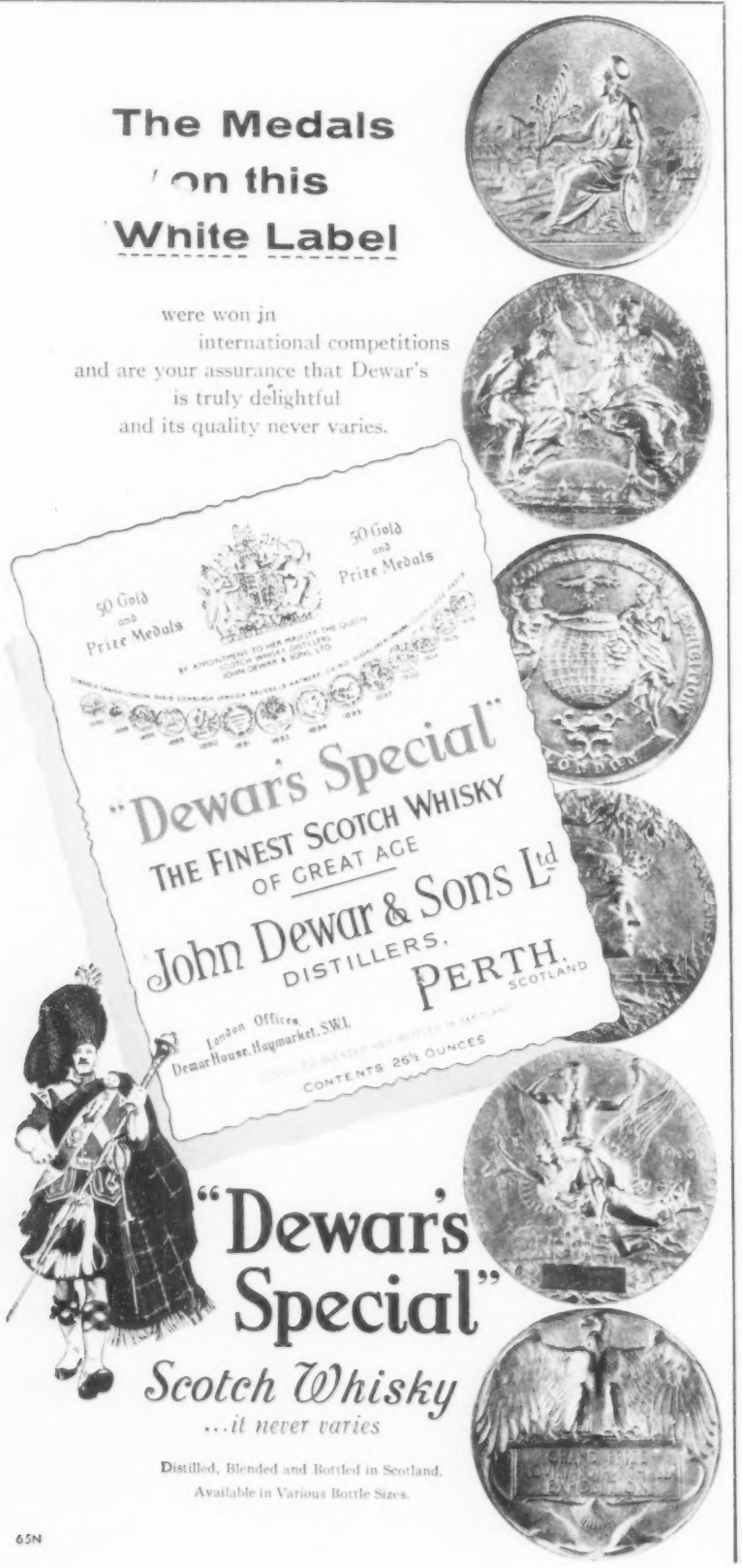

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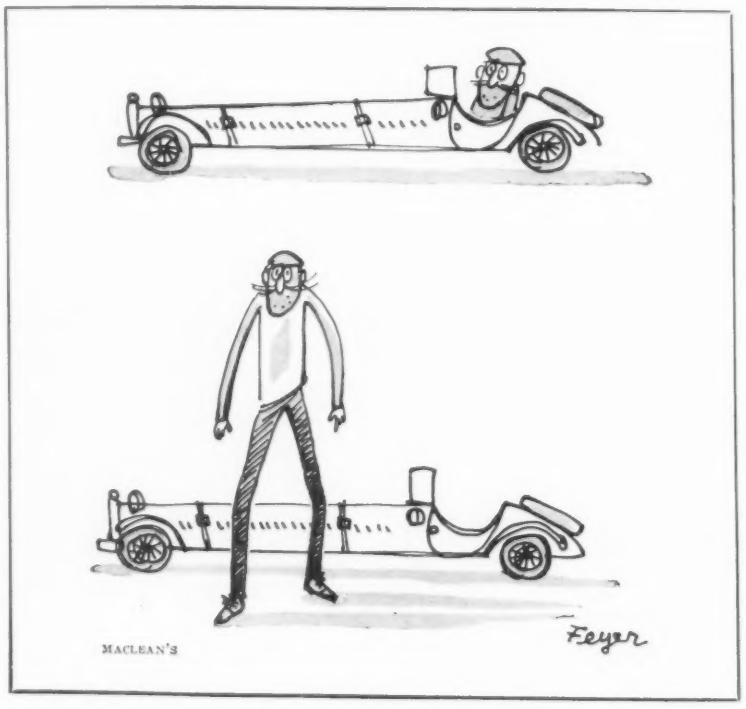

kimono, was Monica Jack. She looked like a destroying angel on a dark horse. She twisted the woman's arm.

"Charlie! Charlie!"

"That's my wife," Charlie said.

The small boy, yelling, flailed his fists at Monica. She showed him her teeth. He backed away.

"Charlie! Charlie!"

"They're playing an Indian game," Charlie said. "She wants me to stop it." He roared. His words were not English but they had an instantaneous effect. Monica Jack, in a sustained glide, slid off the woman.

"Indian game," Charlie said. "That girl's always laughing."

"She's full of fun," Crogan said.

"She plays it good, Pat. Strong girl."

"And a nice girl, Charlie. Got the soft word for everybody."

The boy behaved as if he had campaigned through many a domestic war. He sat on the step and phlegmatically sucked his thumb. Not so his mother. She was without soft words. She showed the red marks on her arm, pulled her own hair, hauled the blue skirt above her knee and pointed. Crogan saw the hem of her stocking, a fine grade of nylon. He had thought her legs were bare. Her gestures were dramatic, her tones bitter. He only understood three words, a recurrent oh! my God.

"What is she saying, Charlie?"

"They have lots of fun in the kitchen, she says."

Charlie's wife realized she was getting more attention from the cousins than from Charlie and limped to the side of the veranda.

"She's a good woman," Charlie said. He leaned into the wheelhouse and pressed the starter. Crogan felt a delicate throbbing. The wife still orated. For the benefit of the cousins she reviewed her wounds. Charlie roared. She turned and he talked to her. The cousins laughed. She looked indignant and tossed her head. Then, snapping her fingers, she tittered. She made a face at Charlie.

"You should have heard what I said, Pat. I said it good."

"What was it?"

"Very funny. Man-woman joke. Not nice but very funny." He sat on the gunnel and pulled out a pack of American cigarettes. "You marry an Indian woman and you got to be careful, Pat. You treat her good or you get in trouble. No fooling around. You can't stay out. You get rough, and they talk with the big mouth, Pat. They go. You come home sometime and there's her nation sitting under a tree. When they get through, you're not walking straight. You be good to your woman, or, bang, you got it. Old custom."

The brown eyes behind the gold-rimmed glasses stared at Crogan and all the while the big head nodded. A point was being stressed.

Crogan said, "What happens if the woman gets rough with the husband?"

"What could happen, Pat? You can't hit her. If she talks too much, it's natural."

"But suppose she gets out of line? Goes around with somebody else?"

"That don't happen, Pat. Siwash woman gets married, she's married. She's no tart. Even when she's Protestant that don't happen, Pat."

"We're just supposing. What if it did?"

"Her brothers come and beat her up good. Maybe she dies. But that don't happen, Pat. You've been in England. Somass women are not English women."

"Are they more like the Welsh?"

The cigarette had hardly been smoked. With a thrust of his arm, Charlie sent it spinning into the water. The eyes had hardened. The voice took an edge. "Somass women are not like Welsh women, Pat."

Crogan counted the cedar planks that covered the fish well.

Do you know who gave Inkster this rose bush? My first wife. I used to watch Inkster.

She was a little woman. She boarded here. She asked me for a root.

I saw this bush, and it was lovely, it grew against a wall. I thought of you. Won't you plant it, friend, and think of me?

The sharp click of high heels kettle-drummed behind him. Monica Jack, in a sleeveless dress, linen, the color of old pongee, red shoes, red belt, red bag, a red clam shell of a hat, her square-shouldered body proportioned to three-quarter size, said, "Hello, Mr. Crogan."

"Hello, Miss Jack."

She had arranged her hair to have it fall behind the ears. She looked even-tempered and, with fingers about the bag, as demure as a girl with a red missal going to church. "You came early, Mr. Crogan."

"I forgot to wind my watch."

Unaided, she stepped from the wharf to the gunnel, to the deck. Her greeting to Charlie was, "Shove off, parent."

Her earrings were red. She clattered her high heels into the cabin, saying, "Excuse me, Mr. Crogan, I think I'll get a coat."

Charlie, from the wheelhouse, eyes beaming, his smile comparable to that of the silent Matthew, said, "Some kid, eh, Pat?"

"Some kid, Charlie." The trim behind, the small waist framed in the cabin

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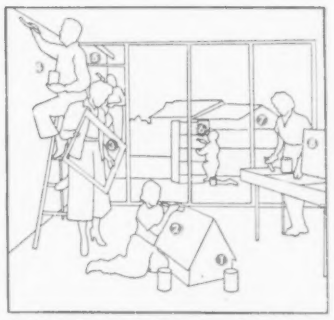

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door, the torn of calf and ankle had been of interest.

IV

The Yell Nov. 1, after easing from the wharf, surged with the grace of a dragonfly. The surface of the inlet had borrowed all the colors of an oyster. The waters boiled as they passed Crogan sitting on the foot well. The Yell's wake was a turbulence of foamy green. The wind felt Crogan's shirt and pulled his chest with familiarity. Gulls with yellow beaks were tired eggs thrown against the sky.

Monica came out of the cabin, the hatch left behind, her pinky-brown, Eurasian face snuggled in the upturned collar of a camel-hair coat. She had a man's coat, a brown herringbone, over her arm. "You wear it," she said. "It's my father's." Crogan saw the label on the lining, Bob Marche, Seattle.

She sat with him. "You can stand with my father in the wheelhouse if you like."

"I would rather stay here, Miss Jack."

"What do you want nitric acid for, Mr Crogan?"

"It hurt a certain kind of sand."

"Is that the acid they throw at people?"

"You could, but sulphuric acid would be better."

"That would make a change."

"What?"

"Throwing acid at people."

"What are you throwing now, Miss Jack?"

She looked at him out of the corner of her eye, up and down, up and down. "Knives, maybe."

"What it knows you were throwing at your stepmother in the kitchen?"

"Mamie? I'll throw a hatchet at her one of these days."

"Why? She has a kind face, Mamie."

"She's got a face on her like a constipated crab."

"Could that be a sentence the Sisters of St. Anne had you practice for your typing, Miss Jack?"

"The Sisters of St. Anne! Yah! Bah!"

"Are you in a bad humor?"

"I'm thinking of Mamie. You burned my pancake, Mamie, I said. Your stove's too hot. My stove is not too hot. Your stove's too hot, Mamie. She said, I can put my hand on it. Then put your hand on it, Mamie. She wouldn't, Mr. Crogan, all I wanted to do was put her hand on it."

Charlie kept to the west side. They passed a row of deserted houses built on poles, the water beneath them, connected by runways to the rock. "Jap houses," Monica said. "The green one belonged to Herbie Hogashima. This used to be his boat."

"Did you know him?"

"Not to speak to. He used to yell things at my father."

"What was the trouble?"

"I don't know. My father told him not to come back."

"And he did come back."

"Yes, but he didn't stay long."

Crogan saw the wharf and ramp at Ucluelet and the red roof of the store above the trees.

"Pat!"

"Yes, Charlie?"

"Anytime you want anything at the store, you go and get it. Never mind about money. You pay me back later."

"Thanks, but I've got money."

Charlie jeered, "Got gold in every pocket! Anything you want, Pat, you go and get it."

Monica talked in Somass to her father. Charlie beamed. "Pat, she said, give him a fishboat if you're going to treat him like one of the family. Some kid, eh, Pat?"

Some kid. Crogan nodded. Her hair had a jetty glaze, her eyebrows were cuttings of black velvet, her lashes lacquered wire, the nose a delicacy between broad and narrow, the mouth a titbit, the bones of the cheek cream-colored hills on which had fallen a pinkish snow. Welsh-Siwash. The product of two subjugated peoples noted for soft voices and fine treacheries. Yet in spite of the geography between them, and old stories clouded and forgotten, they shared a wilted vestige of some ethnological bond. The Seminole in Florida used several Welsh words, and over the mountains from Charlie and his tribe the Okanagans spoke their numbers as a Welshman would, one to ten. It might have been in-

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stinctive cousinship that had led the drunken Charlie into marriage with a Welsh and not an English girl. Crogan asked, "Do you remember your mother?"

"Yes. I was nine when she died."

"What was her name?"

"Louella."

"Was she pretty?"

"Maybe. She was small, dark. Little feet about this size. Nobody liked her."

"Nobody liked her?"

"Nobody on the reserve liked her. I didn't like her. I liked my grandmother. I talked Somass until my father sent me to the convent."

"What did you talk to your mother?"

"Maybe Welsh, I don't know. I talked English to her after I learned English."

"Why didn't you like your mother?"

"I was not comfortable with my mother, Mr. Crogan. Some people you are comfortable with, some people you are not comfortable with. Now, I'm comfortable with you, Mr. Crogan. Very comfortable."

"Is it natural for a child not to be comfortable with her mother, Miss Jack?"

"When the mother pinches her, yes. When she calls you a dirty little Siwash, yes. When she leaves your father, yes. When the sisters give you a little statue of the Blessed Virgin and she snaps the head off, yes. My grandmother was my mother, Mr. Crogan. I can make baskets, I can make soup out of mussels, I can gut and skin anything. How was your mother, Mr. Crogan?"

"She was as tall as I am now and built like a battleship, Miss Jack. She believed in corporal punishment."

"Were you comfortable with her?"

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"Mr. Crogan?"

"Yes?"

"Do you think your mother would have liked to see you bumming around the country?"

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"Mr. Crogan, you live worse than any Indian I have ever heard of. You don't even build yourself a house. You move into any old cabin that is falling down. It is not respectable."

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"Sure. I should get married. I'm twenty-one."

"But suppose you didn't want to?"

"There's no supposing, Mr. Crogan. None at all. I should get married."

"Then get married."

"I'll get married . . . Mr. Crogan?"

"What?"

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door, the turn of calf and ankle had been of interest.

IV

The Yeti No. 1, after easing from the wharf, surged with the grace of a dragonfly. The surface of the inlet had borrowed all the colors of an oyster. The waters hissed as they passed Crogan sitting on the fish well. The Yeti's wake was a turbulence of foamy green. The wind felt Crogan's shirt and patted his chest with familiarity. Gulls with yellow beaks were fried eggs thrown against the sky.

Monica came out of the cabin, the hat left behind, her pinky-brown Eurasian face snuggled in the upturned collar of a camel-hair coat. She had a man's coat, a brown herringbone, over her arm. "You wear it," she said. "It's my father's." Crogan saw the label on the lining. Bon Marché. Seattle.

She sat with him. "You can stand with my father in the wheelhouse if you like."

"I would rather stay here, Miss Jack."

"What do you want nitric acid for, Mr. Crogan?"

"To burn a certain kind of sand."

"Is that the acid they throw at people?"

"You could, but sulphuric acid would be better."

"That would make a change."

"What?"

"Throwing acid at people."

"What are you throwing now, Miss Jack?"

She looked at him out of the corner of her eye, up and down, up and down. "Kisses, maybe."

"Was it kisses you were throwing at your stepmother in the kitchen?"

"Mamie? I'll throw a hatchet at her one of these days."

"Why? She has a kind face, Mamie."

"She's got a face on her like a constipated crab."

"Could that be a sentence the Sisters of St. Anne had you practice for your typing, Miss Jack?"

"The Sisters of St. Anne! Yah! Bah!"

"Are you in a bad humor?"

"I'm thinking of Mamie. You burned my pancake, Mamie, I said. Your stove's too hot. My stove is not too hot. Your stove's too hot, Mamie. She said, I can put my hand on it. Then put your hand on it, Mamie. She wouldn't. Mr. Crogan, all I wanted to do was put her hand on it."

Charlie kept to the west side. They passed a row of deserted houses built on poles, the water beneath them, connected by runways to the rock. "Jap houses," Monica said. "The green one belonged to Herbie Hogashima. This used to be his boat."

"Did you know him?"

"Not to speak to. He used to yell things at my father."

"What was the trouble?"

"I don't know. My father told him not to come back."

"And he did come back."

"Yes, but he didn't stay long."

Crogan saw the wharf and ramp at Ucluelet and the red roof of the store above the trees.

"Pat!"

"Yes, Charlie?"

"Anytime you want anything at the store, you go and get it. Never mind about money. You pay me back later."

"Thanks, but I've got money."

Charlie jeered, "Got gold in every pocket! Anything you want, Pat, you go and get it."

Monica talked in Somass to her father. Charlie beamed. "Pat, she said, give him a fishboat if you're going to treat him like one of the family. Some kid, eh, Pat?"

Some kid. Crogan nodded. Her hair had a jetty glaze, her eyebrows were cuttings of black velvet, her lashes lacquered wire, the nose a delicacy between broad and narrow, the mouth a titbit, the bones of the cheek cream-colored hills on which had fallen a pinkish snow. Welsh-Siwash. The product of two subjugated peoples noted for soft voices and fine treacheries. Yet in spite of the geography between them, and old stories clouded and forgotten, they shared a wilted vestige of some ethnological bond. The Seminole in Florida used several Welsh words, and over the mountains from Charlie and his tribe the Okanagans spoke their numbers as a Welshman would, one to ten. It might have been in-

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stinctive cousinship that had led the drunken Charlie into marriage with a Welsh and not an English girl. Crogan asked, "Do you remember your mother?"

"Yes. I was nine when she died."

"What was her name?"

"Louella."

"Was she pretty?"

"Maybe. She was small, dark. Little feet about this size. Nobody liked her."

"Nobody liked her?"

"Nobody on the reserve liked her. I didn't like her. I liked my grandmother. I talked Somass until my father sent me to the convent."

"What did you talk to your mother?"

"Maybe Welsh, I don't know. I talked English to her after I learned English."

"Why didn't you like your mother?"

"I was not comfortable with my mother, Mr. Crogan. Some people you are comfortable with, some people you are not comfortable with. Now, I'm comfortable with you, Mr. Crogan. Very comfortable."

"Is it natural for a child not to be comfortable with her mother, Miss Jack?"

"When the mother pinches her, yes. When she calls you a dirty little Siwash, yes. When she leaves your father, yes. When the sisters give you a little statue of the Blessed Virgin and she snaps the head off, yes. My grandmother was my mother, Mr. Crogan. I can make baskets, I can make soup out of mussels, I can gut and skin anything. How was your mother, Mr. Crogan?"

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"You should go to the cabin and lie down, Mr. Crogan."

"I think I will, Miss Jack."

"Do you want me to talk to you?"

"I would prefer to be alone. I am in a mood for meditation and prayer."

"I was praying your belt wouldn't bust."

"I heard you. You prayed in Somass. Prayers in that language seem to call for laughter, Miss Jack."

"I was talking to my father."

"About me?"

"I said to my father you'd be no good on a fishboat. You feed them, you don't catch them."

"That is funny, Miss Jack?"

"I think so." The smile was gentle, the expression showed solicitude, but laughter crouched in the eyes. "You go and lie down, Mr. Crogan."

V

He lay on the bench, Charlie's coat under his head for a pillow. He could see in the opening between cabin and wheelhouse Charlie's black boots and serge-covered legs. Crogan thought of Charlie's wife, the Welsh Louella. From Paddington or Battersea, from the Elephant and Castle, tripe and onions, Brussels sprouts, dark or pale, to oolichans and rock cod at Ucluelet. From malt to cedar smoke. Bethel Chapel to brown Catholics. Marble Arch to a reserve. Tart to wife. London behind and loneliness ahead, shunning the Indian women and being shunned, with only Charlie's drunken recollections of her pavements to discuss, frail, not bright, God-troubled, a feeler of psychosomatic pain, without reliance, she had not even fought for the affection of her child. She had cheated Charlie into marriage and cheated him in bed. She had left him, to live in Ucluelet, to go to her own church, to meet Inkster, to give him a rose bush.

Crogan saw the red shoes and the Greek legs of Monica Jack come into the wheelhouse. She might have been a cause of trouble. Charlie had detoured his love to her. What love could Louella have expected? What could an amateur of commercial endearment, a veteran of hideaway hotels, have been to Charlie but a convenience, a foreign oddity, a dilemma to be explained, put up with, a brown man's white burden? He had made Monica his pet, his showpiece, his rough native stone to be polished by the sisters, his one legitimacy to top the byblows he had conceived in the bush. Ugly John, Tom, Augustine had had to wait for Charlie's first union to dissolve before they and their mother were accepted. Now Monica, as the oldest, was to marry to clear the road for John, Tom, Augustine who, if kept celibate, might start byblowing themselves. Leave it to Charlie, the storekeeper had said. Charlie would grab some poor guy by the throat and say, you son of a bitch, you're going to marry my daughter. Poor son of a bitch, red or white, he would be bloodied often if never bored..

No family was without problems. Crogan's big father and big mother had had Dennis Dalton and then waited thirteen, fourteen years. With barns and stable full of stock, calves in the pastures, wheat germinating, sprouting, heading, theirs had been a lonely house with nothing in it but dainty Dennis Dalton. Fourteen years of hope and false alarm, of doubt, of looking at each other in wonderment, of novenas, private prayer, and for what? For Crogan.

Dear dainty Dennis Dalton. Mr. Justice Dennis Dalton Crogan. His Honor. His big-headed runt following generations of tall men. The lawyer among

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honest farmers, the scribe, the extractor of juice from widows' estates, the writer of unnecessary letters. Integrity was for laymen who had not a judgeship but only the old-age pension to look forward to. The twister. Dear Pat, in probate of our mother's will expenses have been extraordinarily heavy, an itemized account is enclosed. Leech. This two-dollar letter costs you seven, boy. This thirty-cent phone call is worth a dollar-fifty. Dear Pat, where are you now, France, Holland? Our share of the crop was six thousand three hundred and twenty-two bushels. The bank has the grain cheques. My fee is nominal. Come back sound. Scrooge. Educated Irish peasant. Dear Pat, the Department of Agriculture has offered to buy the farm for an experimental station. We can get sixty-five thousand. I am afraid I will have to charge you a broker's commission of five percent. Dear Dennis Dalton, Christian brother. Dear buzzard.

Monica Jack's red shoes disappeared under the camel-hair coat as she bent to look through the opening. "Are you still alive, Mr. Crogan?"

"I don't want anything to eat, Miss Jack."

"Come up here."

"I think I'll sit outside."

"I'll sit with you."

They were approaching the Alberni Canal. The only waves were those made by the Yeti herself. Monica sat close to him. "What do you want to talk about, Mr. Crogan?"

"Nothing in particular."

"There's lots of cascara at the bottom of that hill."

"It's used for medicine, isn't it?"

"They make a syrup out of the bark. It's for babies who don't go to the toilet. What else do you want to talk about, Mr. Crogan? Babies?"

"No."

"I was a cute one."

"You had a soft howl for everybody?"

"I've got a picture of me at six months. I'm lying on a cougar skin, naked."

"A tubby little bundle of fun. Always laughing."

"Do you want to hear a story, Mr. Crogan? It's about cascara."

"I don't know, Miss Jack."

"This is a good story. It happened last summer when we were picking cascara right here. It's about Tom and John and Augustine."

"Go ahead."

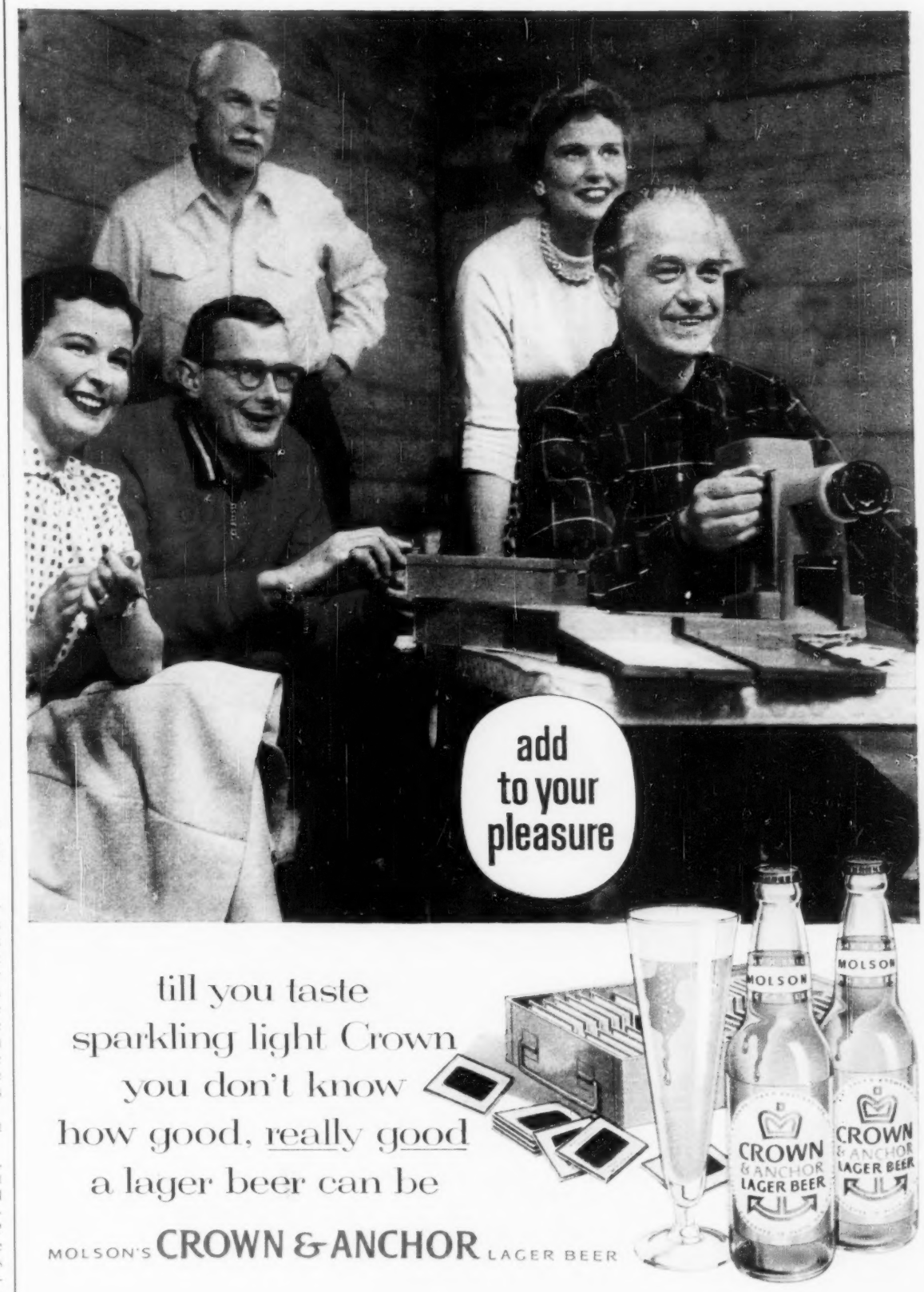
"A big Italian boat stopped here for two days last summer. There were fires burning along the canal. The pilot was waiting for the smoke to go I guess. It put a small boat in the water and four fellows came ashore. One of them had a mandolin with ribbons on it. Augustine and Tom and John and me were on the hill. Ugly John had knocked a raccoon out of a tree and I was skinning it. The Italians were eating. They had wine bottles. Do you know what my brothers did, Mr. Crogan? You guess."

"I'm not good at guessing, but I bet it was gruesome."

"Was it! They took off their clothes, Mr. Crogan. Then do you know what they did? They picked up the skinned raccoon and rubbed blood all over themselves. Then do you know what they did? John made his cross-eyes and put the knife between his teeth, and the others took the axes they'd been using for cascara, and they danced down the hill. You should have seen those Italian fellows, Mr. Crogan. I never saw anybody get into a boat so fast. You know something, Mr. Crogan? They were so scared, they — I'd better not say it."

"They did, did they?"

"They sure did. By the way, you



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play the mandolin, Mr. Crogan?"

"No."

"We got one."

VI

"My father wants you."

"Did he call, Miss Jack?"

"I know he wants you, Mr. Crogan."

The door to the wheelhouse was open. Crogan saw Charlie sitting sideways, his head turned to the front. His attitude did not show he was expecting anyone. Crogan asked, "Do you know what he wants?"

"He wants to ask you to buy something for him in Alberni."

"Did he tell you?"

"He doesn't have to tell me, Mr. Crogan. Later he'll be talking to you about something else."

"What?"

"You'll find out. A big surprise, Mr. Crogan."

"Tell me."

"Oh, no. You'll be happy, Mr. Crogan. He's going to tell you to do something."

"I hope I'll be able to do it."

"You'll do it. You don't know my father. And, Mr. Crogan?"

"Yes?"

"You'd better be happy." The soft voice had hardened. The face was set, the mouth tight at the corners, the eyes as ferociously cold as those in the mounted head of a bearskin.

"Have I offended you, Miss Jack?"

"You'd better not, Mr. Crogan."

"Miss Jack, you sound like a little girl who'd enjoy pulling the legs off flies."

"I used to. I once pulled the leg off something else. Do you want to know what?"

"Never mind." Cracks were showing in the veneers the sisters had applied. A perfect job of polishing was hardly to be expected. Her mother's people had painted themselves blue, and no doubt Charlie's father had traded oolichan oil

My most memorable meal: No. 32

Mavor Moore

recalls

A Russian spread I never ate

My most memorable meal was one I did not expect to have, did not eat a great deal of, and cannot remember the end of. Nor did it take place at mealtime.

In the summer of 1946 a Soviet cargo vessel, a ship called the Orel, put into Vancouver for the first time since the war. It was reported that the captain spoke English, and the CBC wanted to arrange a broadcast from the ship. Armed with introductions Bill Herbert, myself and an RCN type went on board about three o'clock one sunny afternoon.

Half an hour later, sitting in the captain's cabin, we had obtained his agreement to permit the radio gear aboard and an interview to take place. But this signal coming-together of our great peoples, he said, required a celebration. On behalf of the nation, we agreed.

The captain buzzed; a sailor appeared, was instructed in Russian, and retired. A moment later a concealed phonograph poured forth I Can't Give You Anything But Love, Baby. Furious, the captain buzzed again, cursed the fellow up and down, and we were duly rewarded with the strains of Coq D'Or.

Smiling handsomely now, the Captain buzzed again and a female sailor of alarming proportions entered, was given orders and in turn retired. Only then did the captain produce from a cupboard four glasses not much larger than jiggers, and a bottle of V.O., apologizing as he did so for not having any vodka on hand. We were about to dispose of in this one toast, all our common virtues and high office-holders when the lady tar returned.

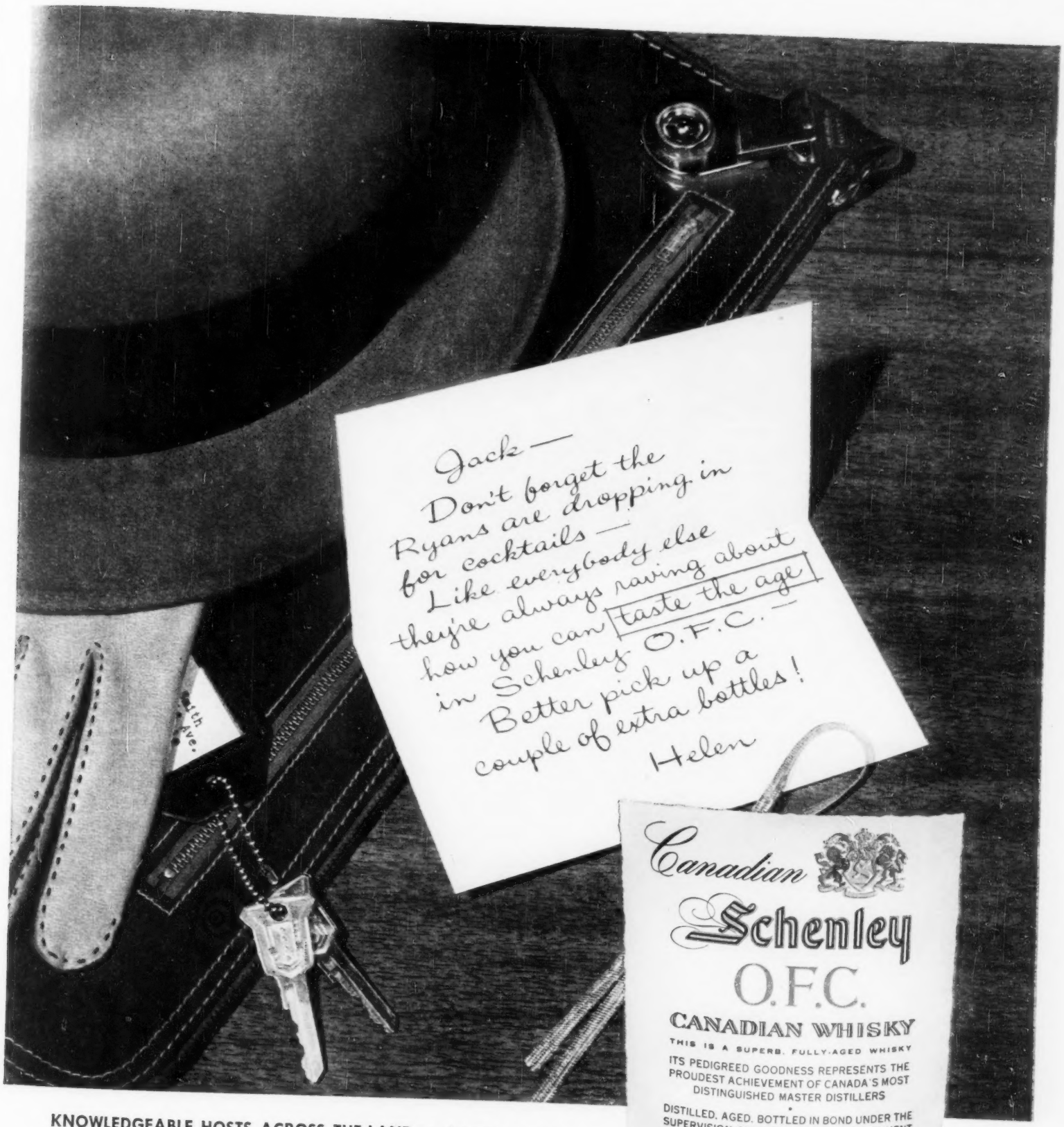
She had under her arm a folding banquet table and cloth. As she was erecting it two other amazons entered, bearing aloft trays of canapés, breads, meat, fish, salads and other unidentifiable viands—all to the increasing *agitato* of Rimski-Korsakov. Our remonstrations about the unsuitability of the hour and coming dinner engagements were useless. "For Russia," our host pleaded, and for diplomacy's sake we sat down.

Suddenly he slapped the table and made a toast: "To de Canaddian pipple." We followed his example, down the hatch, and felt forced to respond with one to the Russian people. Then came the King and the president of the USSR, then Mackenzie King and Josef Stalin, then (I think) Victory and something like Mutual Goodwill. I lost count after that.

Finally I rose with what dignity I was able to muster and said we really had to go. To our relief the captain rose too and laughed. "You know," he said, "trouble wit Canaddians iss drink widout eat. In Russia eat *wit* drink."

That may be it. All I remember is the incredible skill with which we negotiated the gangplank and hailed a taxi. We sent another crew to get the broadcast.

MAVOR MOORE IS AN ACTOR, DIRECTOR, PRODUCER AND PLAYWRIGHT.



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The Chilcotin was ugly in an ugly way. "Your Robinson has the face of a horse thief," said Crogan.

for red ochre, and circled his eyes with a charcoal stick.

Crogan went into the wheelhouse.

"Hello, Pat."

"Hello, Charlie. What's on your mind?"

"I've got nothing on my mind, Pat."

"The girl said you wanted to see me."

"What for? Ah, yes. She's a smart kid. Pat, I'm an old soldier, you're an old soldier, would you buy me a little bottle? I like to have a bottle, Pat, for when I get caught in the rain."

"What do you want, Charlie?"

"Two scotch, Pat, one rye, one bottle of rum. Maybe one bottle of gin, Pat."

"What kind of scotch?"

"White Horse."

"Okay, Charlie. How long are we going to be in town?"

"How long do you want to stay, Pat?"

"I can do what I have to do in half an hour. All I want is nitric acid."

Charlie talked to Monica in Somass. "She says she has to get her hair done. We leave at three. All right?"

"Sure."

"I got to go to the bank, Pat. You take fifty dollars now. Maybe you can buy Monica her dinner. I've got business with some Chinese friends."

"Charlie, my money buys the liquor. I'd rather have it like that."

"No, Pat. You're a poor man."

"I'll buy the liquor, Charlie. It will be my liquor. If Rise and Shine comes around it's my liquor. I'm not selling it. That is, I'm not taking your money until I leave the beach. You'll pay me after the liquor's all gone, Charlie."

"You're my friend, Pat."

"I hold title to the liquor, Charlie."

"You want to keep it at your place?"

"I do."

"Maybe tonight I could get one little bottle?"

"I'm keeping it at my place, Charlie."

"Pat, I'm pigheaded. Don't you be pigheaded. One little bottle for tonight."

"No, Charlie. I don't give it away in bottles."

"Okay. You're my friend. Who's going to fight for a bottle? You're a friend to all my family. John likes you. Matthew likes you. Monica says, parent, he's a good man. She's a smart kid, Pat."

"She said you wanted to see me about something else. What is it?"

"Ah, that girl! I get a feeling. We'll have a talk on the way home, Pat. Maybe sit in the cabin and have a couple of drinks, huh?"

"Who'll look after the boat?"

"Monica. She could take you from here to Alaska. Pat, how would you like to have a boat like this?"

"Charlie, all I want is a gold mine."

"Yah! gold. You can't eat it. You can't even find it."

VII

The air was white with mill smoke. The shore line between old Alberni and new Alberni seemed a barricade of stacked lumber. The drone of planers, the rip of saws were constant. The ships being loaded had each a foreign flag, French, Norwegian, Panamanian. The Yeti edged along the Maquina's wharf, then along the little Uchuck's wharf, then through small craft to a float supporting a steel shed whose sides were legended, Charlie Jack, Private Property, Keep Off. This Means You. "My friends and the boys in the Brotherhood can use it any time," Charlie said.

He touched a button on the panel before him. The Yeti's siren sounded. The shed door was opened by an Indian not much taller than Monica herself. He had a long jaw. "He's a Chilcotin," Charlie said. "A cowboy. He's down here because he got into trouble. I got to talk English to him. The name is Robinson. He looks after things for me, buys cascara, lots of fur, sometimes fish." Monica threw the Indian a rope. He snubbed it. She threw him another and he drew in the Yeti's stern. Charlie shut off the engine.

The Chilcotin, although far from cattle, favored high-heeled half-boots, sideburns and a black satin shirt. Smallpox had pitted his chin and cheek. The other cheek had burned into it the letter X between bars. Someone had touched him with a branding iron. His lids drooped. He was ugly in an ugly way, not pleasantly ugly like John.

Crogan said, "Your Robinson has the face of a horse thief."

"I think that's what he was," Charlie said. "Are you ready, Monica?"

She clattered across the deck and stood on the gunnel. Robinson held out his hand and helped her to the float. "Pretty baby," he said.

When they were all together, Charlie introduced Crogan. "This is my friend, Pat Crogan. I want you to look after him. If he needs anything, you see that he gets it, Robinson. He's like one of the family."

The black marble eyes made a casual, almost contemptuous examination of Crogan. "If he needs anything he gets it, Charlie."

"You treat him just like John and Augustine."

"Like one of the boys, Charlie."

"Maybe he needs a dollar sometime. You give it to him, Robinson."

"A dollar, Charlie."

"If he wants a boat to go anywhere, you get him one."

"You're knocking the idea twice into my head, Charlie." He turned to Monica. "Do I smell something cooking, baby?"

She winked. In her spiked red shoes she was the taller.

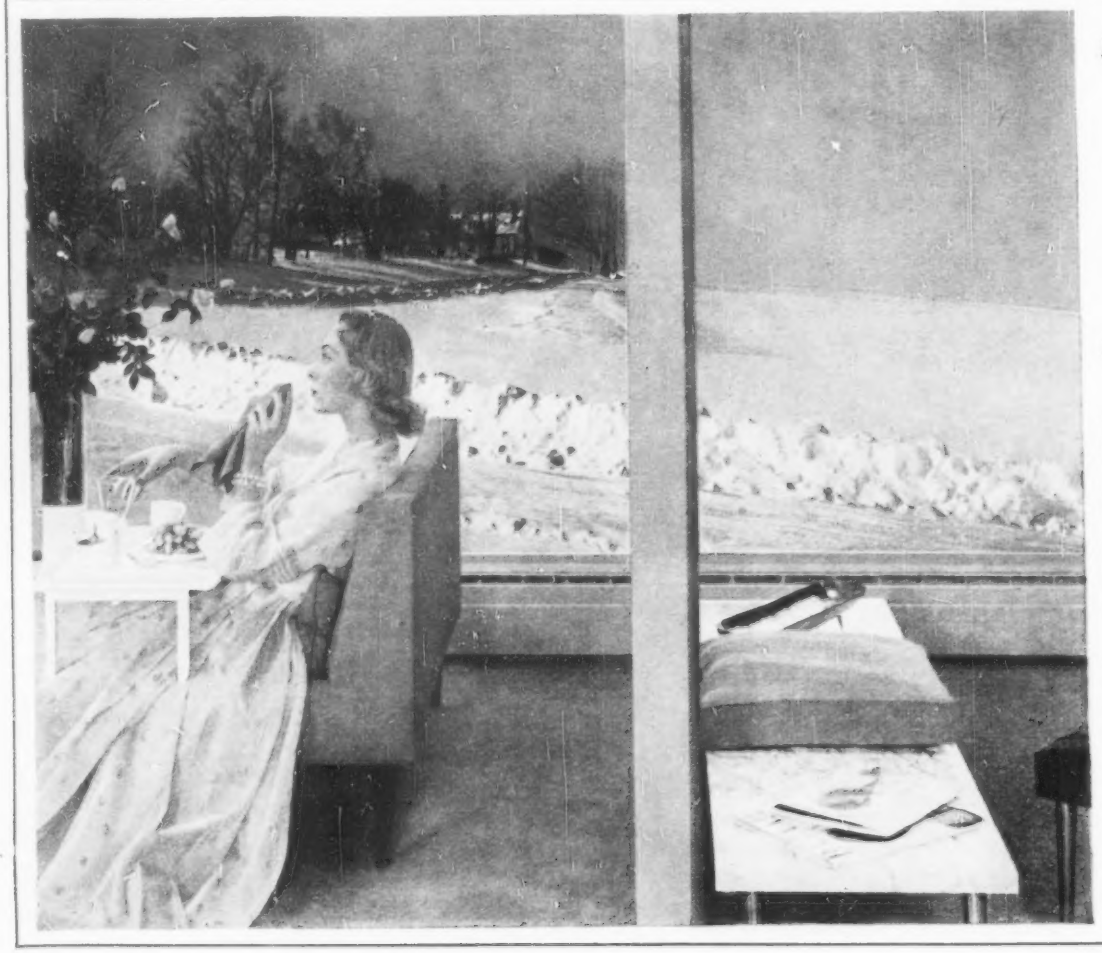
There was a bantam's cockiness about the man. Crogan knew the type. A pint-sized brawler, and not a clean one, he would have a spring knife holstered in his half-boot, a birdshot sap in his pocket. A sour dog who might come to heel for Charlie but would thoroughly enjoy biting a stranger.

"I got business to talk with Robinson," Charlie said. "You go uptown with Monica. Be back at three. Show him where the liquor store is, Monica."

Robinson pulled an old-fashioned watch from his pocket. A golden turnip. It was tied by a leather thong to his belt. He said, "That gives you three and a half hours, baby." ★

NEXT ISSUE

FLORENCIA BAY PART THREE



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What I remember of Hitler

Continued from page 24

"He lived in one room like a run-down clerk. It later became part of his workers'-friend act"

heaped with whipped cream. At one meal I thought I would treat him to a bottle of Prinz Metternich's best Gewürztraminer. I was called out of the room to the telephone and as I came back caught him putting a heaping spoonful of sugar in the champagne glass. I pretended I had not seen and he drank the concoction with evident relish.

A few years later we had prepared a welcoming dinner, turkey, followed by the rich Austrian pastries that he loved. I noticed that he was hardly drinking at all, so there was no need to keep the sugar bowl out of his reach. In fact it was about this time that he started to develop the vegetarian eating habits which later became so marked. It may have started with the necessity of dieting off his extra poundage, but as usual he made a personal issue of it. "If I feel that meat and alcohol are damaging to my system I hope at least I have enough will power to do without them however much I enjoy them," he used to say.

* * *

. . . as confidence in me grew, Hitler allowed me to call at his flat during the day.

He lived there like a down-at-heels clerk. He had one room and the use of a quite large entrance hall as a sub-tenant. It was all modest in the extreme and he remained there for years, although it became part of an act to show how he identified himself with the workers and have-nots of this world. I doubt if it was nine feet wide. The bed was too wide for its corner and the head projected over the single narrow window. The floor was covered with cheap, worn linoleum with a couple of threadbare rugs, and on the wall opposite the bed there was a makeshift bookshelf, apart from a chair and rough table, the only other piece of furniture in the room.

Hitler used to walk around in carpet slippers, frequently with no collar to his shirt and wearing suspenders. There were quite a lot of illustrations and drawings hanging on the wall, and the books were a characteristic mixture. I made a list of them at the time, which I still have. The upper shelves were those he liked to refer to in front of visitors. They included a history of the Great War by Hermann Stegemann, and Ludendorff's book on the same subject; German histories by Einhardt and Treitschke; Spamer's illustrated encyclopedia, a work dating from the nineteenth century; Clausewitz' Vom Kriege and the history of Frederick the Great by Kugler; a biography of Wagner by Houston Stewart Chamberlain and a potted world history by Maximilian Yorck von der Wartenburg. The respectable volumes also included a tome called Historical Character Pictures by Grube, a collection of heroic myths by Schwab, and the war memoirs of Sven Hedin.

These were the books which formed Hitler's opinions and knowledge for the years to come. But perhaps more interesting was the bottom shelf where, in an abrupt descent from Mars to Venus, editions of a semi-pornographic nature lay discreetly among Edgar Wallace thrillers. Among these well-thumbed volumes were the curious studies of Eduard Fuchs, The History of Erotic Art, and an Illustrated History of Morals.

* * *

He had been introduced to the Bechstein family, who made their famous pianos in Berlin, but visited Munich frequently. They invited him to dinner at their deluxe hotel in a private suite and he reported on it to me wide-eyed. Frau Bechstein had been *en grande toilette* and her husband had worn a dinner jacket. "I felt quite embarrassed in my blue suit," Hitler told me. "The servants were all in livery and we drank nothing but champagne before the meal. And you should have seen the bathroom; you can even regulate the heat of the water."

* * *

Hitler had to appear from time to time as a witness in the frequent political trials and he was always keyed up before these sessions. He knew I was a pianist and asked me to play something to calm him. I was a bit out of practice and the piano was terribly out of tune; but I played a Bach fugue, to which he sat listening in a chair, nodding his head in vague disinterest. Then I started the prelude to the Meistersinger. This was it. This was Hitler's meat. He knew the thing absolutely by heart and could whistle every note of it in a curious penetrating vibrato, but completely in tune. He started to march up and down the hall, waving his arms as if he were conducting an orchestra. He really had an excellent feeling for the spirit of the music, certainly as good as many a conductor. This music affected him physically and by the time I had crashed through the finale he was in splendid spirits, all his worries gone and eager to get to grips with the public prosecutor . . .

It was on another occasion, at the house of Heinrich Hoffmann, his photographer friend, that I started playing some of the football marches I had picked up at Harvard. I explained to Hitler all the business about the cheerleaders and college songs and the deliberate whipping up of hysterical enthusiasm. I told him about the thousands of spectators being made to roar, "Harvard, Harvard, Harvard, rah, rah, rah!" in unison and of the hypnotic effect of this sort of thing. I played him some of the Sousa marches and then my own "Falarah," to show how it could be done by adapting German tunes, and gave them all that buoyant beat so characteristic of American brass-band music. I had Hitler fairly shouting with enthusiasm. "That is it, Hanfstaengl, that is what we need for the movement, marvelous," and he pranced up and down the room like a drum majorette. After that he had the S.A. band practising the

Heavy date

He's like an elephant in human clothing
Whose clumsiness a dancing partner scorns.
His crushing tread fills her with dread and loathing—
Hell has no fury like a woman's corns.

P. J. BLACKWELL

ne thing. I even wrote a dozen marches so myself over the course of the years, luding the one that was played by the wnshirt columns as they marched ough the Brandenburger Tor on the Hitler took over power. "Rah, rah, h!" became *"Sieg Heil, Sieg Heil!"*— at is the origin of it and I suppose I ust take my share of the blame . . . Up the time of the putsch no one had ought of calling him anything but Herr itler. After they both got out of Landsberg prison, Hess started referring to him s *der Chef* and then produced this word *Führer* in imitation of the *Duce* of Mussolini. The "Heil Hitler" greeting also tarted to gain currency at this time. There was nothing particularly sinister in its inception. It was an old custom of the Austrians, who have said Heil so-and-so or Heil mein Lieber for generations. Even a group of cyclists passing each other would shout, "All Heil," even if they did not know each other's names. In fact we were saying Heil Goering, Heil Hess, before the putsch without any sinister motive. It was just a way of saying Good Day.

Then the party people started to use Heil Hitler as a sort of pass word and from that time on it became almost *lèse majesté* to say Heil Schmidt or Heil Hanfstaengl. It is not true to say that Hitler openly sponsored this development. He never ordered anyone officially to address him as Mein Führer. On the other hand, he never objected and took a secret pleasure in it, and so the custom grew.

* * *

Incidentally, the information is probably new to most people that the famous Horst Wessel Lied, which became the Nazi anthem and was supposed to have been composed by the victim, was not original at all. The tune is that of a Vienna cabaret song at the turn of the century. Wessel certainly wrote the new words and hotted up the tune to march time, but that is where it comes from.

* * *

Hitler lived a shadowy existence and it was very difficult to keep track of his movements. He was hopelessly unpunctual and incapable of keeping to any sort of schedule. He walked around leading a fierce Alsatian hound named Wolf and always carried a whip with a loaded handle. Ulrich Graf, his bodyguard, followed him everywhere . . . He never stopped talking all day, committed nothing to paper, issued no orders and was the despair of his staff. He would make appointments and not keep them; instead, at this period, would often be discovered in a salesroom looking at secondhand automobiles. Cars were an obsession with him. He picked up one vehicle which looked like a dismantled horse-cab without a top, but soon exchanged this for a Selve car, with funds he had drummed up in a mysterious way from someone. It was a rattling monster and each end looked as if it were going a different way, but he seemed to think it conferred additional dignity on him and from that time on I do not think I ever saw him take a tram or bus again.

* * *

He was an entertaining traveling companion. He would sit whistling or humming passages from the Wagner operas, which kept us both amused for many an hour. Incidentally, in all the years I knew him, I never heard him whistle a popular tune. He was also a gifted mimic with a sharp sense of the ridiculous. His star turn was a sort of satire on a type of patriotic orator then very common in Germany and by no means extinct since —the politically conscious, semi-professional figure with a Wotan-like beard. He could invent this mock rodomontade *ad*

signs? . . . who reads 'em?

Somebody's going to be mighty moist. But that's what happens if you don't read signs: you never know what you're getting.
And most of us *do* like to know what we're getting—specially if we're spending money on it. Guess that's why so many sportswear manufacturers put Lightning zippers on their garments—and tag them, so *you'll* know. Sports clothes need a sure-fire fastener; a weatherproof, rough-and-tumble Lightning zipper that will open fast when you want it to—but never when you don't. And the manufacturers know that they, and you, can count on a Lightning.
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infinitum and be very funny about it.

He also knew by heart the greater part of a dreadful poem which some admirer had written in his honor. This poetaster had looked up in the rhyming dictionary all the German words which end in "itler," of which there are several score, and had produced an endless series of ill-scanning couplets. When he was in a good mood Hitler would repeat this with embellishments of his own and have us in tears of laughter. He could also imitate market women and children superbly. It was an example of the extraordinary rapport he could establish with the minds and emotions of others, a trait Hitler kept for as long as I knew him.

. . . we discovered that his powers of mimicry did not cover only the human voice. He was describing some recollection of the western front and started imitating an artillery barrage. He could reproduce the noise of every imaginable gun, German, French or English, the howitzers, the 75s, the machine guns, separately and all at once. With that tremendous voice of his we really went through about five minutes of the Battle of the Somme and what the neighbors must have thought I cannot imagine.

* * *

On a trip to Berlin . . . we went past the two monuments by Rauch of Frederick the Great, on horseback, and Blücher, on foot. I remarked how strange it was that the old Marshal had not been depicted at his most typical—mounted at the head of a cavalry charge. This did not appeal to Hitler's infantry mind at all. "Ach, Hanfstaengl," he said, "what difference would a horse make? They all look alike and only spoil concentration on the figure of the rider." Hitler was allergic to horses, and when he came to power abolished all the cavalry divisions in the German army, an act which his generals in the Russian campaign were bitterly to regret.

Our next stop was the national gallery . . . We swept past the Dutch and Italian primitives like a patrol of Bersaglieri. There was a slight slowing of the pace in front of Leonardo da Vinci's "Flora," but we only came to a stop opposite Rembrandt's "Man in a Golden Helmet."

"There you have something unique," Hitler pontificated. "Look at that heroic, soldier-like expression. It proves that Rembrandt, in spite of the many pictures he painted in Amsterdam's Jewish quarter, was at heart a true Aryan and German!" . . . Later, we found him lost in concentration in front of Correggio's "Leda and the Swan." He pulled himself together as we arrived and, although it was the sensuous portrayal of the two central figures which had fascinated him, read us a hasty lecture about the wonderful play of light on the bathing nymphs in the background. Over the course of time I discovered that the subject of this picture was almost an obsession with him. In later years this theme, one of the most obscene of classical subjects, was sure to obtain a gold medal for any modern German artist who used it as his subject at one of the Nazi exhibitions . . .

* * *

"Look at the way we have to travel round Czechoslovakia to get to eastern Germany," he once said. "The whole thing is nonsense. Half the people on the other side of the border are Germans anyway and it is all wrong to have this alien government placed across our lines of communication." Then dropping his voice: "What is more, we shall have to get those Skoda works in Pilsen under German control one of these days." And this mind you was in early 1923. "Mind you get hold of that Pilsen beer too," I

oked. He came out of his reverie and laughed.

* * *

Hitler celebrated his thirty-fourth birthday, on April 20, 1923. I went along during the morning to congratulate him and found him alone, although the grubby little flat was stacked from floor to ceiling with flowers and cakes. Yet Hitler was in one of his curiously wary moods and had not touched a single one of the cakes. There they were, with swastikas and eagles in whipped cream all over them, looking like the bakers' booth at a village fair. It was not much to my taste, I am a beer-and-sausages man myself, but even my mouth watered.

"Well, Herr Hitler," I said, "now you can really have a feast."

"I am not at all sure they are not poisoned," he replied.

"But they are all from your friends and admirers," I told him.

"Yes I know," he replied. "But this house belongs to a Jew and these days you can drip slow poison down the walls and kill your enemies. I never eat here ordinarily."

"Herr Hitler, you've been reading too many of those Edgar Wallace thrillers," I answered, but nothing would persuade him, and I had to take a taste myself before he would touch anything. Soon he started to brighten up, for I had come along to pander to another of his superstitions—astrology. I had looked up the dates and found out that he not only shared the same birthday with such redoubtable putsch-makers as the Pole, Albert Korfanty, who had led the third insurrection in Upper Silesia in 1921, and Napoleon III, but that it was the same date on which Cromwell had dissolved Parliament. Hitler had always had a romantic obsession with Cromwell and this delighted him. "Ah, Cromwell," he said, "that's my man. He and Henry VIII are the only two positive figures in English history."

It seemed a good moment to bring up something which had been worrying me ever since I had met him, and that was his stupid little mustache. There had been a time during the war when he let it grow, but the first time I saw him it had already been clipped back to the ridiculous little smudge which made him look as if he had not cleaned his nose. I called on the paintings of Van Dyck, Holbein and Rembrandt to bear witness that a mustache should either grow out full or at most be clipped to the end of the lips. I said I felt it would be much more dignified if he followed one of these patterns. He took it quite unmoved. "Don't worry," he said, "I am setting a fashion. As time goes on people will be pleased to copy it." And in due course it was to become as much a Nazi trademark as the brown shirt.

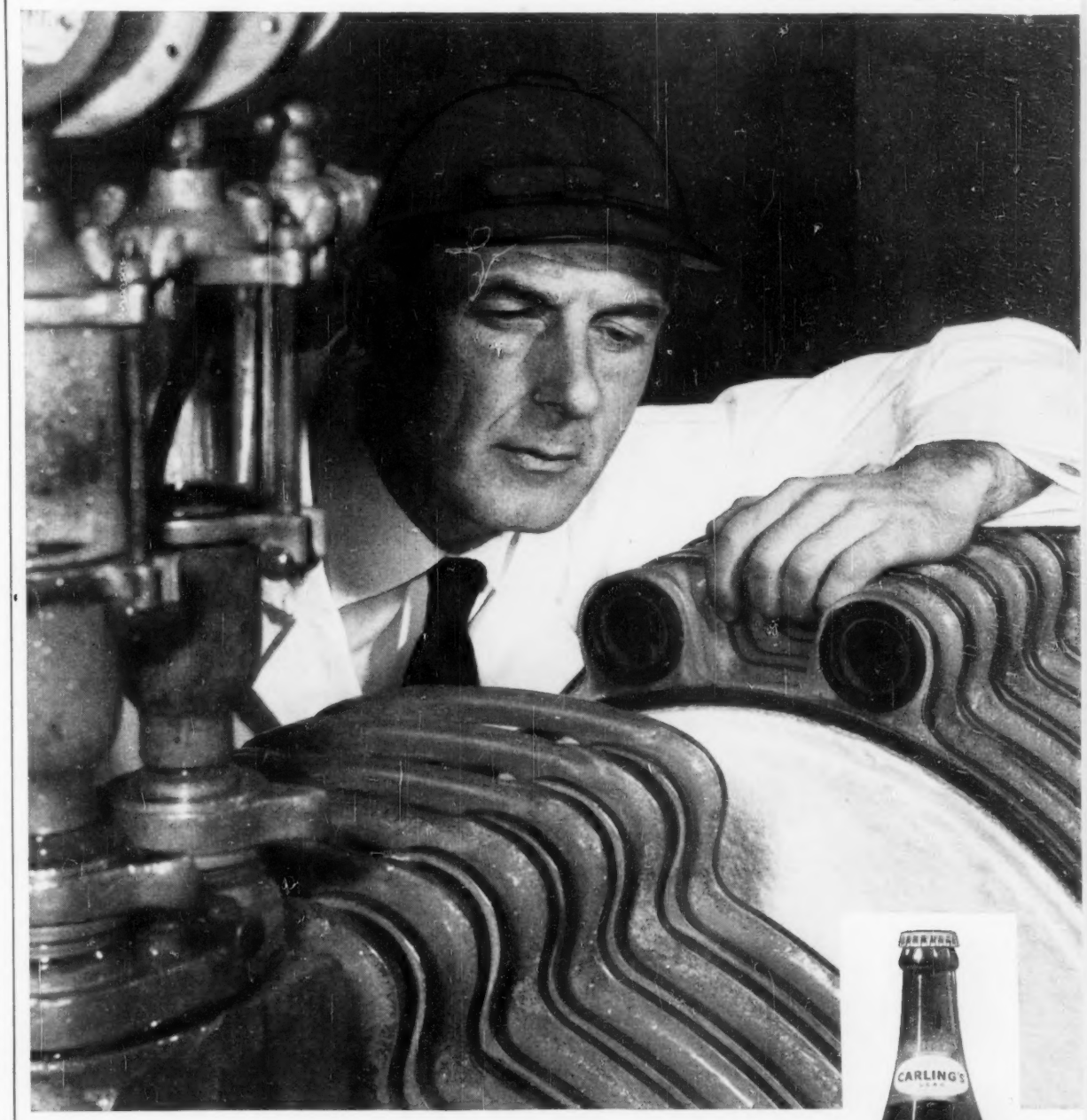
In fact he was not vain about his appearance. He was always decently, soberly and unostentatiously dressed and did not expect to impress by his exterior alone. His appeal lay in his power as an orator, and this he knew and played on for all he was worth. He believed in the power of the spoken word to overcome all obstacles. He even judged others by the same standards, and he never really had confidence in the ability of anyone who could not talk forcibly, reserving his special approval for those who could hold a large audience.

* * *

Where other national orators gave the painful impression of talking down to their audience, Hitler had this priceless gift of expressing exactly their own thoughts. He also had the good sense, or instinct, to appeal to the women in his audience, who were after all the new political factor in the nineteen-twenties. Many a time I have seen him face a hall plentifully sprinkled with opponents ready to heckle and interrupt, and in his search for the first body of support, make a remark about food shortages or domestic difficulties or the sound instinct of his women listeners, which would produce the first bravos. And time and again these came from women. That would break the ice . . .

The gestures which had so impressed me the first evening I saw him were as varied and flexible as his arguments. The most striking, in contrast to the dull slamming of the fist into the palm of the other hand of so many orators, was a soaring, upward movement of the arm, which seemed to leave infinite possibilities piercing the air.

The first two thirds of Hitler's speeches were in march time, growing increasingly quicker and leading up to the last third which was primarily rhapsodic. Knowing that a continuous presentation by one speaker would be boring, he would impersonate in a masterful way an imaginary opponent, often interrupting himself with a counter-argument and then returning to his original line of thought after completely annihilating his supposed adversary. There was a curious tinge to the finale. It was gradually being borne in on me that Hitler was a narcissus-type for whom the crowd represented a symbol for the woman he did not seem able to find. Speaking, for him, represented the satisfaction of some hunger, and to me this made the phenomenon of his oratory more intelligible. The last eight to ten minutes of a speech resembled an orgasm of words.



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I hope it will not appear too blasphemous when I say that he had learned a lot from the Bible. He was to all intents and purposes an atheist by the time I got to know him, although he still paid lip-service to religious beliefs and certainly acknowledged them as the basis for the thinking of others. His pattern of looking into the past and then repeating the basis of his beliefs four times over derived directly from the New Testament, and no one can say it was not a proved method . . .

When he had finished speaking the band used to play the national anthem. Hitler would salute to right and left and leave while the music was still playing. He had usually reached his car before the singing was over. This sudden withdrawal had a number of advantages. In addition to facilitating his exit unmolested to the car, it prevented the exultation of the crowd from petering out in his presence, saved him from unwelcome interviews and left intact the picture of the apotheosis the public had received from the climax of his speech. He once said to me: "Most speakers make the great mistake of hanging around after their speech is over. This only leads to anticlimax, for argument and discussion can completely undo hours of oratorical labor."

* * *

. . . Hitler would often go to the cinema in the evening, a form of relaxation which continued right through the years when he was Chancellor. In fact I have known him put off quite serious conferences in order to see a film. One of the great successes of the time was the Fredericus Rex film, which came out in two parts, with Otto Gebühr playing the role of Frederick the Great. My wife and I took Hitler to see it. He was most impressed, but it was typical of him that the scene which had pleased him most was that in which the old King, played by Albert Steinrück, had threatened to have the Crown Prince beheaded.

"That is the best part of the film," Hitler ranted as we came out. "What a classical example of discipline when a father is prepared to condemn his son to death. Great deeds require harsh measures."

* * *

Late on the evening of the Munich putsch a knock came at the door and outside stood Hitler, Dr. Walter Schultze, a physician in one of the S.A. battalions, and two or three others.

Hitler asked if he could stay the night. My wife, in total ignorance of all that had occurred, let him in and the others went away. She gave him a little attic bedroom I had fitted up with my books, while she slept downstairs with Egon and the maid. Hitler was completely despondent and almost incoherent, but she managed to piece together some sort of account of what had happened.

The next morning my wife told him, "Herr Hitler, for your own sake you ought to find somewhere else to hide. The police are sure to come here, even if only to look for my husband, and it is too much of a risk." This he fully understood. The plan was for him to wait for the Bechsteins' car to come and pick him up and take him to safety. So, for the time being, he stayed, spending most of the day in the attic room, where the bed was covered by the two English traveling rugs I had acquired in my student days, which he then took with him to Landsberg prison . . . on Sunday evening a couple of lorries appeared in the front of the house, full of green-uniformed gendarmery. My wife hurried up to the attic and found Hitler in a state of frenzy. He had pulled out his revolver with his good hand and shouted, "This is the end. I will never let these swine take me. I will shoot myself first." It so happened that I had taught my wife one of the few jujitsu tricks I know: how to wrench a pistol out of someone's grasp. Hitler's movements were awkward with his dislocated shoulder and she managed to get the thing away from him and fling it into a two-hundredweight barrel of flour we kept up in the attic to combat the recurrent shortages.

Hitler calmed down somewhat and in the few moments left sat down and scribbled out a political testament on a piece of paper.

By this time a lieutenant and a couple of gendarmes were at the door. They had just come from my mother's farm, which was nearby, where they had been sticking bayonets in haystacks looking for Hitler, but now felt sure of their quarry. Hitler came downstairs and made no physical resistance, but gave them a terrible tongue-lashing at the top of his voice, accusing them of breaking their oath, conniving at the splitting of Germany and more in the same vein. All this was above the heads of the police, whose loyalties had been veering like weathervanes at the behest of their senior officers over the previous three or four days. So they presented their excuses and politely carried him off.

* * *

I took advantage of my involuntary stay in Austria to look up Hitler's family in Vienna. I was interested to find out all I could about his background and, although I had no reason to suppose that his family had the slightest influence on him, I thought it might be a good idea to plant a few facts about the more sinis-

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members of his entourage, particularly Rosenberg. I could probably have saved myself the trouble, for when I finally tracked down his half-sister, Frau Raubal, I found her living in abject poverty on the third or fourth floor of a crumbling tenement block. She would not open the door more than a crack, since she was obviously ashamed of their miserable surroundings, but even so I could see that the place was bare and dirty and that on the floor of the hall there was nothing but a decrepit straw mattress. But she accepted an invitation to come out to a café and brought her not unattractive blond daughter Geli, who was probably about sixteen at the time.

* * *

On another occasion he pulled his little trick of drawing public buildings he had seen illustrated. In ten minutes he had sketched the Opera, Notre Dame and the Eiffel Tower, which he pushed over for my approbation with an air of proving that he also was a man of the world. It was an odd, childish quirk. He was always doodling on the back of menu cards, with squares and circles and swastikas and fancy borders, or scenes out of the Wagner operas. Heinrich Hoffmann usually collected them, and I picked up three or four once, only to have them stolen later by a maid.

We got to talking once about the party flag, which Hitler had taken great care to design himself. I told him I did not like the use of black for the swastika, which was a sun symbol and should be in red. "If we did that I could not use red for the background," he said. "I was in the Berlin Lustgarten years ago at a big Socialist demonstration. I tell you there is only one color with which to attract the masses and that is red." I then suggested that it might be better to put the swastika in the corner of the old black, white and red flag and that even if we used the red background as a war design, we should have a peace flag with a white background. "If I put the swastika against a white background we are going to look like a charitable organization," he said. "This is the right thing and I am not going to change it."

* * *

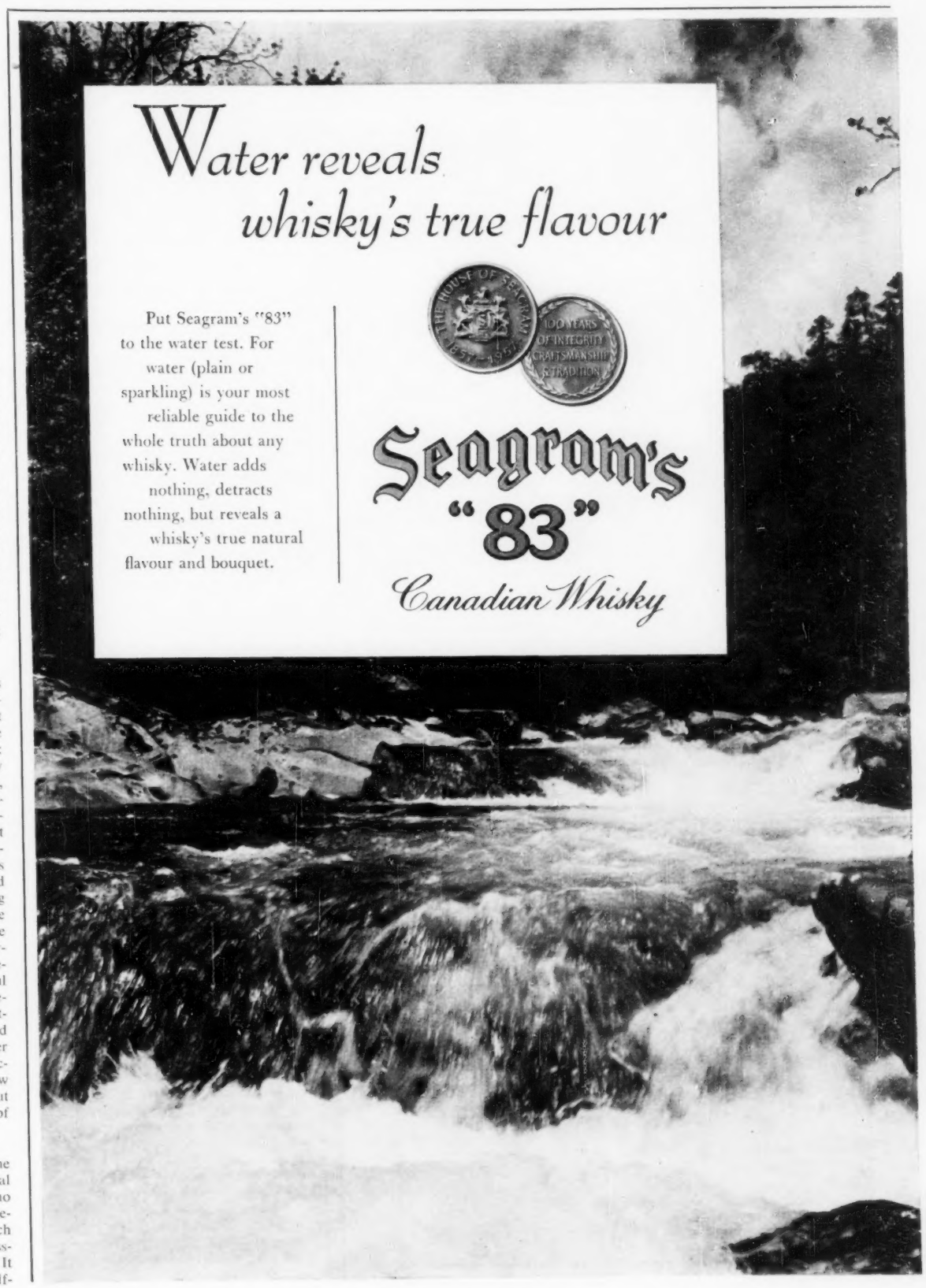
He gave my wife and me a lift across Munich one day in his car and I remember him saying, although what brought up the subject I cannot recall: "There are two ways of judging a man's character: by the woman he marries and by the way he dies." That sounded a little morbid, I thought, but the next was worse: "Politics is like a harlot: if you love her unsuccessfully she bites your head off." It seemed a lurid turn of phrase and I wondered in what directions his mind was running. However, in politics he seemed reasonably conciliatory. We were having lunch together at a little wine shop in the Sonnenstrasse, with some others whose names have escaped me, and the conversation turned to the party's twenty-five-point program, which was an awful hodgepodge, but had long since been declared immutable. Somebody was suggesting that it should be modified and pruned of some of its contradictions, but Hitler did not agree: "What do the contradictions matter?" he said. "The New Testament is full of contradictions but that did not prevent the spread of Christianity."

* * *

One thing that was borne in on me very early was the absence of a vital factor in Hitler's existence. He had no normal sex life. I have said that he developed an infatuation for my wife, which expressed itself in flowers and hand-kissings and an adoring look in his eyes. It was part of his extraordinary gift for self-dramatization, part of hidden complexes and a constitutional insufficiency which may have been congenital and may have resulted from a syphilitic infection during his youth in Vienna . . .

I felt Hitler was a case of a man who was neither fish, flesh nor fowl, neither fully homosexual nor fully heterosexual. Somehow the very rootlessness of his background, his capacity for keeping his commitments in a state of balance and his intuitive gift of always remaining above the petty personal jealousies of his supporters were all causes or effects of his sexual isolation. You could never pin him down, say that he was this thing or that thing; everything was floating, without roots, intangible and mediumistic. He had these people of unsavory habits round him, from Roehm and Heines on the one side to Rosenberg on the other, and seemed to have no sense of moral displeasure at their behavior. Ernst, another homosexual S.A. leader, hinted in the Thirties that it would only need a few words from him to silence Hitler when, for political reasons, he started to complain about Roehm's behavior. Perhaps that is why he was shot as well.

From watching Hitler and talking to those near him, I had formed the firm conviction that he was impotent, the repressed masturbating type. To adopt scientific jargon for a moment, he had an Oedipus complex, which often ends up that way. He had hated his father, a stupid, petty, brutal, small-time provincial customs inspector, and adored his mother. From the time I knew him, I do not suppose he had orthodox sexual relations with any woman. He was probably incapable of a normal reaction to



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Her liaison with the early Hitler brought death

Geli Raubal, daughter of Hitler's half-sister Angela, was brought from poverty in Vienna to share Hitler's Munich flat. She later shot herself.

their physical proximity. Once he got his clothes off he was absolutely useless. In due course he did become identified with various women. But his eroticism was purely operatic, never operative. An impotent man with tremendous nervous energy, Hitler had to release this tension somehow. He was in turn sadist and masochist, and in the sexual twilight of his life, he never found the physical release which similar unfortunates can sometimes achieve.

Some part of this uncertain and strange sexual constitution had reacted to the presence of Hess, a fine-looking but rather repressed young fellow, during their confinement in Landsberg prison. The moral side of it did not bother me particularly, but this curious borderline inner bondage had its effects on Hitler's mind . . .

At a party on Tegern Lake Hermann Esser took Hitler with some ladies out in a rowboat. It would be too much to say that Hitler was shivering with fright, but he was completely out of his element and kept suggesting reasons why the young ladies should be returned to dry land again. He seemed absolutely convinced that the boat was going to capsize and Esser told me afterward that Hitler had an unreasoning fear of the water. He could not swim and would not learn. In fact I can never recall having seen him in a bathing costume, nor had anyone else. A story, probably authentic, was frequently told that Hitler's old army comrades, who had seen him in the washhouse, had noted that his genital organs were almost freakishly underdeveloped, and he doubtless had some sense of shame about displaying himself. It seemed to me that this must all be part of the underlying complex in his physical relations, which was compensated for by the terrifying urge for domination expressed in the field of politics. This fear of the water must also have played its part in his total incomprehension of naval matters and anything to do with the sea. Looking back it all makes sense.

* * *

The emergence of Hitler as a national, and indeed international, figure of the first rank, nearly provided one of those confrontations which would have been the delight of historians—a meeting with Winston Churchill . . .

I caught up with Hitler at the Brown House and burst into his room. "Herr Hitler," I said, "Mr. Churchill is in Munich and wants to meet you. This is a tremendous opportunity. They want me to bring you along to dinner at the Hotel Continental tonight."

I could almost see the asbestos curtain drop down. "*Um Gotteswillen*, Hanfstaengl, don't they realize how busy I am? What on earth would I talk to him about?"

"But, Herr Hitler," I protested, "this is the easiest man to talk to in the world—art, politics, architecture, anything you choose. This is one of the most influential men in England, you must meet him."

But my heart sank. Hitler produced a thousand excuses, as he always did when he was afraid of meeting someone. With a figure whom he knew to be his equal in political ability, the unsure bourgeois re-emerged again, the man who would not go to a dancing class for fear of making a fool of himself, the man who only acquired confidence in his manipulation of a yelling audience. I tried one last gambit. "Herr Hitler, I will go to dinner and you arrive afterward as if you were calling for me and stay for coffee."

First it was no, then he would see, we had to leave the next day early—which was the first I had heard of it as I thought we had two or three days free: "In any case they say your Mr. Churchill is a rabid Francophile."

I rang Randolph back and tried to hide my disappointment, pointing out that he had caught us at the worst possible time, but I suggested, against my better knowledge, that Hitler might join us for coffee. I turned up myself at the appointed hour. There was Mrs. Churchill, serene, intelligent and enchanting, Lord Camrose, Professor Lindemann, one of the Churchill daughters and one or two other younger people whose names I forget. We sat down about ten to dinner. Over coffee, champagne and cigars, my host and I pushed our chairs back and he became confidential in his tone. I can remember the scene to this day. With his left hand, the one next to me, he held a champagne glass almost touching his

lips, so that his words reached my ears alone, and in the other a fat cigar. "Tell me," he asked, "how does your chief feel about an alliance between your country, France and England?"

I was transfixed. I could feel my toes growing through my shoes into the carpet. Damn Hitler, I thought, here is the one thing which would give him prestige and keep him within bounds and the man hasn't the social guts to be here to talk about it. "What about Italy?" I asked in an attempt to assess the full range of Churchill's ideas.

"No, no," he said, "we would have to leave them out for the time being. You cannot have everybody joining a club at once."

I managed in my desperation to say how interested Hitler would be to discuss such a subject and expatiated excitedly on my own hopes. I must get hold of Hitler, I thought, and turning to Mrs. Churchill made a flimsy excuse about having forgotten to telephone my home to say how late I would be and would she please excuse me while I rang up. "But of course, ask your wife to join us," she said.

I got on to the Brown House. Hitler had left. I rang his apartment. Frau Winter had not seen him. Then I telephoned my wife to say I did not know what time she would see me. She was tired and preferred not to wait up or come out. I stepped out of the call box into the hall and whom did I see nine or ten steps up the staircase but Hitler, in his dirty white overcoat and green hat, just saying goodby to a Dutchman, who I knew was a friend of Goering's and had, I think, channeled money to the party in his time. I was beside myself.

"Herr Hitler, what are you doing here? Don't you realize the Churchills are sitting in the restaurant? They may well have seen you come in and out? They will certainly learn from the hotel servants that you have been here. They are expecting you for coffee, and will think this is a deliberate insult." No, he was still unshaven, which was true. "Then for heaven's sake go home and shave and come back," I said. "I will play the piano for them or something until you get back."

"I have too much to do, Hanfstaengl. I have to get up early in the morning," and he evaded me and walked out.

I put on the best face I could and went back to the party. Who knows, I thought, perhaps after all he will turn up. I kicked myself for not having been more explicit to Hitler, but the Continental had a narrow little paneled hall, with porters and receptionists every yard. I could not blurt this thing out in front of the Dutchman, and Hitler had been backing away from me the whole time. So I played my football marches, and "Annie Laurie," and the "Londonderry Air" and the party was in high fettle. All except me of course.

Hitler never turned up. He had funked it. The next morning early his car was waiting for me outside my house. We picked him up with his tame thugs and drove off to Nuremberg, where, if you please, he spent the whole morning talking shop with Julius Streicher. On the way there I leaned forward in the car and told him all about my talk. He did not really believe it, or if he did I could feel that Hess and Rosenberg had been at him trying to prevent this outside contact at all cost. "In any case, what part does Churchill play?" Hitler complained. "He is in opposition and no one pays any attention to him."

"People say the same thing about you," I answered, nettled.

But it was no good. He had made up his mind not to expose himself to anyone with the capacity to steal his thunder. I did not even pass on Churchill's comment about his anti-Semitism in case it should provide him with another excuse. The Churchills stayed in Munich for two or three more days, I believe, but Hitler kept away until they had gone.

* * *

In 1934 I visited the United States to attend the twenty-fifth reunion of my Harvard class. One morning the president of Harvard of my time, A. Lawrence Lowell, called at the Cutlers' house, where I was staying, and asked me to explain National Socialism to him.

"You must realize how it started," I said. "We lost a war, had the Communists in control of the streets and had to try and build things up again. In the end the republic had thirty-two parties, all of them too weak to do anything of consequence and finally it was necessary to roll them up into a State party, and that was Hitler. If a car gets stuck in the mud and begins to sink deeper and deeper and the engine stops, and then a man comes along and pours something into the works which starts it up again, you don't ask what it was he put in. You set to and get the damned thing out. It may only have been psychological schnapps, a mixture of mother's ruin and exaltation, but it is enough for the time being." And wise old Lowell looked at me and said: "This whatever-you-called-it may be all right to start with, but what happens when the driver gets drunk on it?" That was it; of course he was right. ★

Dr. Hanfstaengl's memoirs will be published later by McClelland and Stewart as, Hitler: The Missing Years.

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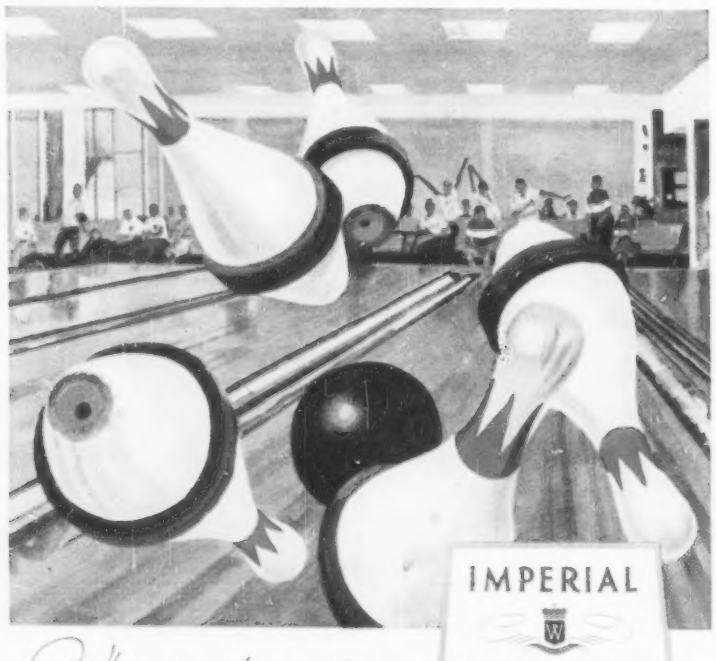

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I like being fat continued from page 26

"I thought I had to look like Gary Cooper or girls wouldn't like me. Happily, I was wrong"

The heavyweights who go in for long-distance swimming demonstrate that avoirdupois is not necessarily a handicap. At the same time, obesity, or extra fat, is pretty generally regarded by modern doctors as an illness. Psychiatrists especially look askance, regarding it as a symptom of neurosis — evidence of "compulsive eating."

A few doctors, though, have lately asserted that overweight — downright obesity — sometimes improves the quality of life. One, Dr. Roger I. Lee, of Boston, describes in his autobiography, The Happy Life of a Doctor, how he changed from a nervous, stammering youth into a vigorous and confident man. Asked how he was cured of stammering, he replied, "I just got fat."

I think good *embonpoint* is not only conducive to physical and mental well-being but is a sign of well-being. Happily married men nearly always put on weight; this is so usual that a roundish husband is more becoming to a woman than the most flattering hat.

During a short juvenile period I thought I had to look like Gary Cooper or the girls wouldn't like me. I was happily mistaken. The fashionable silhouette may affect the rise and fall of matinee idols but seems to have little effect on a man's or woman's preference in a mate. Our contemporary notion of "looking like a Greek god" is much narrower than the Greeks'. Besides Hermes there was Zeus. Apollo frightened the maidens he chased, while Dionysus, whose figure showed the effects of the fermented grape, was followed by crowds of women.

The cult of slimness is recent in the world's history, and local. In my parents' time, Queen Victoria's amply nourished son was the model for the European playboy. Operatic heroes are still accepted in Italy with girths that seem necessary to support the best tenor voices. The serene, well-rounded Buddha is an ideal through most of Asia, and at one time Chinese mandarins tried to put on fat as earnestly as some Canadians today acquire a tan.

The current pressure on individuals to make themselves fit the standard sizes of suits and dresses is comparable to Chinese footbinding, Burmese neck stretching and other attempts to torture the body into an arbitrary shape. It is reinforced here in North America by a persisting puritanism. It's a Sin to be Fat, states one book title accusingly.

I don't know of any other period when a whole society committed itself so totally to one physical type. Where in other times and places a particular shape might be offered as an ideal, our community tends to impose one as a standard. It is strange that when division of labor has been carried to unique lengths in factories, laboratories and offices, with extreme specialization of performance, there should be such a drive to standardize the performers.

A trend to sleek conformity in everything is symptomized by a move toward regimentation of physical shape. People not only desire the clothes and appliances most widely advertised, but feel guilty and inferior if they don't have them. The next step is to need to look like the models wearing the clothes or demonstrating the appliances. Everybody is pressured to try and get approximately the same face and streamlined body. The spirit is usually only too willing, but fortunately the flesh is stubborn. Most of us meet enough resistance from our individual inheritance and different glandular setups to assure a continuing wonderful variety of shapes and sizes.

Whenever I am pestered to transform my natural bison shape into something more on the lines of the gazelle, I look at the family album. My father, five-foot-ten, weighed between 235 and 240 pounds and lived heartily for eighty-seven years. My mother was a comfortable 155 or 160 and lived to be eighty-three. I was six-foot-three and 235 pounds by the time I was sixteen. According to the medical charts I was already much overweight, though I was fairly proficient at football, boxing, wrestling and tennis, and carried little actual fat. To reach my "correct" weight, I'd have had to get rid of muscle or bone.

Those life insurance blues

When I think back it seems that most of the English, Dutch and Scottish farmers where I grew up in eastern Ontario were mountainous and practically indestructible. Anyone trying now to explain their longevity would probably point out that they were free from the tensions of modern urban living. I wonder how much of their tension today would come from worry about their excessive weight.

It takes a stout heart to be unaffected by the warnings relentlessly directed at the men and women whose weights fall outside the range that insurance companies set as desirable. Actuarial statistics (which I have never seen presented with details of how they were arrived at, from what kind of sampling and over what span of years) always show a higher rate of mortality at the higher end of the weight scale. Those statistics are then offered as proof that corpulence is the cause of higher mortality. After alarming all potential victims of heart disease, liver trouble, diabetes, hypertension, fallen arches and shortness of breath, the books and articles that present the statistics tell these doomed people that they can stave off their fate by battling their obesity.

It may be that a massive physical type is shorter-lived than one in which the heart and muscles have less bulk to serve. But studies of stress indicate that sustained anxiety strains the human organism more than simple physical effort. I expect some people are worried to death by actuarial tables. The baleful statistics may work like a voodoo curse, making the plump victim his own executioner. Actuaries and promoters of diets don't show how many of their ephemeral fat men have done themselves in by trying to conform to the dimensions of a physical type that seemed to enjoy a longer life span than their own.

ture thickens the figure of most b and girls as they become men and w n. By their middle years, awarene that they share this aspect of the hu n condition is usually no longer c able. It is a dangerous age. They s watching the scales, and when they m e a gain of, say, five pounds in one m th, they think, "Heavens! At this I'll be three hundred pounds heavier five years." If they'd let themselves me they'd generally find that their ture proportions steadied at an appropriate level, and they would be happ as well as healthier; but they expend their energies in a campaign to circumvent their own natural processes. One popular reducing manual urges: Outwit Your Appetite.

Dr. Hilda Bruch, a professor of psychiatry at Columbia University, warns physicians against blanket diets for their obese patients. For some of the corpulent, fat is a natural armor against neuroses. They become fat not because they are neurotic, but instead of becoming neurotic.

I suspect "compulsive eating" is less common than compulsive dieting, and less sinister. Psychologists viewing fat people's eating as a compulsion overlook the obvious appeal of good food.

"Overeating" is a matter of definition. The fact that body weight is a product of food and drink is pretty plain, although some dieticians present it as a profound discovery. When somebody like me has grown beyond the limits the dieticians recommend, it follows, they argue, that his intake is too great. I don't think mine is.

Let us consider food. I am not eating or craving food all the time, but when I do eat I make the experience as delightful as possible. A sense of proportion improves eating as it does cooking, so I discipline my appetite—but not to excess. To ignore strawberries in their season, for instance, would be a crime against nature, and to do the berries justice means to combine them with cream and maybe a dash of cointreau. This is quite often my dessert in July, but I reluctantly turn down seconds.

During my average working week I am too busy to eat at home, except for fruit juice or skim milk and a vitamin capsule in the morning. At lunchtime I may have time for only a quick sandwich. I depend for my daily well-being considerably on evening meals downtown.

Contrary to popular belief, there are excellent eating places in Toronto, the town where I live. Many Torontonians fail to make the most of them because they don't realize how much the meal's success depends on sound ordering. Too often their minds are made up in advance and they miss the most reliable way of assuring satisfaction in a good restaurant—to order the specialty of the house, and of the day.

I owe some of my amplitude to specialties like chicken à la Winston at the Winston, and sirloin steak cooked in hot oil with garlic and butter sauce at La Chaumière. I dine regally, with a maximum of calories, at Angelo's Tavern, where my host and old conspirator of the racetrack, John Belli, is evidence of the calories available. His Italian sausage, hot or cold in tomato sauce, averages three hundred calories to a bite, every bite fully worth the consequences.

Sunday dinner, my meal at home, is the major production of the week, and I cook it. This is one day when my wife, who ordinarily follows her own austere diets, runs into a riot of calories. Better than any words as an argument against austerity is my chicken Genzmer (I was christened Genzmer Earl Whitteker). It is my original creation, and this is how it is made:

Boil a very large fowl until the meat falls off the bones. Remove meat and bones from the broth. Make dumplings, adding to the dough a pound of shredded boiled chicken liver, salt and pepper and a pinch of basil. Cook in chicken broth until the broth is thick. Cut the boiled chicken meat into small strips, put into a heavy frying pan with gently browned butter and keep turning until it is as crisp as crisp bacon. Serve with the broth and dumplings.

A good salad to accompany this consists of cabbage, green pepper, celery

Who is it?

After years on the campus he has a new portfolio. Turn to page 74 to find out who this boy grew up to be.

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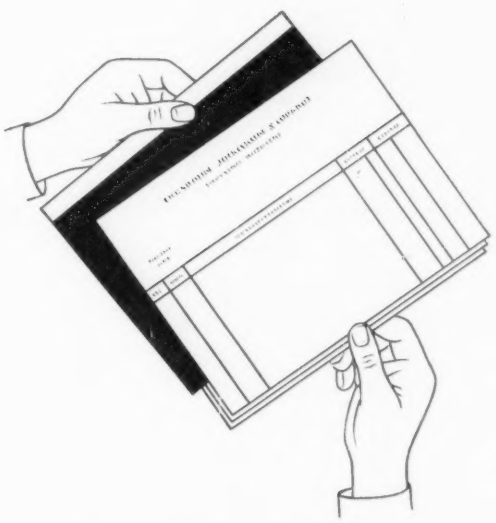

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and cucumber, marinated for five hours in brown sugar, vinegar, mustard and pepper.

On dishes like that it is a pleasure to put on weight. And I find that, being fat, the best thing is to enjoy it. Obesity has many advantages, some of them disguised as afflictions.

A fat man in company is in a favored position to separate the dull conversational sheep from the lively goats. His large presence is a touchstone. When someone I have just met continues from the topic of the weather to observations on my own bulk, I know I can write the person off as a conversationalist without resources of wit or information. I find out in time to avoid being trapped in a corner or on a chesterfield.

At a party I have less mobility than an average guest but I enjoy more comfort. One of my favorite hostesses has eight delicate period chairs. She is never at ease until I am seated on a colonial wing chair, the one safe—and comfortable—object in the room. The thoughtful hostess who loves her furniture will bring me the most succulent titbits from the buffet, heading off any tendency I may develop to get up and forage.

I am always rediscovering the truth of the statement, "To him that hath shall be given . . ." The born host, seeing a guest who visibly is able to appreciate the amenities of the place, will provide him with the choicest in food and comfort, often ignoring some wolflike individual nearby whose need anybody can see is greater. The fat man traditionally personifies contentment, and most people want him to be cheerful and comfortable, as a sign that all's right with the world.

A great number of people seem to share the desire of Julius Caesar: "Let me have men about me that are fat." Yet strangely, hardly anyone can resist badgering fat persons to get thin.

The stout party needs an exceptionally strong character to resist the pressures on him to diet. Maybe everybody has to give way once to know how well-off he is. I am ashamed to admit I too have tried to reduce; now I find it hard to account for taking such a preposterous step.

A big man's life is restricted in a few

We asked . . .

"Is Canadian society dominated by women?"

They answered . . .

Claire Wallace, journalist and businesswoman—"No. It is still dominated by men, but women are playing a large part, and the time may come when they will dominate Canadian society. The ideal situation is a combined effort because men lead in political awareness, both men and women have business ability, but women are generally more courageous, creative, imaginative and religious."

Jean-François Pouliot, senator—"To a certain extent, yes. We need their co-operation and advice in many important matters. If you mean society mundane, they dominate, and it is as it should be."

Dr. William Blatz, director, Institute of Child Study—"No! Although one could, on the surface, make out a case for the affirmative—e.g. women do most of the buying, raising of children, as widows control most of the estates, indirectly use their wiles in a persuasive manner on men, etc.—it would be specious pleading. In the past, at present and in the foreseeable future, men will still make *the* decisions . . . whether wisely or not is another question."

Have you a light controversial question on which you'd like to hear expert opinion? Send your question along with the names of at least three prominent people who might be considered authorities to What's Your Opinion, Maclean's, 481 University Ave., Toronto. We'll pay $5 for each question accepted.

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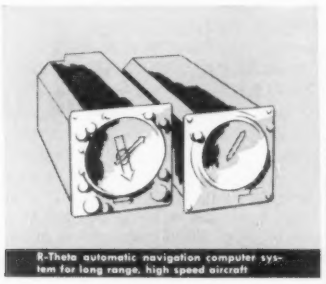

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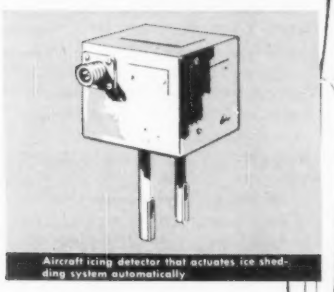

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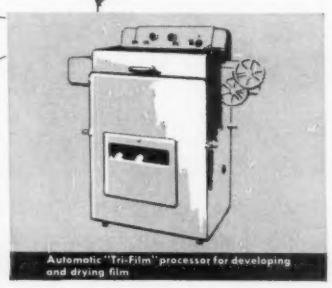

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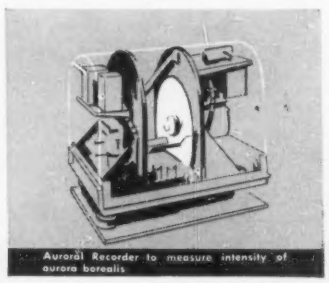

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practical ways that made me wish, in off moments, that I was lighter. Ordinary Canadian amusements such as skating, skiing and canoeing are outside my range —or almost. My last canoe ride was a painful episode in Algonquin Park. I had to cross Round Lake to do some fishing and the only transport was a ten-foot canoe. The park ranger said at first we couldn't do it; but we tried. "If a moose so much as breathes, we're done for," he remarked as we shoved off. I don't think I breathed myself until we reached the other side.

Once at a London theatre I found myself stepping on an object I quickly identified as a lady's foot. I turned and discovered I was apologizing to the Duchess of Kent. She was gracious, but I believe she was biting her lower lip. There are times when everyone would like to fade into the landscape. These are likely to be more frequent when there is a larger physical mass to control, and fading less possible.

Probably the greatest strain on a fat man is the steady drip of insipid wit where he happens to be. In a single hour I may meet a dozen sallies of which these are a fair sample: "Aren't you afraid you're losing weight?" "Aren't you afraid you'll put on weight?" "Where did you get that suit—at the tent and awning company?"

Just possibly these scintillate for somebody hearing them a first time. I can't remember a first time. I don't like to discourage anyone doing his best: not everybody can be a Leacock or Joe Miller or La Rochefoucauld. But the awkward thing about these personal remarks is that the joker always waits eagerly to see what effect the dig will have on me.

There are three responses for me to choose from: to pretend I am unaware humor has been attempted, to strain for a polite little laugh or to disclose the ennui such remarks naturally produce. Each response confirms a popular image: the lethargic fat man; the jolly fat man; the fat man crying on the inside. I believe I am a rather complex individual; but I sometimes have the sensation of being enclosed by a walking stereotype. It gets monotonous.

These scattered moments of chagrin, the tedium of endlessly repeated witticisms, the irritation of carrying an inane fat-man stereotype around with me, and occasionally the alarm of finding a modern steel-frame chair sag to the floor under me may have contributed to my imprudent resolution, one New Year's Day, to reduce. What actually set me off was the discovery that I was reaching forty.

Reaching the gateway of middle age is one of those inevitable events a man thinks can't happen to him until it does. Some drastic readjustment seems called for. Even sand hogs and riveters will take to resting at street corners, closing windows and wrapping themselves in shawls. On January 1, three years ago, I told myself, "You are now in your fortieth year. Life must be prolonged as far as possible, even though all the remaining years are miserable." So I went on a diet.

I had heard enough of fad diets not to try one myself, but to see a doctor. On his orders I gave up every dish I enjoyed. Instead of my favorite roasts crackling on the outside, I was prescribed a lean steak or chop, broiled—a method of preparation that reduces good food to anonymous protein. I was not allowed to brighten the repast with wine, and after the main course—such as it was—when I was slavering for Camembert, I could gnaw a morsel of cheddar.

The diet was a success: I took off about fifty pounds in seven months, with no apparent harm to my blood pressure, heartbeat and general health. The only obvious damage was to my disposition. I was poor company and I didn't have much fun. On my doctor's program I was not just submitting to a change of menu, but adopting a different outlook on everything.

At opposite poles of human nature are people who give thanks at the table and those who do arithmetic. I counted calories mentally, though really efficient dieters keep score with pencil and paper. To the person committed to the principle of reducing, every spoonful over the calory budget has a taste of mortality. And his misery is not confined to time spent in actual eating, since it affects both anticipation and digestion. The dieter begins to eke out his emotions as well. The three main meals are the hinges the day swings on.

I have no use for the admonition, "Eat to live; don't live to eat." The physical and mental processes that keep us alive are those by which we experience being alive. Whoever prevents himself from enjoying any of them spoils his zest for them all. Eating, like breathing and thinking, *is* living, and anyone who is healthy enjoys it.

When eating is a wearisome necessity, work becomes a burden too. My radio work is mostly impromptu and low-keyed, about the easiest kind if you're relaxed, about the hardest if you're anxious or nervous. A broadcaster who comes on every day without a script has to find himself fairly good company. After half a year of self-preservation I felt myself getting stale.

On June 29, my fortieth birthday, I

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to my senses. Winning bets on a of moderately long shots at Woodbine track that afternoon may have d a devil-may-care attitude. I had ball to celebrate, and that night I creamed-onion soup, chopped en livers, herrings in sour cream, tside cut of roast beef, boiled potand gravy, broccoli with Hollandaise a salad with Roquefort-cheese ing, Camembert, fruit—accompanied ppropriate wines and liqueur.

uring my slender period I had several made. My wife still keeps them fully. Recovering my former girth about a year, but my outlook was ered the instant the diet went smash.

The most pitiful object I know is a portly man who has dieted and, mournful and pouchy, obviously suffering, with lines of strain around his eyes, tells you how easy it was. His pomposity overlies a look of animal-like desperation that betrays someone who has been frightened or bullied and has gone over to the side of his persecutors. I am not urging thin people to stuff themselves; but I intend to stay the way I am.

The only sound advice anyone can give someone else is that of Rabelais: "Do what you will." The important thing is not to acquire a particular weight or appearance but to live with gusto. Food and drink are the symbols of all things to be enjoyed. I leave the consequences to my metabolism. The best I can wish anyone — including myself — more than the accidental benefits of money, luck, long life, beauty, or even the indefinable essence of happiness, is: *"Bon appétit!"* ★

Mailbag

Continued from page 4

Are only the Christians good for our society?

As a "victim" of patronizing Christians, may I say three cheers for Dr. Robert W. Brockway (We're Being Bullied by the Christians, Sept. 14) . . . Census takers, employers, schools, when they ask your religion, look at you as if you have been written up in Confidential when you tell them you belong to *no* religion . . . Why can't you just be someone who loves life, God and his fellow man, tries to live decently and just doesn't find satisfaction in the organized church? . . . — MRS. R. WILLS, WINNIPEG.

. . . If he truly believes that Canada is not a Christian country I should like to know what he thinks he is doing. He says he's a minister of Hamilton's First Unitarian Church. According to my dictionary (Oxford Concise) a *church* is a place for public *Christian* worship. He must be in the wrong place.—MARGARET FLEMING, TORONTO.

. . . He doesn't go far enough . . . not only are school children exposed to Christianity, but Christianity at its lowest level with art work, hymns and stories . . . which convey a view of life either vengeful, morbid or sickeningly sentimental . . . — MRS. P. C. FITZJAMES, LONDON, ONT.

. . . Dr. Brockway says it had been stated at a Hamilton meeting that "nearly eighty percent of the people in that city are non-churchgoers." Dr. Brockway misunderstood statistics: eighty percent or ninety percent of the people seeking aid from social agencies in Wentworth County apparently had no church affiliation.—G. S. CHANDLER, EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR, HAMILTON UNITED SERVICES.

Why churches don't unite

. . . As a one-time Protestant drifting into unbelief, I wish to state, after reading Should the Protestants Unite? (Sept. 14), that Protestant divines seem to be more muddled than I am myself. It seems to me there is only one thing that can, and to a limited degree does, unite Protestant clerics — opposition to the Roman Catholic church. That is not positive enough for me. — ROD FERGUSON, MONTREAL.

. . . Are they not giving pre-eminence to their dogmas and rituals rather than to God? Dr. McDormand stated that "We don't know enough about the other world." There is no human being on Earth who knows *anything* about "the other world."—J. HILLAS, VANCOUVER.

. . . Why is the church divided into so many different sects? Isn't it because the church does not adhere to the teachings of the scriptures?—MRS. ROSA SWANSON, CLIVE, ALTA.

. . . A member of your panel says: "The greatest political crime in history was the Crucifixion of Jesus." This simply isn't true. There are hundreds of political crimes of much greater magnitude . . . If the Crucifixion was foreordained by an omnipotent, omniscient God, how can the actors be accused of a crime? If a crime occurred, it should be held against the playwright and not the players.—W. MCEWEN, EDMONTON.

Churchill's admirers explode

In your Preview review of Trumbull Higgins' book on Churchill (Aug. 31) you say "Admirers of Churchill will

probably explode." You are jolly well right. Anyone with an ounce of gratitude or patriotic feeling would "explode" over such rubbish.—R. BILL CHISOLM, VICTORIA.

No Memorable Meal in Bath

I was interested in My Most Memorable Meal (Sept. 14) by Celia Franca of the National Ballet, as Bath is my hometown and we were unfortunate enough to receive a direct hit on our home during the raid she is speaking of. My father and I received minor injuries, but during the whole week end I didn't get one meal, not even coffee and doughnuts! —JEAN E. NIESTER, NIAGARA FALLS, ONT.

Sure, women run the country!

Re Mrs. Dorothy Hewitt White's comment in Mailbag that our government is all male, I would like to inform her that Hon. *Mrs.* Ellen Fairclough is our Secretary of State and Margaret Aitken is a Conservative MP. — FRASER BAIN, AMHERST, N.S. ★

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How to live with a neurotic

Continued from page 30

"The most important requirement . . . is a concept the emotionally disturbed person *can* be helped"

and whose husband, while not doing anything outlandish or negative, had given her no money during this time. He paid the rent and food bill, sat at home with her reading the paper when he was not at a meeting of one of the many organizations to which he belonged, and had intercourse with her about once a month. Otherwise, he did nothing to earn the name of husband. Yet, when I spoke to this husband he could see nothing unusual about his marriage, could not understand why his wife was so unhappy, and sincerely believed that theirs was a comfortable, fine relationship.

The other client was a fifty-year-old man who had been married for twenty-nine years and whose wife, during all this time, had confined herself to their home. She maintained friendly relations only with her mother; had sex relations with her husband about four times a year; and insisted that she was an excellent wife because she never missed cooking a meal or taking her husband's dirty clothes to the laundry. She, like the husband of my first client, was obviously a seriously disturbed woman who was so fearful of doing anything outside a very simple, rigid routine that she had no idea about what a good marriage should be.

In both cases the problem was what the more normal spouse should do. I explained to both of them, as soon as I realized how disturbed their mates were, that they had essentially three choices: 1, seek a divorce or separation; 2, see that their spouses received psychological treatment; 3, continue to live with their untreated mates and learn to adjust to these mates' disturbances.

Usually, in cases like this, the first of these three alternatives is undesirable or impractical, since separation or divorce, especially when children are involved, usually means hardship and heartache. The second alternative is desirable but often impossible to achieve, because the disturbed mate will in many or most instances absolutely refuse to go for treatment. Consequently, the third alternative, that of living with a neurotic and avoiding being driven to the brink of despair oneself, is the one solution that is both desirable and practical.

When the person who comes for professional help wants to try this third solution, I have developed a technique of teaching him or her exactly what has to be done in order to live successfully with a neurotic.

In the case of the thirty-year-old woman, for example, I was able to show her that her husband was an exceptionally frightened, insecure person who had been seriously hurt in his relationships with his mother and two previous girl friends and who, consequently, was loathe to become emotionally involved with anyone else for fear of being rejected and hurt again. When his wife understood this, and persisted in giving him all possible warmth and security in spite of his coolness, he gradually warmed up, committed himself to the risks of emotional involvement, and became a more devoted husband.

The case of the fifty-year-old man was not so easy to resolve. His wife proved to be a borderline psychotic who barely maintained her hold on reality by existing on an exceptionally restricted plane. She didn't want to be helped psychotherapeutically; and even consistent kindness and devotion by her husband were not sufficient to unthaw her. He had to be adjusted, finally, to accepting her as she was and understanding that she was terribly sick. His choice was only twofold: separating from his wife or accepting her with her severe mental illness. He did not wish, partly for religious reasons, to take the first choice. To save his own sanity, he took the second alternative and became realistically inured to the fact that he was living with a very disturbed person.

These two cases are typical, not of the problems that beset individuals living with neurotics or psychotics, but of the choices confronting these individuals. For assuming that you must, whatever the reasons may be, live with a disturbed spouse, relative, friend, or business associate, you have innumerable bad and two or three good choices of conduct. Either you can act in such a manner that your disturbed spouse or associate becomes less disturbed and easier to live with; or, if you are not able to help this troubled person, you can become philosophically inured to living with him or her in spite of the continuing disturbance; or, in some instances, you may use a combination of these two sensible approaches.

The most important requirement for living successfully with and helping emotionally disturbed individuals is a concept that they *can* be helped. And they can. Emotionally disturbed people are hopeless just as long as they think they are hopeless, and as long as they make no effort to change.

Applied to the neurotic with whom you may have steady contact, this means that if you believe that he (or she) is not hopelessly disturbed, you will probably be halfway along the path of helping and living successfully with him. It is this concept which, as a practicing psychotherapist, I have spent the last

Answer to

Who is it? on page 69

Dr. Sidney Smith, who resigned the presidency of the University of Toronto in September to become Minister of External Affairs.

[illegible]al years giving to scores of my [illegible]nts who are intimately associated [illegible] troubled people.

[illegible]nsider one man who consulted me [illegible]use, while he was finishing up his [illegible]k in graduate school, his exception[illegible] neurotic wife seemed to be jealous [illegible] his school activities. As soon as he [illegible]tled down with his books, she would [illegible] talking to him about irrelevant un[illegible]portant things. When he complained [illegible] said that he acted as if the work were [illegible]re important than she, that he never [illegible]nt any time with her, and that he [illegible] didn't love her any more. This gen[illegible]rally led to a big argument between [illegible]em; and by the time they calmed down [illegible] would be near midnight and his school [illegible]rk would be undone.

At my urging, this husband tried an entirely different approach. First of all, before he tackled any school work he spent a period of time being exceptionally nice to his wife, telling her that he loved her, and occasionally making sex advances to her. Second, he discussed his school activities with his wife; made an effort to get her interested in them, and to be as concerned as himself about them. He would tell her, especially, about his difficulties with this professor or that instructor, and ask her how she thought he should handle these situations. She soon began to respond very well to this approach.

We're taught to be neurotic

Finally, he induced his wife to help him with his lessons. In this way, she became vitally interested in the work and began to feel that she was practically going through school with him. After a few weeks she was entirely co-operative and they were getting along much better. In addition, her own neuroticism became somewhat reduced. She no longer felt as inadequate as she previously had; began to conceive of herself as making a real contribution to her husband's education and started to see herself as being in the same educational class.

This kind of plan can be worked with many neurotic individuals. To try to argue or bully them out of their disturbed behavior is useless and will frequently only make things worse. But if you attempt to discover *why* they act the way they do, and what can be done about getting them to act better, you have an excellent chance of helping them—and, of course, helping yourself at the same time.

No one, as far as we know, is born neurotic, although there may be some inherited factors that make it easier for one person to grow up to be disturbed while another person, living under even more harrowing circumstances, resists becoming equally troubled. In the main, however, we learn to become neurotic as a result of our upbringing. Neurosis, like syphilis and the measles, is a social ailment: we are raised by other human beings and they literally teach us to become neurotic.

Parents tend to control children's behavior today, not by beating or punishing them, but by explaining to them that certain of their acts are "wrong" or "bad" and that no one, especially their parents, will love them or approve of them if they continue to engage in these acts. In raising children in this manner, we wittingly or unwittingly teach them—or propagandize them—to accept several important propositions: (a) that they *should* be "good"; (b) that it is terrible if they are not "good"; (c) that they *should* try to win the love and approval of virtually everyone; and (d) that it is horrible if they do not win the love and approval of even a single human being.

Once youngsters are well indoctrinated with these premises, and are then permitted to grow up without modifying them, they are virtually doomed to neurosis or psychosis. For they will then almost certainly spend the rest of their days trying to do the impossible: always be "good" and always win the love and approval of everyone. And since they inevitably will not succeed at these impossible tasks, they will assuredly acquire deep-seated feelings of inadequacy and self-hatred, on the one hand, and of frustration and hostility on the other.

Many—perhaps most—people of our time refuse to face the neurotic issue squarely. They erroneously believe they can overcome the severe feelings of inadequacy with which they were raised by winning the approval of others. This is foolhardy. In the first place, feelings of inadequacy are directly related to the dire need for others' approval; so that the more you think you need to be loved or liked by others, the greater feelings of worthlessness you will tend to have. At bottom, you lack confidence in yourself precisely because you *think* it is most important that others approve of you, and you are afraid that they will not.

Second, attempting to bolster your self-esteem by winning the love of others is, at best, a hazardous means toward a questionable end. If nine people accept you fully, and you begin to feel confident because of their acceptance, you can never be sure how the tenth person will react. If you win the love of a father, wife, child or friend, you can

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never be sure how long you will retain it. Self-esteem, therefore, that depends largely on what others think of you, rather than upon your acceptance of yourself, is an esteem built on shifting sands.

It is possible for a neurotic to get over his disturbances, and for you to help him to do so, for the simple reason that it invariably stems from these irrational unrealistic ideas — which are learned rather than inherited, and which (albeit with some difficulty) can be unlearned or changed. Neurotic symptoms, moreover, such as exaggerated and sustained feelings of anxiety, anger, tension, guilt and depression, are nothing but reactions to or effects of illogical thinking, and you can help a neurotic to overcome these symptoms by encouraging him to eliminate his errors and change his thinking.

The very first step toward helping an individual become less neurotic is for you clearly to recognize and fully accept the fact that he *is* neurotic. Most people who have close associations with disturbed individuals simply refuse to accept the fact that they are disturbed and continue to treat them as if they were well-adjusted. Disaster inevitably ensues. For neurotics are not well-adjusted. And if you treat them as if they are, as if they are able to live up to all kinds of behavior which a non-neurotic would be expected to live up to, they will quickly disappoint you, you will show your disappointment, and they will feel that they have failed—and hence tend to become more neurotic.

Once you have faced the fact that your parent, child, sibling, mate, friend or business associate is seriously neurotic, you must next understand what neurotics are, how they get the way they are, and how they can be helped to change. This requires study. You should be prepared to do a considerable amount of specialized reading and attend any lectures on the subject that are available.

The next step is to give them warmth and support. Alas, they often do not seem to deserve it. Instead, they frequently go out of their way to bring on rejection and disapproval. What is more, when they are accepted they often view with suspicion almost any kindness shown them and test out their friends by ungrateful negative responses. Consequently, they need consistent unvarying love, and they need it for a considerable length of time before they begin to accept the fact that it is really being given.

This does not mean that one should shamelessly flatter disturbed people in an effort to build up their ego strength. On the contrary, they will quickly see behind this flattery in many instances and it will boomerang. Bring their good points to their attention; show them how they are truly effective at this or that, however inept they may be at something else.

Above all, encourage disturbed people to do the things they are afraid of and that they wrongly believe they cannot do successfully. Take an optimistic attitude toward their efforts, whatever the chances of failure may be. If they happen to fail at the first tries, show them that these are only preliminaries; that the next attempts may well succeed. Try to induce them to do things at which you are fairly certain they can succeed, then show them their successes prove that they can do still other things they fear to do.

Convince your neurotic relative or friend that all of us fail frequently and that to fail is only human. Show him that the only way human beings learn is by trial and error; that failure, therefore, is necessary, is a good thing—as long as we learn by it and thereby help ourselves to succeed in the future.

If necessary, help your neurotic associate to lower his level of aspiration, so that he doesn't attempt things beyond his capabilities. Encourage him to be daring—but realistic. Discourage his perfectionism or highly unrealistic expectations. Somehow induce him to see that though his success may be vitally important to him, it is in some ways

How to recognize a neurotic

All neurotics are eccentric, but not all eccentrics are neurotic. Here is a partial list of the most important symptoms that distinguish a neurotic from a so-called normal person:

Indecision, doubt and conflict: neurotics are afraid to make a decision or take responsibility for their acts.

Fear and anxiety: neurotics fear disapproval, and turn their fears into phobias like dread of walking in the streets—or being cooped up.

Guilt and self-blame: neurotics feel guilty about their desires, particularly sex drives, and berate themselves for acting on them.

Hostility and resentment: frustrated by their own behavior, neurotics retaliate with aggressive actions toward other people.

Ingratiation: to win favor, neurotics curry favor with others at the expense of their own self-respect. This symptom and the hostility symptom are sometimes directed at the same person.

Inefficiency and stupidity: even the most intelligent neurotics often work unsystematically with involved methods that bog them down.

Defensiveness: because they lie to themselves, neurotics have to set up a system of defences against facing unpleasant realities.

"Crackpotism" and bizarreness: depressed by reality, neurotics often create a world of their own and acquire crackpot ideas on how to live.

not *that* important to you. You know he can achieve it and will do everything possible to help him. But in case he doesn't succeed, you do not care; you love him and respect him just as much.

Suppose, for example, you are married to a neurotic who is afraid to meet people and who therefore wants to sit home every night, never having visitors in. The thing *not* to say is: "Now look here, Joe (or Mary). You know there's nothing to be afraid of in meeting other people, and that you're just a stupid neurotic in refusing to make friends. If you really loved me, you'd get over your silly notions and take me out regularly, or at least be delighted when I ask people in."

This kind of talk will invariably convince your mate that he is even more inadequate than he previously thought himself to be, that you just don't understand him, and you are thinking only of yourself. It will, in other words, tend to make him more disturbed.

Instead, you should realize that his not wanting to see people results from neurotic anxiety, from lack of self-confidence, and you should do everything possible to give him greater confidence in himself, to make him feel that he *can* get along with people. You should, perhaps gradually, try to introduce him to a few exceptionally nice people, preferably those whom you have warned about his problems and who will act warmly to him. Then you should show him that, just as he can get along with these people, so can he get along with others.

Don't be bullied

Suppose, however, your mate is still stubbornly neurotic about meeting people and insists that you stay in with him. Then you should say something like this: "I really understand, Joe, that you have great difficulty in meeting people right now, and I'm sure you'll get over it one of these days. But in the meantime, I'm just going crazy, being steadily cooped up like this. Maybe because of my own peculiarities, I have a real need for people now and then. I don't mind your not wanting them, but I can't permit myself to be ruled by your feelings exclusively. Now suppose I stay home with you most of the time, but every once in a while go out by myself. Then, when you get over your fears of people, which I am sure that you soon will, we can have a fine time going out together."

Working along these lines, one can easily stand up for one's own rights in marriage or other relationships and yet comprehend the neuroses of others and not step too heavily on their toes. To let them, however, take complete advantage of you merely because they are neurotic is often to give them an incentive to prolong or intensify their disturbance; it gives them an excuse to remain a baby and get things their own way. Moreover, they tend to lose respect for you, and then lose more respect for themselves for being associated with such a weak, namby-pamby person as you.

Neurotics, moreover, don't always want to get their own way. They frequently know they are not doing the correct thing and feel even worse when someone lets them get away with it. One of my clients, for example, enjoyed having a husband who let her walk all over him, no matter how unreasonable her demands were. But when he finally let her spend all their vacation money for a trip by herself, while he stayed home in the sweltering city, she loathed him for being so weak and, what's more, hated herself for taking advantage of him.

Above all, don't permit neurotics to blackmail you emotionally. Frequently, as in the case of mothers who suddenly acquire heart conditions or severe indigestion just when their favorite sons are about to marry, they use sickness for this purpose. If you let them plead illness or acute unhappiness to get you to do things their way, they often become chronic sufferers and exploit you mercilessly. Don't submit to this kind of blackmail or let neurotics, who can be the world's worst tyrannic martyrs, use their emotional and physical disturbances to badger you. Be kind; but stand firm.

One central rule in dealing with neurotics is: *do not criticize!* Neurotics get the way they are largely by being overly criticized by their parents or early associates. Because they thus become over-sensitized, they can take virtually no further criticism. If you give such criticism, you will only be increasing rather than decreasing their feelings of worthlessness.

But restraint in criticizing a neurotic is not enough by itself. You must add an active element: love. If you really convince a neurotic—or, for that matter, so-called normal—individual that you love him, see things from his frame of reference, if you are truly on his side, he will often do virtually anything for you—including, at times, surrender some of his neurotic behavior.

Let us be specific. Consider the problem of your spouse with whom, let us say, you want to have steady sex relations but who, because of his (or her) neurotic fear of "too frequent" sex ac-

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tivity desires them only once or twice a month. If you use ridicule with this spouse, he balks all the more. If you plead with him, he says he would like to have sex relations more often, but just can't feel comfortable when he does so. Impasse. The more you ridicule or plead, the more uncomfortable he feels, the more hostile against you he gets, the more his neurosis intensifies.

Try a different line. Be most understanding of his predicament and show him that you realize that he is fearful and is not merely trying to annoy you by his sex behavior. Try, if possible, to discover the basic cause for his fear of sex and to show him that even though he once may have had good reasons for it, these no longer apply. Stop making fun of his sex fears or superstitions; try rather to get behind them and undermine them with different, more logical attitudes.

Above all, love him. If you will consistently, wholeheartedly love a neurotic person even when he is inconveniencing you, he will begin to feel that at least one human being has true respect for and confidence in him, and will begin to lose the feelings of inadequacy and hostility which underlie his neurosis. Second, he will come to feel that he has a partner, a true helper, and that therefore he has a better chance to overcome his fears and disturbances. Third, he will normally tend to love you in return; and, out of his love for you, will often begin quite spontaneously to do things for you that he would not think of doing for anyone else in the world — including, quite possibly, trying to overcome his neurotic fears that inconvenience you.

The next important point to note in trying to help a neurotic is that of doing something to relieve his guilt. At bottom, virtually every neurotic is abnormally guilty—fearful that he is doing the wrong things and that others will therefore not like him. To relieve his guilt, you may employ two main procedures: be lenient, noncritical and permissive when he does guilt-provoking acts; and encourage him to conform to his own standards and generally do the things that will prevent him from becoming guilty.

Thus, if your son has unnecessarily harmed your neighbor's child, you can legitimately show him that he has acted improperly, and that the remedy for his guilt is not for him to punish himself (or for you to punish him) but for him to resolve to be more than pleasant to this neighbor's child in the future. Or if your neurotic wife is inordinately guilty because she has not been taking care of the house properly, you can show her that such guilt is easily quieted by being a model housekeeper in the present and future.

He's afraid of being wrong

Perhaps the biggest hurdle any neurotic has to overcome is that created by his irrational fears: his fears of being disapproved and rejected for doing the "wrong" things; and his fears of bodily harm or of death. Sometimes, you can reason with a neurotic, showing him how silly his fears are, and bring him to a rational viewpoint. In so doing, however, it is ineffective merely to tackle the fears themselves; rather, you must ferret out and attack the irrational ideologies that lie behind him.

To help a neurotic face the things he dreads, you may employ one of a number of effective techniques. You can serve as an excellent model yourself by doing the thing he fears and proving to him that it is really not so fearful. Or you can go along with the neurotic and keep him company in doing something fearsome—for example, induce him to take a plane ride with you, to show him that it is not as bad as he thinks it is. Or, occasionally, you can trick a neurotic into doing some presumable awesome thing—such as getting him to take his first plane ride—by pretending that there is a railway tieup and that planes are the only practical means of transportation for the moment.

More frequently, you can often entice an individual into doing a feared thing by offering him some special incentive —for example, paying for his vacation trip if he will take a plane instead of a train or bus.

By fair means or foul, then, if you can somehow induce your neurotic associates to do and to keep doing almost anything of which they may be afraid, they will usually tend to lose their fears, and eventually even enjoy the previously abhorred thing.

One of the most efficacious ways of helping troubled people is to get them to be actively interested in people and things outside themselves. For neurotics, because of their extreme concern over being approved by others, usually are exceptionally self-centred and not really interested in others in their own right. People quickly note this and in turn are not interested in the neurotics. This leads the latter to hate themselves more, especially when they finally come to realize that they do not really care for anyone and become additionally guilty about their inability to love.

Can, then, virtually anyone help almost anyone else to overcome emotional quirks and upsets? No, not exactly. For the would-be helper, aside from having good intentions and real patience, must himself be not too disturbed to begin with; and the same may be said of the would-be helped one. Individuals who are deeply disturbed should normally be seen by psychologists and psychiatrists, and those who would help them should obtain psychological consultation. Otherwise, serious harm may result.

This means, specifically, that you should not try to cure your friends or relatives who are exceptionally depressed, who think very little of themselves, who are unusually agitated, or who are behaving in a clearly bizarre manner. Such individuals may be overtly or underlyingly psychotic and be in immediate need of professional care (or even institutional care). By all means leave these deeply disturbed associates to those who are psychiatrically trained.

As long as you live in our society, you will inevitably meet seriously troubled people. As you do, remember this: that neurotics are neurotic; that they are not to blame for being troubled; that they became neurotic because they adopted irrational beliefs that lead to deep-seated feelings of inadequacy and hostility; and that they will become more disturbed if you look down upon them and make no allowances for their difficulties.

If you love a neurotic in a mature quiet manner, if you love him nondependently and with some degree of guardedness, you will be in a better position to help the one you love, and to maintain a healthier relationship for him and for you. ★

This is an excerpt from Dr. Ellis' book, How to Live with a Neurotic at Work or at Home, to be published later by Ambassador Books.

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For the sake of argument

Continued from page 10

one connected with the growth and vogue of puritanism. Among Christians of a puritanical cast of mind adultery tends to be thought of as though it were the worst of all the sins. Indeed in many areas of our culture words like immorality and sin have primarily, or even exclusively, a sexual connotation. I remember being told about the sins of a brother clergyman which had led at last to his deposition from the ministry. It was one of those sad stories of a man with many gifts who had ruined his life because of an addiction to alcohol. Pursued on a large scale this is one of the most expensive of all the vices, and so he had finally sunk to the illicit conversion of parochial monies to his own alcoholic uses.

"But you know," my informant told me, "he wasn't all bad. He was always a very moral man. You could leave your daughter alone with him at any time."

It was obvious that for my informant the word immoral meant one thing and one thing alone. To him this deadly sin was so deadly that whenever he thought of it he forgot about all the other deadly sins.

Thus adultery became almost the unforgivable sin and it seemed wrong to expect of married people that they should be prepared to forgive or overlook it in their partners. At all events at the beginning most divorcing systems permitted divorce for adultery alone, as indeed some of them still do. It may be noted that from the point of view of Christianity this state of mind is one which can find no biblical support. In the New Testament adultery is indeed a terrible sin, but it is very far indeed from being regarded as the most terrible of all the sins. Indeed Jesus could say to the proud and complacent Pharisees that even the harlots would go into the kingdom of heaven before them.

But nowadays we can faintly discern the beginning of a change in the public mind. Of course, secularistic and irreligious outlooks and philosophies still prevail very widely in our civilization, but they are no longer so strong as they once were. We are now more willing to recognize that our secular life contains a great many sacred elements, and that it cannot be properly organized unless we recognize the degree to which our

Punctuate it!

a word game

BY CATHERINE JONES

what is will soon be was what was is still what was what will be will be is when is is was because what is soon to be is now when now is then and then what is then is then and will be what is soon is now then then

ANSWER ON PAGE 81

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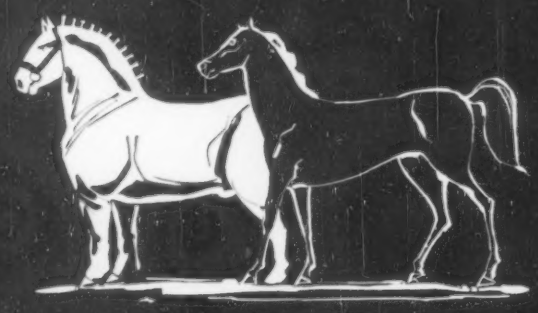

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social life must be shaped by a sense of binding moral obligation from which, under God, we are allowed no way of escape.

Again, the individualistic philosophy is no longer so strong as it once was. From the point of view of modern sociology the self-sufficient individual does not exist. We know that each one of us is in some sense an individual, but we also know that except through the collaboration of two other people no one of us would ever have got into the world at all! There is something about the reality of the family which defies the individualistic analysis. The relationship between parents and their children is certainly not a contract. It is not something we freely agree to, rather it is something which in its very nature is imposed upon us by a simple biological fact. In these days married people may choose to be parents, but once parenthood is a fact there is no way of voiding or escaping it.

Then, too, with the recovery of a more profoundly biblical and a more truly orthodox outlook in Christianity we are no longer so certain that adultery and sexual irregularity is the worst of all things that can possibly happen. Nowadays indeed the Christian marriage counselor finds that in helping people through their matrimonial differences one of the most important things is to make the wronged partner realize that the sin of the other party not only *can* be forgiven, but *must* be forgiven if the teachings of Christ are to be obeyed.

Divorce: cure and cause

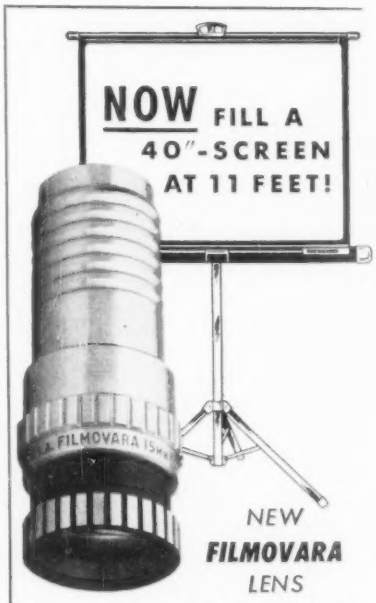
The other thing that has happened after a century or so of increasingly frequent divorce is the growing public realization that divorce only remedies one kind of unhappiness in order to create another kind of unhappiness. It is even possible that it causes more unhappiness than it remedies, for it has brought such a degree of instability in our matrimonial institutions that nowadays no one can feel that his domestic life is the rock upon which all the rest of his life is based. And in addition to that, there can be no doubt that the comparative ease with which divorce is obtainable in many communities has greatly increased the number of foolish marriages, and fostered in many people a superficial and irresponsible attitude toward marriage ties which actually prevents them from discovering for themselves the great and deep happiness which marriage can bring.

The first architects of our various divorcing systems certainly supposed that divorce would make no difference to marriage at all. As they saw it the great majority of people would continue precisely as before, and the divorce machinery would only be resorted to by a small unhappy minority who found their marriages intolerable. In the main these people were lawyers, and their outlook was legalistic rather than sociological. What they failed to see is the way in which a new law, as people grow to accept it and make use of it, gradually creates a new social institution. The social institution which the divorce system has slowly created is the one which the great French sociologist Le Play described as "unstable marriage." When Le Play talked about unstable marriage he meant not some particular marriage which happened incidentally to be unstable but a whole new system of marriage in which all marriages tend to be relatively insecure.

It is certainly true that the spectacle of frequent divorce — the divorces we read about in the newspapers or helplessly watch happening in the lives of our friends and neighbors—brings an element of anxiety and uncertainty even into those relatively successful marriages in which divorce is unlikely or out of the question. It is, so to speak, the skeleton in the family cupboard, the death's head at the domestic feast. Even within that social institution which above all should make us feel secure, in the midst of an otherwise rather insecure life, people no longer find the basic guarantee of security which they so sorely need. Husbands and wives cannot be absolutely sure of each other; children cannot be absolutely sure of their parents. Nothing is certain; nothing is sacred. The fact is that the divorcing habit has altered for the worse the entire social climate in which marriage takes place.

In these circumstances the question more and more arises whether our civilization has not made a basic and tragic mistake. We have created legal machinery to remedy obvious unhappiness and it has turned out to be the cause of an even more widespread and insidious source of unhappiness than it has succeeded in abolishing. Obviously in this fallen world of ours we cannot conceivably abolish misery and unhappiness altogether, but we may rightly seek at least to minimize them.

In the report of the last British Commission on the Divorce Laws a small minority did, perhaps for the first time in documents of this kind, raise the question whether we should not do better to abolish our divorce laws, and accept all the sad consequences which such a step would inevitably entail, rather than allow the present tragic decay of what we may call matrimonial morale to continue indefinitely into the future. At the moment very few people are asking the



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ANSWER

to "Punctuate it" on page 79

(WHAT IS WHAT, WHAT)

What *is* will soon be was;
What *was* is still what was.
What *will be* will be *is*
When *is* is *was* because
What is *soon* to be is *now*,
When *now* is *then*, and then
What is *then* is then and will be;
What is *soon* is *now*, then *then*.

question in this downright explicit way, but we may hazard the guess that in the coming decades this point of view will be urged more and more strongly. The divorcing system has failed to do most of the things that its first architects expected. There is still plenty of unhappiness. But it *has* succeeded in doing tragic and terrible things which the men of the nineteenth century never foresaw.

So far in the controversial life of our society the burden of opposition to our divorce laws has been borne by committed Christian people on explicitly theological grounds. Marriage is indissoluble by nature, and under the Christian dispensation it possesses an added sacramental character. Moreover divorce is explicitly forbidden by Jesus Christ in the Gospels in a downright way not usually characteristic of Jesus, who rarely legislated in quite this fashion.

For the convinced members of the Christian church this was more than enough. But where we have a good theological argument we should usually expect to find a good secular argument closely related to it. For the Christian the main thing is to obey the revealed will of God rather than to seek social and political advantages. Nevertheless the Christian always believes that to obey the revealed will of God is in the long run the best way of reaping true social and political advantages. Provided we seek first of all the Kingdom of God then indeed all the other things in the long run will be added to us. Conversely, if we seek first the kingdom of man the probability is that we shall end up without even that!

Now the significant development is the emergence of a new, purely sociological and secular argument against divorce. There were of course a few opponents of divorce in the nineteenth century who argued on purely secular grounds. Thus the French atheist and socialist, Proudhon, strongly opposed divorce on the ground that it is an aristocratic and middle-class corruption quite alien to the strong family spirit of the working classes. But such people were few and far between. Nowadays however, we glimpse the possibility of a strong secular and social argument against divorce which runs parallel to and is completely compatible with the theological argument but in no way depends upon it. The theologians will say that this means that divorce is contrary to the law of nature (i.e., that it overthrows the foundations of human earthly happiness) as well as contrary to the law of God. They will add that this does not surprise them because they have always been convinced that anything contrary to the law of God is also contrary to the law of nature.

As we see it the real question which will confront our society in the coming decades can be summed up quite clearly and succinctly. Is it better to have more adultery and sexual delinquency combined with a strong and stable matrimonial system, or rather less adultery and sexual delinquency and a weak, unstable matrimonial system which constantly increases the proportion of tragically unsuccessful to successful marriages.

At the moment most civilized Western communities have agreed to choose the latter alternative, but, it must be confessed, with increasingly disastrous results. It may well be, however, that in the next few generations our society will slowly drift back to the earlier view. It may see the consequences of divorce as even more terrible than the obviously unhappy consequences of no divorce. We must remember that our human choice is never the choice between the absolutely good and right and the absolutely wrong. Our task is to choose the lesser rather than the greater evil. Whichever way we choose there will be a certain amount of frustration, misery and sin. What we have to do is make the choice which minimizes these things. There is no choice open to us which will altogether abolish them.

My own conviction is that in the coming years we shall see the great debate about divorce renewed rather along the lines which I have tried to indicate. If I am right we shall be facing the situation much more realistically than in the past, and the possibility that we shall choose more wisely will be greatly increased. ★

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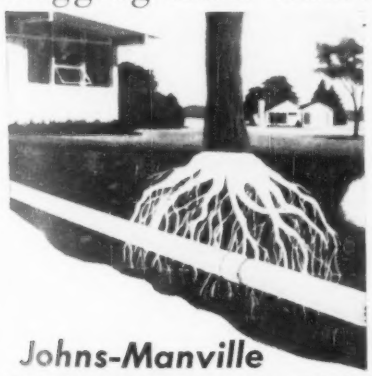

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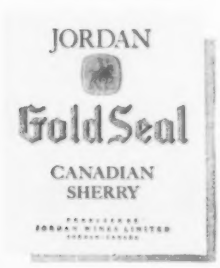

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London Letter continued from page 12

"Will the growing Canadian influence in Britain end? Might as well ask if the Thames will stop"

will now proceed with the orders of the day."

You may think that this is a subject that could have been left to a more delicate pen — such as the one wielded by Lord Altrincham—but in case you think I am exaggerating, let me, as a subject of Great Britain (albeit with a Canadian passport), describe the events of one day in my life at the end of this summer.

An invitation reached me to attend in Battersea Park (on the south side of the Thames), where in the Festival Gardens I could gaze on the new Iroquois Turbojet engine, designed and developed by Orenda Engines Ltd., at Malton, Ont. The invitation said that Lt.-Col. George Drew, the new Canadian High Commissioner, would probably be there if the ship bringing him from Canada arrived in time, and that Air Vice-Marshal D. M. Smith, chairman of the Canadian Joint Staff in London, would also be among those present.

Well, it was quite a do, with George Drew arriving dramatically just at the right moment. The marquee was full of London Canadians, but I think the maple leaf was carried just a little too high when the whisper went round that the champagne was also Canadian. Loyalty is a splendid thing, but I mean to say . . .

That night my wife and I sat down to enjoy, or at any rate to endure, the television program of the BBC. Hardly had it got under way when it was announced that we would have a film made in Canada. Thus by the alchemy of science we were wafted to the Canadian west where the local authorities, including the mayor, were insisting upon turning a stubborn old man out of his house because it was in the direct route of a new railway line.

That was the plot, but unfortunately it was so true to life that it became rather tedious. The stubborn old man was so dashed stubborn that we hoped against hope the train would demolish him and his house together. By contrast, the British are still talking about the Canadian television play, Flight Into Danger, by Arthur Hailey, which was shown on film here a year or so ago — a drama that takes place in an airliner on which the crew is knocked out by food poisoning during a flight over the Rockies, bound for Vancouver. It was a terrific play and deserved London's acclaim.

But the BBC had a special card up its sleeve on this night following the party at Battersea Park. With a note of triumph in his voice, the announcer broke the news to us that no less an authority than Mr. Clyde Gilmour, the cinema critic of Maclean's Magazine and the Toronto Telegram, would give us his opinion on some of the latest releases from the British studios. It was decent of Mr. Gilmour and, what is more, he did it very well.

But where is this growing Canadian domination of the British scene to be brought within limits? Not long ago we had a terrific dinner at the Savoy to celebrate the early Pilgrims who left England and sailed out to America. Jock Whitney, the United States ambassador, proved once more that Americans can talk better than they can speak, and Foreign Secretary Selwyn Lloyd proved that Englishmen can make good speeches even when they have nothing very much to say.

Yet who was the outstanding swell at this grand affair? It was Sir Campbell Stuart, resplendent with ribbons, who came over here in the First War and decided that England was good enough for him. He is the Big Boss of Anglo-American social relations and is almost as prominent a feature of the London scene as Nelson's monument.

But the list in no way ends with Sir Campbell. What of that grand old veteran Sir Edward Peacock, who was a housemaster at Upper Canada College, in Toronto, from 1895 to 1902? Now at eighty-six he has decided to take it easy and is content with being a director of Baring Brothers (the bankers) and the CPR, a Lieutenant of the City of London, Receiver-General of the Duchy of Cornwall, a Rhodes' Trustee Treasurer, and treasurer of King Edward's Hospital Fund. In his serious moments he plays golf.

The case of Lord Beaverbrook is too well known to need elaboration, but it is an interesting fact that the dramatic critic of the London Evening Standard is no less a person than Canadian Milton Shulman, who succeeded Canadian Beverley Baxter.

But does the list end there? One might as well ask if the Thames stops flowing once it has passed the Terrace of the House of Commons. Who is doing the most exciting surrealist satire feature on British television? The answer is, Canadian-born Bernard Braden. So fiercely intelligent and satirical is his regular feature that it makes some of the British features look like entertainment for the kiddies. The fact that he is married to Canadian-born Barbara Kelly only adds substance to our argument.

Who is the Comptroller of the Royal Household? No, you are wrong. It is

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Hendrie Oakshott, MP, who is all mixed up with the Hendries of Hamilton, Ont. Who sits for that most English of constituencies, the Isle of Wight? It is no less a person than Sir Peter MacDonald, who comes from the Maritimes. Who is the star tenor of Covent Garden opera? It is Jon Vickers, from Diefenbakerland in western Canada. Who is the young MP who has made an impression both on the House and on television? I refer, of course, to Ted Leather, of Hamilton.

Now all this is very odd because my son Clive, who was born in England but now works in the Montreal office of Maclean-Hunter, flew over here in September for the Farnborough air display and sang such songs of praise about Canada that the Baxter family almost decided to pull up roots and go back home.

According to Clive, each of the four seasons in Canada has a definite character of its own, whereas in Britain we sometimes have winter, summer, spring and autumn all in one day. Being much addicted to flying, he says that you can look down from a plane and see Canada growing like a giant. Listening to his tale it seems that life in Canada is vibrant, progressive, democratic, healthy and that there are excellent clubs in Montreal.

In spite of my son's outburst of Canadiana, I must put on record that the best place in which to live is London, England, providing that you can afford to abide in the centre and not in a suburb thrown up overnight. For one thing, everybody—or nearly everybody—comes to London. For example I had the great honor a few months ago of meeting Messrs. Bulganin and Khrushchev, those amiable twins who seriously depleted London's available supply of brandy. It is true that I speak no Russian and B and K speak no English but they are the leading actors in the great melodrama of Communism and it is interesting to have seen them.

No one can deny the beauty of Vancouver and Victoria or the lovely lakes of northern Ontario, which you can watch from the train, but over here we have the beauty of the Lake District and the glory of the Scottish hills. Admittedly, you can hop to New York with its wondrous stores and its vaunting skyscrapers, but we can get in a plane and be at Le Touquet in fifteen minutes—and playing in the Casino an hour later. Or, if you want to spend a little more time in the air, you can get to Baden-Baden (where, incidentally, so many Canadian airmen are now stationed) and play golf over a gentle course, dine at the Casino and chance your luck at the tables. Admittedly these diversions are not important to one's well-being but part of the fascination of life in London is that Europe, with all its great and tragic story, is at our doorstep. Thus we can share its beauty and its tragedy as we pass through villages and towns and by rivers which gave names to the dreadful battles of two world wars.

I know that there is nothing more startlingly beautiful than the coming of the Canadian autumn (or, to give it the lovely Canadian name, "the fall") with its mists and its golden sunlight. Nor is there anything more lovely than when the first frost turns the leaves red as if a giant knife had been plunged into the earth.

Autumn in Canada . . . that lovely voyage up the St. Lawrence . . . University Avenue and Queen's Park in Toronto . . . the opening of parliament by Canada's Queen . . . New Brunswick with its sturdy strength . . . I must look up the CPR sailings.

Good-by, London! I'm off to Canada, but I'll be back. ★

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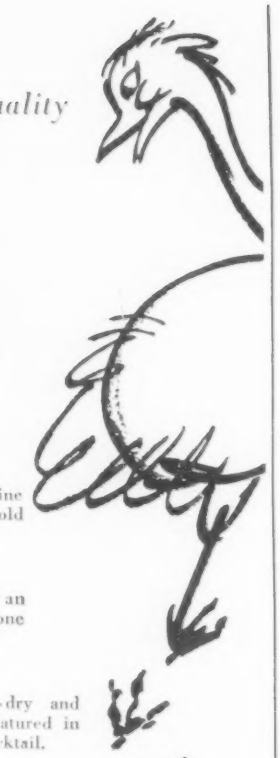

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Bill Shatner's adventures in Hollywood

Continued from page 31

It was champagne and dreams — until his agent warned, "Don't mortgage yourself to Hollywood!"

three weeks. It took him a whole year, including a successful season in New York TV, to earn that much in 1956.

The senior stars in the show are bald-pated Yul Brynner, Old Vic actress Claire Bloom and Maria Schell, a winsome and spirited import from German films. The Brothers Karamazov is due for release early in 1958.

In the great Hollywood legend, being "discovered" signifies a consummation and a change of state, rather like "and so they were married" in the fairy tales. Latter-day footnotes insist that neither necessarily leads to living happily ever after, but the legend itself persists. Shatner, because he had read the footnotes, thought he knew exactly what to expect.

He's had his eye on Hollywood almost since the moment, six years ago, when he suddenly decided he'd rather act than take over Admiration Clothes, the Montreal garment business his father had built up to bequeath to him. Shatner was a popular young buck on the McGill campus at the time, but as soon as he'd pocketed his degree in economics he started to make his way in Canadian repertory, radio and television. At each of several subsequent crossroads he explored the one that led to the U. S. and the big time. Even two years ago, when he nearly signed an indifferent long-term contract with Twentieth Century-Fox, he thought of Hollywood as "the answer to all my dreams." Last year when he was co-winner of the Stratford Festival's Tyrone Guthrie scholarship he didn't use the swag, as others have, to study theatre in England or on the continent. Instead, he grubstaked himself to a try at New York TV and, just as he'd suspected it might, New York TV subtended the moment when Richard Brooks, out in Culver City, pointed his finger and said, "That's the one."

Someone in M-G-M's casting department had caught a TV drama in which Shatner starred and had suggested he might do for Alexey. When Shatner happened along in person soon afterward everyone could see at once that he had the qualifications. Or, as an M-G-M publicity girl put it recently, "He had the right face for Alexey. Besides, in the film he's sort of bracketed with Claire Bloom and she being English and Old Vic and Bill being Canadian and having done Shakespeare, it seemed suitable. You know?"

M-G-M conceded him a rare non-exclusive contract whereby the studio has an option on his services for two pictures per year but leaves him free to work elsewhere in between.

The week-end the deal was concluded Shatner, in his own words, "went Hollywood" for two days. After a long-distance call to Stratford to say he wouldn't be coming after all, he went out and drank champagne cup, with gardenias floating therein, from a hollowed-out coconut with a two-foot straw. And he almost bought a house with two fireplaces, a pool, a barbecue pit and a glass-enclosed living room. His agent was hysterical. "Don't mortgage yourself to Hollywood!" he screamed, just in time. "Don't have to take roles you don't want just to meet the next payment."

Shatner's only splurge on the strength of the contract has been an Austin-Healey sports car. A newsboy in Beverly Hills uses the same model to deliver the morning paper.

Shatner was told to report in a month, on June 3, for costume fittings. Shooting was due to start on June 10.

He drove the Austin-Healey across the continent at the end of May with his bride of nine months, Gloria Rosenberg Shatner. He first met her in New York when he was acting in Tyrone Guthrie's production of Tamburlaine the Great and she was dancing in the Copacabana line. "The Copacabana," Gloria explains in her breathless young-girl's voice, "is the one where they wear clothes." Gloria, twenty-four, is a beautiful shy Toronto-born girl with wheat-colored hair, high cheekbones, wide eyes and a wide soft mouth. Her stage name is Gloria Rand, but her career has been mostly dramatic academies, lonely rooms in girls' studio clubs, fruitless knocking on casting directors' doors and occasional tantalizing breaks that led nowhere. Any reviews she's had have been good. This season, after four years' trying, she'd finally got an assignment at Stratford—as the Player Queen in Hamlet—but had resigned when Shatner did.

No welcome mat for a Brother

On the west coast the Shatners found themselves a furnished bachelor flat for a hundred and twenty-five dollars a month in Westwood Village, a pleasant community between Bel-Air and Beverly Hills in West Los Angeles. Hollywood itself is to the northeast along Sunset or Wilshire Boulevards; Culver City and M-G-M are to the southeast. The blazing California sun filters into their one large room through matchstick blinds, kept drawn for privacy because the flat opens onto a sundeck with a communal swimming pool. The Shatners have kept on last season's Jackson Heights apartment as a New York base.

Shatner duly reported for his costume fittings, reread a paperback edition of The Brothers Karamazov, got his mimeographed copy of Brooks' scenario and, as he puts it, "had a quick steep in the role." He found his part was a fat one but, in Brooks' version, so relentlessly fresh-cheeked that he might have been back playing young fairy-tale princes or young friends to the hero. This time he was a young monk, but that was the only difference. He was not greatly surprised.

But a tiny disquietude was borne in on him. M-G-M was putting out no welcome mat for its new young find. No one from M-G-M's vast publicity department had got in touch with him. There had been only one press release that mentioned his name — a casting announcement for The Brothers Karamazov. It had said that the three brothers would be played by Yul Brynner, Richard Basehart and *Richard* Shatner.

The Shatners had been braced for the manifold perils of Hollywood process

ing; they had not been braced for its omission.

Furthermore, no one had arranged for Shatner to meet his fellow cast members, nor had Brooks called. "I was hurt," says Shatner good-humoredly. After six years on the legitimate stage he has acquired the actor's habit of self-examination; he can trace this process from the campus when he was, he says, "an insensitive athletic boy," through his first season at Stratford when he felt like an outsider and got by on "sort of raw knack," then through a painful period, "when I looked into myself and found myself wanting," to the point where, because of reading, training and possibly success, "I finally relaxed."

Three days before shooting was to start Shatner, all tensed up again, called Brooks' office and asked the director to get in touch with him. "I was completely in a vacuum," he recalls. "I had to establish some sort of human contact." A day later Brooks called back and asked Shatner round for coffee on Sunday morning. A tall tanned man in his forties, with bright blue eyes and a grizzled crew-cut, Brooks met Shatner at the door in faded denims and bare feet. Shatner came back and told Gloria, "Well, that's all right. He's a very sensitive man." He once said, "I always find someone to take the place of my father."

At 7 a.m. on Monday Shatner presented himself at M-G-M, but no one at the Casting entrance had been told to let him in. He tried three other entrances and then went back and convinced Casting of his credentials. In the make-up department he was coated with orange pancake and fitted with a monkish, brown skull cap of hair. A heavy dark-brown-felt monk's cassock is almost his only costume in the whole film.

Shatner didn't know about the studio limousine service, so he hiked to Studio 28, at the far end of the back lot. Here he knew what to expect: a cavernous gymnasium with a Technicolor set as bright as a ball park under a blaze of klieg lights; stagehands and technicians hustling around the shadowy perimeter like park officials under the grandstand.

No one seemed to notice Shatner. He stood around for a while, then asked someone what he ought to be doing. He gave his name and was taken along to a portable dressing room resembling a midget boxcar. A sign on the door read "William Shatner." Alongside this dressing room was another, labeled "Yul Brynner." Bill went into the one marked Shatner and looked around at the studio couch, the dressing table, the mirror and the extra chair; then he came back out again.

Somewhere in the gymnasium someone clapped his hands; a voice called, "On the set!" Shatner hurried to an opening between the flats and saw Brooks, in his denims. Brooks didn't see him. Brooks called out curtly, "Let's go. Rehearsals, everyone." Someone shoved Shatner along behind the flat to a door opening into the set, said "You're on, Mr. Shatner," and nudged him through. Summoning his opening lines, Shatner made his entrance.

Not four feet in front of him was a bear. The bear snarled and lunged at him. There was a rattle of chains. A bottle dropped, spilling Coca-Cola on the floor. A man hit the bear on the snout with a length of lead pipe. Brooks said, "Well, move, Bill!" Shatner said, "May we try it again?"

Shatner says now, "That first day I felt as if I had two left feet." He subsequently found that the bear was local color for a Russian marketplace set, that the trainer customarily bribed him through his paces with Coke and used the pipe to disengage him from the bribe this side of satiety.

Just before lunch the first day Brooks came over during a setting-up break and said "Meet your brother." This was Shatner's introduction to Yul Brynner. Brynner politely invited Shatner into his portable dressing room where they chatted for a few moments about sports cars and Tamburlaine. Brynner sometimes claims to be part Tartar. Shatner met the other stars one by one during the next few days as each turned up for his first scheduled scene.

That first day at lunch break the set cleared quickly. Brynner went to his permanent dressing room where he has all his meals served. Brooks disappeared somewhere else. Shatner finally found his way to the bright noisy studio commissary and ate alone.

For his first three weeks as M-G-M's newest discovery Shatner was broke. He found that in Hollywood, where a verbal agreement is binding, there had been no hurry about processing his contract. It was still in the hands of New York lawyers, so no pay was being put through

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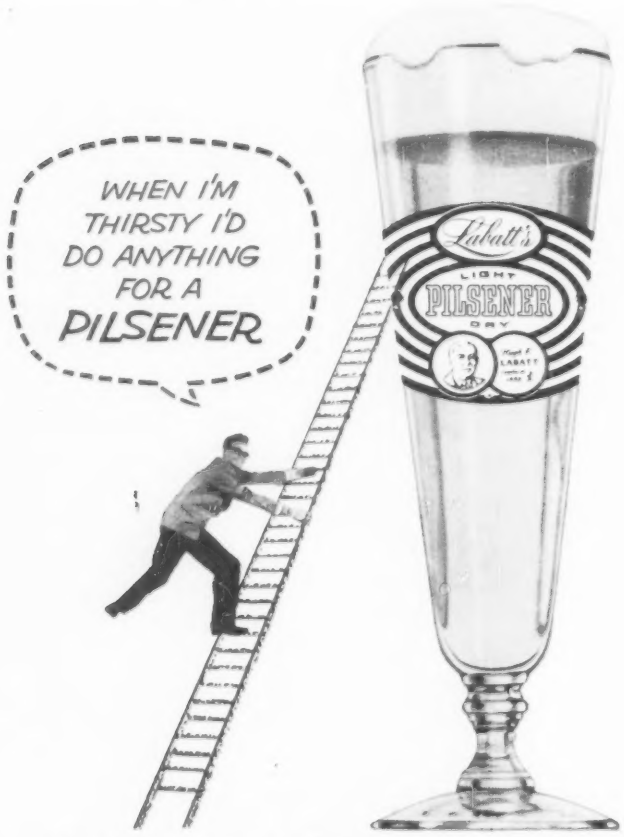

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for him. Normally an actor is paid weekly. Shatner and his wife dined on hamburgers at Smokey Joe's. In the evenings they piled into the Austin-Healey and prowled the spiral wooded streets of Bel-Air, listening to the crickets in the scented night air and peering wistfully in lighted windows.

By mid-July, though, they had money in their pockets and a secondhand Nash station wagon for Gloria to drive when Shatner was at work; they'd sailed to Catalina Island, driven to Tijuana for the bullfights and been to the races.

At the studio, work was going well. Shatner, having combed the script for actors' chances, had announced triumphantly to Gloria, "I've found a couple of places where I can show zeal." Brooks had been heard to say, "Good boy," after a take. On the set Brooks proved to be a tense excitable director, given to sudden childish outbursts. He had stormed off the set because someone had borrowed the pencil he keeps on the table beside his canvas-back chair.

Production was being pushed along quickly because all Brynner's scenes had to be shot by September 1: Brynner had a stop-date clause in his contract because he had another film scheduled to start in early fall.

Where will the big break lead?

Shatner often ate lunch in the commissary with a minor player whom Gloria had known in New York. On the set he'd made friends with a stunt man who was teaching him how to fake a punch. Occasionally, in setting-up breaks, Brooks or Brynner would call him over to their group to chat. One day Shatner came back to the flat, stifling a huge grin and sporting a big-bowled pipe. Gloria noticed it immediately. "Yul Brynner gave it to me," said Shatner off-handedly. "I was complaining about breaking in mine and he went off to his dressing room and got this for me." He stroked the bowl. "Must be a twenty-eight-dollar pipe," he said.

Gloria, who had met no movie stars since she got to Hollywood, had enrolled in a nearby ballet school and was in constant touch with her Hollywood agent. So far, though she'd read for a couple of parts, nothing had turned up.

They had both begun watching their diets again: steak, fresh fruit, yogurt. While others in their apartment block lounged by the pool with gin drinks and suntan oil, Shatner would withdraw into a corner and skip an imaginary rope. Then he'd dive into the pool and later, when he'd straightarmed himself out, would report to Gloria, "Fifteen lengths that time. Best exercise there is." He had already ordered a toupee to camouflage a thinning spot in the cinnamon hair.

Nearly every free afternoon he and Gloria practiced their singing and voice projection. They picked passages from Shakespeare and read them aloud in five or six different styles. Sometimes they'd collaborate on a new play they're writing. One of Shatner's plays, Dreams, was produced by the CBC in the spring of 1956, before he and Gloria were married. They both had leads in it.

In short, Shatner has found nothing in Hollywood that he can't relate to his familiar routine as an actor or to the film world he's read about. He knew it would not be glamorous. He was not really surprised to find that it was nerve-racking, occasionally lonely, often uncertain. "This is just the big break, the first plateau," he says. "From here I could go forward or I could go back."

But Shatner had, one way or another, expected being discovered by Hollywood to make at least one difference: organized publicity. He knew all about the press agents, the impertinent questions, the stories planted in Louella Parsons' column, perhaps a false rumor or two.

So far it hasn't been like that at all, and Shatner is mystified. "You'd think it would be good for the picture," he says in puzzlement. "I'm playing one of the three brothers and I'm an unknown in movies."

Midway through the shooting, this summer, the publicity girl that M-G-M's Publicity Department says is assigned to Shatner didn't even know if he was married.

When she learned he was she seemed disappointed. "It's easier to do publicity if they're single," she said. "Then we could pair him up with one of our starlets and do a layout . . . oh, maybe of them visiting Marineland."

She paused, obviously pursuing a train of thought. "I wonder what his build's like in bathing trunks," she said. A brown-felt monk's cassock is an unrevealing garment. "I just did a nice beefcake layout at the beach with one of our promising young actors. Beefcake, that's male cheesecake."

Why no publicity for Shatner so far? M-G-M feels it has enough on its hands promoting Claire Bloom, who is from England, and Maria Schell, who is from Austria. "It's a big prestige picture," said the publicity girl. "We've got to build up the stars: nobody knows them here."

"Besides, it's better for Bill," she explained glibly. "We can do a long slow build-up, like we did for Debbie Reynolds, you know? We did a long slow build-up for Debbie and now she's at the top she's staying there."

After a minute she added carelessly, "Besides, we might publicize him now and then not pick up his option. That'd be a waste of time."

Around the time of these comments Shatner started looking into procedures for hiring a personal press agent. Having got his break he is not one to remain maladjusted for long to any part of the Hollywood picture.

But it's not easy. On one of the few occasions when they met, Shatner and the M-G-M publicity girl talked about Steve Forrest, actor Dana Andrews' brother, and Leslie Nielsen, an Edmonton-born actor who's under contract to M-G-M. Shatner mentioned that he'd seen Nielsen in a science-fiction movie called Forbidden Planet.

"Yes, he's a good boy," said the publicity girl. She gave Shatner a sidelong glance. "Steve Forrest turned that part down, you know. He thought he could pick and choose."

"What happened?" asked Shatner.

"He was under contract, so he was suspended for the duration of the shooting." She darted another quick glance. "What with one thing and another they stretched it out for a whole nine months."

She smiled brightly. "But Nielsen took the part and now he's going right ahead." Nielsen is currently starring in a picture called Tammy and the Bachelor, with Debbie Reynolds.

Shatner didn't reply and after a moment he excused himself: he was stripped down to tight black jeans and a short-sleeved singlet and had to climb into his cassock in time for the afternoon's shooting.

The publicity girl watched him walk away. "He's a nice boy. He should do well," she remarked briskly, "if he behaves himself."

Her eyes narrowed. "I wonder," she said, "if he'd be willing to do beefcake?" ★

IN THE EDITORS' CONFIDENCE

As an artist Hitler made a creditable draftsman. His 1910 Vienna scene differs oddly from the voluptuous tone of his favorite classics.

What art lost when Hitler took up politics

Dr. Ernst Sedgwick Hanfstaengl, known as Putzi, which means "little chap," has allowed his memories of Adolf Hitler to mature and ripen before committing them to paper. They might still be maturing and ripening if Brian Connell, the brilliant English author of the recent Watcher on the Rhine, hadn't pinned the 6'4" former Nazi foreign press chief down into a chair in his German home and switched on a tape recorder. Part of the result is on pages 24-25, a fascinating hitherto unrevealed picture of the man who became *Der Führer* and plunged the civilized world into its darkest hours.

Putzi's knowledge of Canada is limited — limited to what he could see from holes in the battlements of Old Fort Henry, at Kingston, Ont., where he was interned during the war—but his knowledge of the early Hitler, and his analysis of the forces that shaped the dictator's destiny, are deep and sure.

As revealing, in its own way, as some of Putzi's comment is the reproduction on page 25 of the classic he reports to have been the dictator's favorite painting: Correggio's Leda and the Swan. But long before even Putzi's initial encounter with him an ambition-fired adolescent Hitler had made his way to Vienna to become a painter. The story of his failure in the art-academy entrance examinations is well known; the few paintings he actually turned out have had a more limited audience. The reproduction at the top of this page is of one of a handful of Hitler paintings that have survived.

◆

When John deVisser, whose color portrait of Toronto on pages 15-23 will be followed by a brilliantly original album of "abstract" photographs in Maclean's this winter, bought his first camera three years ago he "thought it would be nice to send some snapshots home to Holland." It was a 35mm reflex Praktica; within a few weeks he had generated so much exuberance over the possibilities of photography that he bought a second, this time a square twin-lens Ikoflex. A couple of months later he traded them both on a Leica IIIF with a 50mm 1.5f lens; later still he added a reflex housing with a 125mm telephoto lens—the one he's using in the photograph of himself on page 15—and a 28mm wide-angle lens. This camera with its battery of interchangeable "eyes" is all any amateur needs to take photographs like amateur deVisser's, or so he says.

◆

Dr. Albert Ellis

One hundred papers, monographs and books on psychological, psychoanalytic, psychiatric and sociological matters stand behind Albert Ellis, PhD, of New York, who tells us on page 30 how to try to help the neurotics in our midst short of calling in the white-gowned experts. He is a member or fellow of nine (at last count) learned scientific societies. The American Sexual Tragedy is perhaps his best-known book; his most recent, The Psychology of Sex Offenders.

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Parade

O Canada, Dominion of

We've heard from a worried citizen of Hespeler, Ont., who says she has been trying to keep calm about Americans bossing the Dewline and an American bossing the new joint defense command, but this is too much. "This" is two sentences from an American encyclopedia being offered one volume at a time as a special come-on by a Canadian supermarket chain, the two sentences comprising its entire coverage of "Canada, Dominion of." Says the encyclopedia authoritatively:

"It comprises Quebec, Ontario, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Is., Manitoba, Newfoundland, British Columbia, and the Northwest Territories (with Assiniboia, Saskatchewan, Athabasca and Alberta). The American Arctic is sometimes included in the Dominion."

* * *

Most embarrassed truck driver in recent annals: the Fina driver with his big tanker pulled up beside the Mount Uniake - Halifax highway, sheepishly making trip after trip with a one-quart can between his truck's empty gas tank and his trailer's commodious storage tank.

Most embarrassed game warden of the season: the Courtenay, B.C., warden who laid a trap for beaver who were flooding the countryside with their dams. He set up a camera in a nearby tree with a tripline to the trap, to snap the beaver as they got caught. When he returned next day the trap was sprung and deliberately plastered over with mud as if to bury it; and the tree that held the camera had been nibbled down as well.

* * *

There's a gang of crazy safecrackers been risking their lives every time they pulled a job in the London, Ont., area. The way they blew a safe in a creamery, police said, fragments of the charge must

have sprayed the room and it was sheer luck the crooks were left unscathed to make their escape. What's more, the blast jarred a phone off the hook, the operator eavesdropped on the thieves and sent police rushing to the scene just too late. More distressed than enraged, one police corporal told the London Free Press, "It was a very amateurish job. They're playing with dynamite, handling nitro this way."

* * *

People inclined to make sweeping denunciations of today's teen-agers had better be careful to make at least one exception for the young woman who

posted this sign in a neighborhood phone booth in Edmonton: "Schoolgirl will do baby sitting. Can produce reverence."

* * *

As worthy organizations all across the land seek to bestir their members out of their summer lethargy, we pass along the ingenious if somewhat fiendish method devised by the St. Catharines, Ont., Lions Club to improve attendance. Every absent member is in future to be presented with an expectant cat.

* * *

The home of a retired minister in Sarnia, Ont., is sought out by many young couples in the area desiring an informal but warm and friendly wedding. The minister and his wife take considerable pride in their trim garden and immaculate house, but they delight also in the happiness of each new bride and groom, the back-slapping and laughter of the wedding guests and the tin cans tied on the honeymoon car. Within minutes after the last guests depart the neighbors invariably see the elderly minister and his wife reappear in their doorway, he in his shirt sleeves and minus his clerical cutaway, carrying a vacuum cleaner. And, as his wife helpfully pays out the extension cord, he swoops up every grain of rice and every speck of confetti off the sidewalk and lawn, all the way out to the curb.

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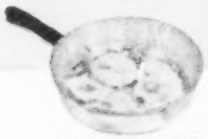

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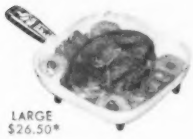

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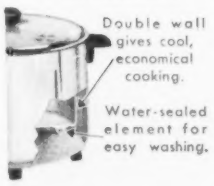

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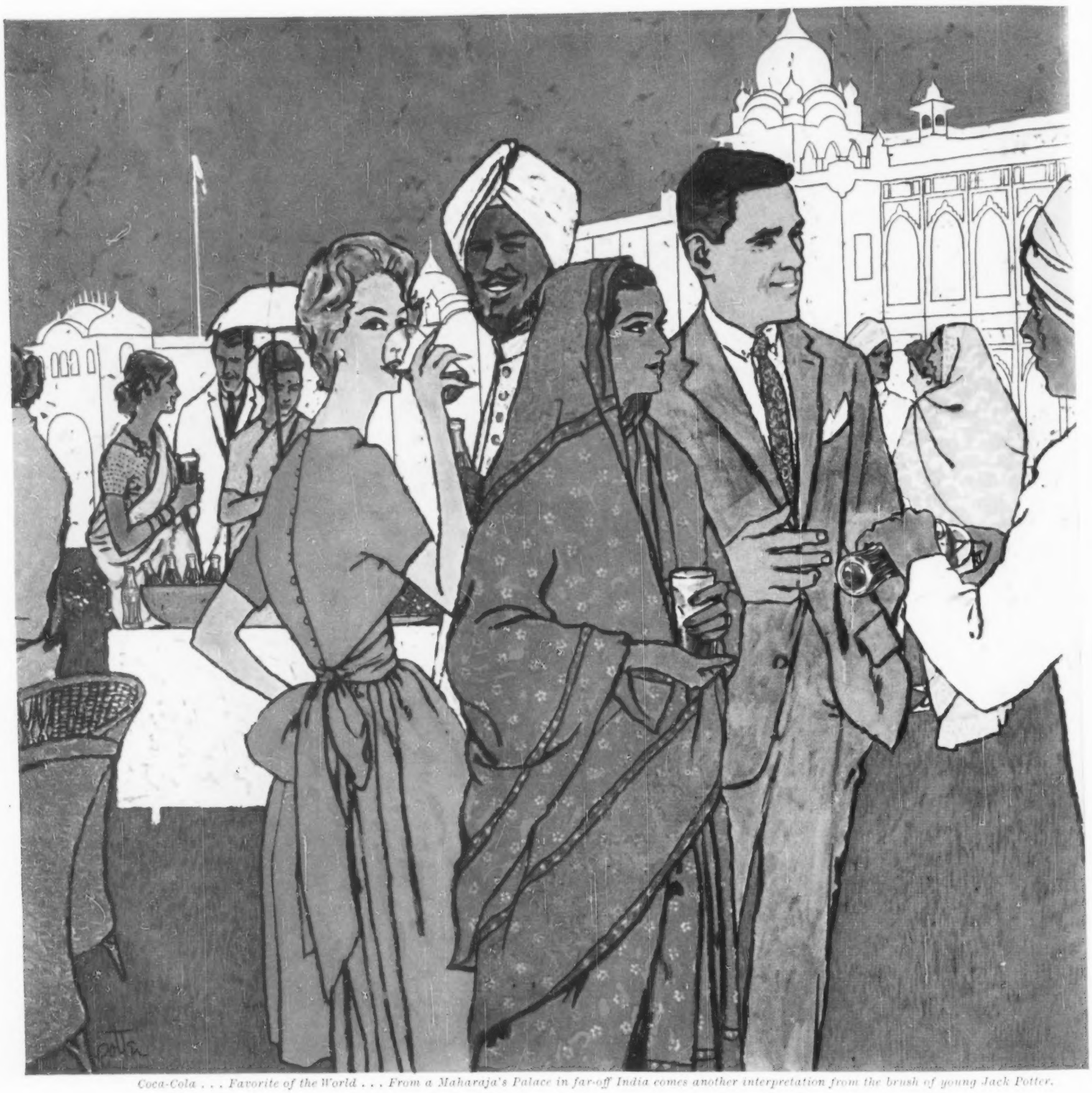

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